THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MAY 17, 1913

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The Showdown—By Josephine DasKam Bacon

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One for Papa
One for Me

Drawn by "Penny" Ross
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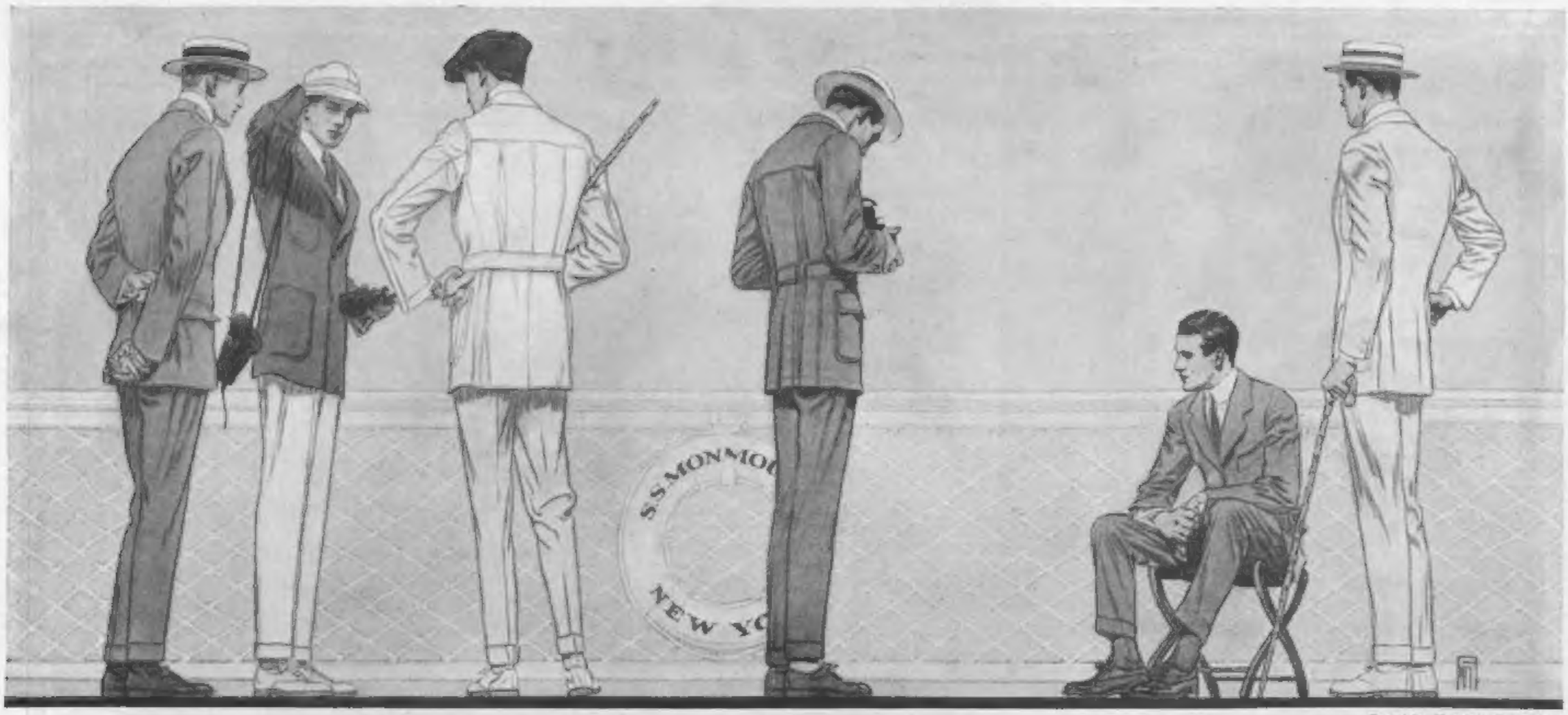

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THE SHOWDOWN

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

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"I THINK you take the curaçoa, Fettauer?" said the doctor, moving comfortably in his after-dinner calm. "The curaçoa for Doctor Fettauer, Potts, and I'll have some green mint. Now, what's all this about anyhow? What's the matter with all the girls? What do they want? I thought it was the suffrage that was bothering Lutie, but it seems not. I can't give it to her, you know!"

The square-chinned young Austrian, with the surgeon's hands, smiled, opened his mouth, shut it again and sighed. More subtle racially than the elder man of another generation, the difficulty of his task frightened him before he had begun it; and he cast about for words that should be plain, but not too brutal.

"You know, doctor," he began at last, "I've always diagnosed this suffrage situation a little more leniently than you. The suffrage cause isn't a cause at all, to begin with—it's an effect."

"Very clever, my boy," rumbled Doctor Stanchon, "very clever indeed!"

"All right," Fettauer went on; "but it's true, too, you know—some clever things are. To go on: it's not an end—only a means."

"But to what—a means to what, in heaven's name?"

"Ah," said the younger man, more somber now of eye and flexible European intonation—"*voilà!* That's what they don't know."

"But that's like laying out a railway without any terminal!" cried the exasperated elder. "What a waste of good rails!"

The Austrian savored his last brown drops with an inward satisfaction that Doctor Stanchon's gulped portion could never have brought, and pried interestedly among the contents of the great mahogany humidor.

"Ah, there they are! What do you call these little twisted ones?" he demanded. "My man simply doesn't believe in them."

"You're looking for matches," the doctor returned gloomily, "and you won't find 'em. Where's that alcohol flame, Potts?"

"I'm sorry, sir. I spoke to Miss Stanchon about it and she said she'd attend to it. Matches, sir?"

"Oh, well!" He lighted his great cigar grumblingly. "That's what it is to change your servants after eighteen years! Lutie thinks she can manage this place with one hand tied behind her back—told me that a while ago; and now I trust she's beginning to see that it was Mary and Old Mary all the time!"

"Mary was wonderful, certainly."

Stanchon puffed angrily.

"That woman was worth Potts and the new office nurse put together, Fettauer! She was a butler and a secretary and an—an interne, all in one! And what do you think that girl of mine said when they left us? That in any other walk of life—an office, for instance—Mary'd have gone on being promoted and raised over and over again, and ended at the head of the force; while here thirty-five dollars a month was her limit!"

The other smiled irresistibly.

"Well, isn't it so?" he asked mildly.

"So? So?" scowled the doctor. "Didn't I offer her forty? Forty-five? What good did it do? Oh, no—she had to be Miss McGuire! At fifteen dollars a week and board herself! And Old Mary backing her up, mind you! 'Sure, Doctor Stanchon, sir; it'll be worth the difference to us both when I hear 'em askin' for Miss McGuire!'" He mimicked well and Fettauer's smile burst into a hearty laugh.

"And Lucia stood by her? There's the modern girl for you, doctor! They're logical anyhow."

"Humph!" The doctor puffed out an angry cloud. "About as logical as that railroad of yours without any terminal!"

"I didn't say there was no terminal," his guest shot back. "I said they hadn't built it yet—quite another thing."

"But if they haven't any plans ——"

"Ah, plans—plans!" Fettauer spread his supple, blunt-tipped fingers eloquently. "What are their plans worth? It's not that. What does it matter what they think? It's what they do! They're the doing animals, Stanchon; and afterward they think—or not, as the case may be," he added meditatively. "In fact I doubt if they think much until they've done, really. Take Eve's case—apple first, philosophy afterward."

The elder man smiled in spite of himself.

"That's a pity if it's true."

"Ah, how do you know, doctor? How do you know?" the other demanded. "Who are we, to say? Where would your job have been in Eden?"

The doctor's forehead unwrinkled.

"No measles for Cain and Abel—eh?" he agreed. "Well, perhaps!"

"Not at all—no Cain and Abel, if I remember Genesis!" Fettauer suggested quickly.

And again the doctor muttered: "Perhaps—perhaps!"

They sat in the smoke and silence of a strong friendship; only the fire whickered on the hearth.

"I'm Thirty Years Old, Father, and It's No Use Treating Me Like a Schoolgirl"

"Well, Max," said the deep voice quietly at last, "what is it? I understand my daughter actually wants to go into business."

"I suppose it amounts to that—yes."

"Can you explain to me why?"

"I could, doctor, but suppose you tell me why not!"

"Because," said Doctor Stanchon shortly, "I cannot see that she has either the time or the talent for it—or the necessity."

"Ah! Let us take them separately if you don't mind, doctor. To begin with, why hasn't she the time?"

"Why?" the elder man's bushy eyebrows met. "For Heaven's sake, Fettauer, who has ever stinted her in time? Has she ever had a serious task imposed on her since she left school? But eight hours a day, rain or shine—it's ridiculous!"

"And yet," the younger man replied musingly, "without eight hours a day, rain or shine, was anything ever accomplished, really?"

"She got on well enough until this year," said Lucia's father shortly.

"Yes, until the old servants left and she saw what the detail of a successful physician's house implied. That interfered with her work, you see."

"Her work! My dear Fettauer, it isn't possible that those women have hypnotized you?"

"I don't believe so, doctor. Only, if that isn't her work, what is?"

"Will you tell me, my dear boy, who laid the reform of the New York prison system on those women's shoulders? Will you tell me who, when this fad has exhausted itself and gone to join the countless others that have preceded it, will ever dream of complaining of them because they dropped it? Or who will have the right?"

"What do you consider her work?" Fettauer repeated patiently.

"To fulfill her ordinary obligations here in her own house, and after that do what she chooses. God knows I never put a straw in her way!"

"Exactly. You never put a straw. And now you plump down a—a haystack in front of her. She's tried scrambling over it and found it undignified; now she's going to walk round it, simply."

"Simply! That's just it—simply!"

Fettauer smiled a wry smile—the bitterness of the elder generation was so pathetic.

"Now listen, doctor," he said gently. "Just think a moment. A few minutes ago you asked me, 'Has she ever had a serious task imposed on her since she left school?' And now suddenly you impose one—on a grown woman!"

The elder man shot a keen glance across the smoke.

"*Touché!*" he said honestly. "You had me there, Fettauer—a palpable hit! But surely the responsibility is obvious? Who else is to do it? And, after all, it isn't so much, you know. Suppose she had married—you, for instance."

His eyes gleamed at the young man, who met them impenetrably.

"Yes—me, for instance," he repeated placidly. "Well?"

"As if one could break a surgeon's nerve!" Stanchon thought, and smiled to himself. "Well, wouldn't she have to do it for you? And bring up children besides? And look after your social duties generally?"

"Perhaps that's why she's not married," said Fettauer quietly.

"Oh, nonsense! Damned nonsense!" This was a frank explosion, and they waited until the echoes had died away.

"What I mean," Fettauer went on imperturbably, "is this: If you had said to your daughter after she left school, 'Now, my dear, playtime is over. Irresponsibility, tutors, governesses and chaperons are done with. Now you must learn to be the head of my house, because as such you practically regulate my income and that is a profession in itself!'—if you had said that ——"

"It waan't necessary. My sister did it."

"Very well. Then why should it interest Lucia?"

"But, Heaven and earth, what did interest her? It isn't as if she had been a genius—I'd have been delighted ——"

"Ah!" The younger man flung out a flexible forefinger accusingly. "There we have it! My dear doctor, it's just here the generations lock horns! You can't see this, I know, but, believe me, you must! You must! Listen—the time or the talent or the necessity, I think you said? Well, we're at the talent now. It wasn't so many generations ago, doctor, that the very genius you admit as an excuse waan't accepted as one. Think of the poor little Brontës! And the great—the forever unexplainable Jane! Why, your grandfather wouldn't have considered Pride and Prejudice in exchange for polite conversation in the home circle for a moment!

"Now you've got beyond that," he went on. "If she had been a writer, a painter, or even an actress, you'd back her up. That's been open water for women for a long time. But, short of that, you're like your grandfather—you're polar ice, Stanchon—polar ice! Just because poor Lucia isn't a genius."

"Poor Lucia!"

"All right, doctor; but I pity her!"

"Humph!" Doctor Stanchon snorted enigmatically and strangled in his smoke.

"Why, see here!" cried the young surgeon defiantly. "Why am I here today? Do you know? Because I felt a great compelling call to anatomical research? Not at all. Some one in my family has always been a doctor—that's all! Over there in Neustadt there's been a Doctor Fettauer since there was a town pump. And the other sons are in chemical mills or lecturing on German philosophy in the *Universität*. We don't change over there, you know. Well! It happened I was the only boy. So nothing was too good for me. Liza married my cousin; and there was the chemical part attended to directly, for he owns the biggest mills in the country. Nettie persisted in being a little *bas bleu;* and when father couldn't starve her out of it he gave way, and she lectures on Schopenhauer all over England, Scotland and Wales now, to judge from the newspaper notices she sends me. The old gentleman's fearfully proud of her now, though she really should have gone to Oxford instead of me; because, you see, though I was naturally picked out for a doctor, I wasn't very keen, and I wanted to *flâner* about Oxford for a while—so, of course, I had to. But Sophie—poor little Sophie!" He bit into a new cigar nervously, then went on: "What did it matter to anybody that Sophie mended all the cats and dogs and birds in the neighborhood? Who cared whether her laboratory in the cellar interested every mill expert that came to the house? Who did anything more than scold her when we found out that all her recreation periods were spent sneaking about the hospital? Sophie was the Fettauer doctor, Stanchon; I should have married money because of my *beaux yeux*, and she should be lecturing at Johns Hopkins!"

"Did she marry money?" Stanchon inquired interestedly; he had never heard his guest speak so long or so openly.

"Indeed, yes. Ah, well—she has six children now and no waist at all! And the little cakes she puts away in an afternoon—*du Liebe!*"

"And no laboratory?" the doctor inquired, amused.

Fettauer sobered.

"Oh, yes, a fine one—but it's still in the cellar!"

The top log burned through with a snap, and Stanchon rose heavily and mended the fire.

"When will that man learn that I want the kindling kept here!" he complained. "I wish Lutie wouldn't let them take the ashes away."

"Now what I'm getting at is this," the young man pursued: "That Lucia has no special talent has nothing to do with it. I hadn't, I firmly believe. And yet I got my nose down to the grindstone; I put my brains and vitality into my profession; and—I've done very well with it. And, what's more, I'm deeply interested in it. Lucia has brains and a great vitality—and no vocation, as they used to call it. Would that have mattered had she been a boy? Not at all. At thirty she'd have been at it eight hours a day, rain or shine, or you'd have been horribly ashamed of her—him, I mean. And now she's horribly ashamed of herself if she isn't at it. That's all! You've got to give up that talent, doctor; they won't have it."

Stanchon pushed the decanters away and leaned forward.

"This Would Pull an Elephant Out of Nervous Prostration, You Know"

"And yet, in her particular case, what does she do that any paid secretary couldn't?"

"What would she do here that any paid housekeeper couldn't?" Fettauer shot back.

"Oh," the elder man twinkled, "that's unworthy of you, my young friend! Do we really want only housekeepers, we poor old reactionaries?"

"Evidently," insisted the other inexorably, "since Mary and Old Mary satisfied you up to now!" They stared at each other. "You see," Fettauer persisted, "it isn't the little touches, the head of the table, the flowers in the drawing room, the woman's atmosphere that Lucia grudges. That's easy enough for her vitality. They're still perfectly willing to worry about their clothes too. But she can't carry that alcohol-flame affair on her mind. And you mustn't nag her about it, or ——"

"Or what?"

"Or I'm afraid she'll get out altogether!"

"Get out? Are you crazy? There's no necessity!"

"Not 'the time or the talent or the necessity!'" the young man quoted again with a smile. "My dear doctor, the necessity is there—is going to be there increasingly for her generation. It is the necessity for self-expression; and keeping the ashes in your grate doesn't fulfill it—that's all! You see perfectly clearly that a professional secretary could do Lucia's work on this precious committee of hers. Well, I'm not so entirely sure you're right, doctor. The woman that goes in for that sort of job hasn't Lucia's heredity, her social training, her enthusiasm or her vitality. She's not used to taking her ditches so—so buoyantly, if you see what I mean. All the repressed constructive ability of generations is bubbling up in Lucia, and the ordinary wage-earning woman simply hasn't got it!"

"Exactly," Stanchon burst in, "and we gave 'em all that vitality by sheltering 'em and keeping the strain off."

"Granted—granted, doctor; you did. And why? Because you were preparing them for the strain of maternity; strengthening your daughters for their great natural trial. Now here they are, trained to a hair—and the event doesn't come off. What happens? Explosion!"

"For God's sake, then, why won't they marry?" Stanchon groaned and twisted in his big chair.

"Ah—why?" The younger man shrugged lightly and evaded the tired eyes that hunted his. "My dear man, we're watching history made in these days. Biological history if you like; but history for all that. It's a centrifugal generation, that's all! Personally speaking, I feel that the scheme is big enough to include it—you don't seem to. I should hate to think that when evolution meets Lucia, Lucia would win, so to speak!"

"Ah, it all comes back to Lucia, doesn't it?" said Lucia's father, smiling whimsically. "Fettauer, I had hoped—I admit I feared at first—but of late I had hoped ——"

"I know! I know!" the other interrupted. "I know, doctor. And I too. But—isn't that the lady now?"

"Hello! Hello! Heavens, there's not much smoke in here, is there?"

Lucia threw off a businesslike frogged ulster and emerged, a tightly swathed and spangled chrysalis. A smoke-blue fillet twisted through her light brown hair brought out its fugitive gold and deepened her gray eyes to a deceptive forget-me-not. Judged by the high standards of her country she was not pretty, but thirty years of carefully guarded vitality were flowering now into the delayed perfection of the Northern woman; and Nature, finishing her latest product, struggled bravely with the frank, boyish look, the squared shoulders, the flat, modish hipline—with the result of a distinct, if new, sort of magnetism. It was almost as if a fresh type—some new and charming species of gray-eyed lad—had come out of that frogged ulster; a lad hitherto buttoned into Lutie's Creed suits, with the quaint little artificial bouquet at the lapel!

"Well! How do you think I look?"

The lad ran away from Lutie's eyes and a charming woman slipped into his place and peeped at them from under the bronze lashes.

Her father smiled as fathers smile when their only daughters ask them this; but Max Fettauer raised his eyebrows slightly.

"Honest Injun?"

"Honest Injun!" she agreed.

"You're getting fat," he said gravely, "and you need a little bit more color. No exercise!"

"You're a pig!" she answered promptly. "And it's a pale season. Beef cheeks are out."

"I know," and he looked appraisingly at her; "white face, red lips, black eyebrows, like the ladies at the Paris races! But it's not your type, all the same, and you only look as if you were taking too much tea."

"I am gaining," she admitted regretfully, "but I don't eat lunch half the time. Give me a cigarette, that's a dear—will you, father?"

"I wish, if you must smoke, you'd take a pipe, my dear," Doctor Stanchon complained, handing her a small red box. "It would be so much better for you! And how you can have a young man in the house who talks to you like that passes my comprehension! What are the girls coming to?"

"Their senses, dad dear! Max is all right—he's a true friend. I weigh a hundred and forty." She shot him an audacious look and he bit his lip; she had never called him Max before.

"I wish it was fifty!" her father stormed, collapsing suddenly under their allied laughter. "All right," he grumbled, "but let me tell you both that when your nerve cells are covered ——"

"I understand that," the young surgeon interrupted placidly; "but you and Miss Stanchon are speaking from different points of view, and I'm taking hers—that's all! For the silhouette she wishes to attain, fat is fatal."

"Then she shouldn't wish it!"

"Ah ——" Fettauer waved his cigar.

"That I don't pretend to control!"

"Is Potts up?" Lucia said abruptly. "I want something to eat. Some sandwiches, will you, Potts? And—oh, some ginger ale. And I'd rather have beef; but not that nasty

English mustard—French. And ask them upstairs for those papers in the big red envelope on my desk. Where is the alcohol-flame thing?"

"Excuse me, Miss Stanchon, but it's quite out of order; I understood you were to complain about it," Potts explained with the meek triumph peculiar to butlers in his circumstances.

"Oh, Lord!" Lucia sank into a chair and scowled frankly at the men. "It would be a lot easier to buy a new one! My life has been haunted by that darned thing—haunted! It's 'way downtown, and they don't deliver above Fifty-ninth Street—the idea! I shall never get the time, and there's no use pretending I shall! If Potts had any sense he'd attend to it; but he grows stupider every day of his life! I wish you'd bounce him, father."

She Sank Suddenly on the Curve of the Landing

"He's not a housekeeper, of course," said Doctor Stanchon briefly.

"Look at Celestine Varnham's man—Williams—that they had when they lived in town! Why, that man ——"

"The man was a crook," her father interrupted, "and I told you, Lutie, all about him. He was a dangerous fellow and made a great deal of trouble. I have too many butler-run houses in my practice already without adding to the list. As for the alcohol-flame ——"

"Let me attend to it, Miss Stanchon," said Fettauer quickly. "I have to go downtown tomorrow to see about some instruments. Whereabouts is it?"

"You're an angel!" cried Lucia, falling on the sandwiches. "Don't pour any more on my dress, Potts, than you can help, will you? . . . I'll have it put into the car before you go—father, if that man has used English mustard I shall bounce him myself!"

"You might just as well get over your absurd prejudice against Potts, my dear, for I shan't change again. Three times in three months is my limit. And if you would put a little more attention on the details of the house you would find ——"

"I don't think we need to go into that again tonight, father?"

Lucia's voice was dangerously edged; her crystal-tipped slippers swayed restlessly. "I'll send for that alcohol thing, Doctor Fettauer, and I'm ever so much obliged ——"

"Lucia!" Her father straightened in his chair. "You can't mean that you are taking Max seriously?"

"Why not? Of course I am."

"Then I must tell you that I cannot allow it. It is ridiculous! He has no time ——"

"It was my own idea, doctor, you know," Fettauer interrupted peaceably.

"He has as much time as I have," said Lutie.

"Oh, you are beyond reason, Lucia!" her father cried. "You ought to be spanked! As much time as you have! Why, the man's earning his living!"

"Oh, well, if that's the idea, let me earn mine, then!"

Lucia leaned back in her chair and crossed her knees lightly; her eyes flamed with excitement.

"Oh, Lord! now it's coming!" the young man thought, half alarmed, half amused.

"What could you earn in a year?" said her father bluntly.

"Fifteen hundred—to begin on," she shot back.

"How?"

"Office management and traveling about to speak on this prison work—I'm going to Boston tomorrow anyway."

"She speaks very well, too, doctor," said Fettauer.

"And for how long do you imagine this would last?"

"Well, if it grows at the rate it has in the last two years and spreads through the country as it seems to be doing, it will last a good while. If it doesn't I'll have a lot of experience—and things always open up."

"Good heavens!"

"As a matter of fact, doctor, things do!" Fettauer added. "It seems a little hard to us cut-and-dried professionals, with all our years of grind; but there's a new field opening every day almost for a clever, attractive young woman."

Stanchon scowled at him.

"See here, Lucia," he began abruptly, "will it make you feel any better if I give you fifteen hundred a year to manage my establishment—and cut off your allowance? Because I'll do it."

Fettauer swallowed a smile, then sighed at the hopefulness of the elder man. He did not even glance at Lucia. She shook her head slowly.

"That's awfully decent of you, dad, but I couldn't. I don't like housekeeping. If I did, I'd take it like a shot. But I don't."

"You prefer to be an office clerk?"

"Since you put it that way, yes. I shouldn't care particularly for stenography—though I shall learn it; but this is a little bit different."

"You mean more exciting?"

She considered, and took another sandwich, biting into it reflectively.

"I suppose that is part of it," she admitted after a moment; "but haven't I a right to prefer excitement—if I do? As between a job that bores me and one that interests me, haven't I a right to choose?"

"And I have no voice in the matter?"

Lucia drank her ginger ale.

"You're making this rather hard, father," she observed, "but you force me to it, you see. Do you mean that you called me into the world to keep house for you from thirty to—fifty, say?"

"Lucia!"

"They don't mean to be so brutal—but, what can they do?" thought the younger man, shaking his head as the father winced.

"All right, then; but what do you mean? Prison reform does interest me more than mending alcohol lamps. I like the detail of organization and everybody says I'm born for that sort of thing ——"

"Born for it—great God!" her father groaned.

"You think I was born for scolding the butler, then?" She flashed a hostile eye over them both. "Not my own butler—I never should have one—but some man's butler?"

In the quiet room the sexes met head-on and clashed audibly, like steel. The furtive, fostered hate of many silent generations shot up into a rank, vindictive growth between those three; and Lutie—unconscious, gray-eyed Lutie, as innocent of the primal oppression as any other American princess on her twentieth-century pedestal—offered herself, a fresh and virgin battleground, for the fight.

"Miss Stanchon means," Fettauer threw across lightly, "that she would rather attend to the butler after he has been committed for stealing the silver than before that ceremony!"

Lucia faced him. "I suppose you said that with the intention of being funny," she said. "As a matter of fact, it happens to be strictly true. I would rather!"

"Very often when I say funny things they are strictly true," he returned composedly. "It's a way I have. . . . You can't bully me, my lady!" he thought.

"Suppose She Had Married—You, for Instance"

Fettauer laughed shortly and the elder man stared heavily at them. How young they were—how facile with the emotions that exhausted him! And how they understood each other!

"Does it seem to you, Lucia," Stanchon began carefully, "that a little more personal care given to the butler, as a butler, might keep him from prison? It's a little matter you ladies seem to overlook nowadays."

"Very well played, doctor!" the young man applauded mentally.

Lucia uncrossed her knees.

"I know. We're always hearing that," she answered slowly. "But servants have always stolen things, it seems to me, father. Didn't they ever steal when Aunt Judy ran the house? And she never had a thought beyond them—and foreign missions. You never objected to all that missionary talk, father."

"No! Because it was just talk!" he flung at her. Fettauer burst into unaffected laughter and the elder man flushed. "Well, I can't help it—it was!" he repeated obstinately. "If you think it helps your side, all right; but it was no eight-hours-a-day job!"

"I suppose that's why we're not much interested in missionaries now," Lucia reflected. "It seems so silly, with all these strikes and—and tuberculosis and—and everything."

"I wouldn't waste much discussion on the missionaries, doctor," Fettauer warned gently, "because, as an example to Miss Stanchon, they seem to leave a little something to be desired!"

"I know—I know!" said Lutie's father wearily. "It is only that Judy believed in them—strangely enough—and, as a matter of fact, gave a great deal of her time and money to them."

"And she gave a great deal of time to knitting afghans too," Lutie began suddenly. "Whenever anybody had a baby Aunt Judy made it an afghan. And somebody was always having one." Her detached tone gave all the effect of a reference to the habits of some curious, extinct species. "But, you see, dad, she could always drop the afghan any minute if anything serious happened in the house, just as she'd drop the missionary business. It could wait. And then she'd pick them up again. But this work that I'm interested in can't be treated that way. It's all—it's all laid out, don't you see? Everybody has a thing to see to; and it's so fascinating; and we're all working so hard; and it's growing so terribly fast—and if anybody drops out some one has to substitute, or all the time and energy is wasted. I mean to say ——"

"Efficiency is what she means, doctor, and team-play," Fettauer suggested.

"Yes—team-play," Lutie agreed gratefully. "I'm planning for it all the while, father, and I can't stop and be thrown off the track just for an alcohol lamp!"

She looked earnestly at him, her heart in the smoke-blue eyes; and he smiled at her, fatherly again and whimsical.

"He thinks she's begging! Oh, why can't the generations understand each other, ever?" thought the young doctor.

"And you think Max here can? You don't mind throwing him off the track?"

"He offered," said Lutie shortly.

"And you don't feel that it's undignified to let him? Don't you see, my dear, that you're behaving like two different kinds of women? One business man shouldn't interfere with another. When your Aunt Judy used to send me on all sorts of foolish errands I could afford to smile and ——"

"And forget them," Lutie interrupted rudely. "I know! She was often scolding about it. Now Doctor Fettauer will smile—and remember it."

"Yes, because he is in love with you and I wasn't with Judy!" thought her harassed father. "Well, well!" he said aloud. "Let's go to bed. Will you have a taxi, Max? I only meant, Lutie, that if you could manage to give even an hour a day—regularly ——" He reached over and quietly blew out the guttering candles.

"Just stay with us while we last, child," he said. "We're like those—nearly out, anyway."

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THE INCOME TAX

By BENTON McMILLIN

THE income-tax question is one that will not down. For the best of reasons this is true. Way down in the hearts of the masses of mankind there lurks a strong sense of justice, on which is founded the opinion that vast accumulations of wealth in the hands of individuals or corporations should help to support the Government under which they are acquired, by which they are protected and without which they would vanish.

And why not? Why tax the widow's mite and the orphan's bread, and not tax these accumulations? Why lay tribute on what we eat and wear, and leave untaxed millions in the hands of those who can never personally consume it, and with whom it is surplus?

If there ever was a time when the concentrated wealth of the land should bear its share of our enormous expenses of government it is now.

There is necessity for an income tax now that did not exist when our Government was conducted economically. In all the history of the Government of the United States there never was such an era of prodigality as that on which we have fallen. The Prodigal Son in his most prodigal day was parsimonious when compared with some exhibitions of extravagance that have characterized our Government in recent times.

There are reasons, besides its intrinsic justice, for the enactment of this tax. By this means the revenues can be increased or diminished by increasing or reducing the rate on income without materially disturbing business. Not so with tariff taxes, where a general revision, whether upward or downward, produces more or less business disturbances until the manufacturers, merchants and people adjust themselves to such change.

Again, in case of sudden war it is grossly unjust to let accumulated wealth, yielding great income, escape the increased burdens caused thereby and place all on consumption, stamps, and so on, where no man pays in proportion to his wealth.

Strangely enough, immediately after the destruction of the income tax by the Supreme Court's decision of five to four we were in the midst of our first foreign war for half a century, and had to send troops beyond the seas to the opposite side of the globe. By reason of this, and that wanton recklessness in expenditures which is too common with our National Government in recent years, Federal expenses have gone far beyond the billion-dollar mark; and consumption—not accumulations—has had to bear the heavy load.

Cleveland's Policies Become Popular

UNDER these conditions the more money we expended the more excuse for increase of tariff taxes and the higher duties were raised. Many became thereby interested not in economy but in increased expenditures, and extravagance ran riot.

For the four years 1893–4–5–6, appropriations aggregated $1,860,630,575. During the Administration just closed the appropriations aggregated, for the four years 1909–10–11–12, $4,069,342,738. This shows an increase of about one hundred and twenty per cent in Government expenses in sixteen years. Should all this increase be placed on the necessaries of life?

I believe that, with the great reform the people have forced by amending the Constitution, when wealth has to contribute its fair share to the support of the Government there will be closer scrutiny of expenditures and public officials will be held to a stricter account.

In 1884 the Democratic party elected Mr. Cleveland president. They had elected Tilden in 1876; but the victory, "like Dead-Sea fruits . . . . turned to ashes on the lips," and that great statesman was doomed to forego the greatest American honor. When Cleveland came to the presidency tariff taxes had been raised under the plea, first, that war expenses should be met; then that infant industries should be encouraged and protected; and, finally, that American labor should be protected against the pauper labor of Europe.

He realized that the time had come to give some heed to the just demands of the American people. In his message to Congress he uttered a clarion note for "just taxation"; for reform of our tax system; for a tariff for revenue and not for robbery; a tariff to support the Government instead of one to breed trusts. He was in advance of people. They did not stand back of him and support him. Though he had given an honest, able and economic administration, he was defeated for reelection; but he and his party never faltered—never took the back track. They called on the battle again—without changing the battlecry, which was: Just taxation—tariff reduction—and won triumphantly. But unfortunately differences had arisen in the party and country concerning currency, silver and gold, and the parties divided on it. In the midst of this the tariff question loomed up. If we of the Democratic party had held to this alone we should have retained the administration of the country. We did not—and lost.

Why Submit to This New Tax? Perish the Thought!

But to our tale: Wilson, of West Virginia, was made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. He had presided over the convention that nominated Cleveland for his third race. This still further put him in favor with the President and caused him to be promoted to the head of the committee.

When it came to the organization of the subcommittees the author of this article, being the oldest member in service on the committee, was permitted to select the subcommittee of which he would be chairman. In Congress he had always been for tariff reform, and all expected he would choose the subcommittee on tariff revision. To the surprise of his friends, he chose the subcommittee on internal revenue, which would have jurisdiction of income taxation. When his friends asked him for an explanation of his choice he said: "Tariff revision is inevitable. It will come, whoever works for or against it. But with that we should have an income tax, to force the enormous wealth now held in few hands to help support the Government. It is not doing it now and will not even when the tariff is revised and reduced. I am resolved this benefaction shall come; and I am going to force an income tax, which is the reason I take charge of this subcommittee and question."

In framing the income tax of 1894 every effort was made to avoid the possibility of constitutional objection by the courts. There was a long line of Supreme Court decisions sustaining income-tax laws, beginning with the Hylton case, one hundred years before. This was followed by numerous decisions upholding the income-tax law enacted to meet the expenses of the great war between the states. That law was, in the main, followed in the draft of the new. When drafted we submitted it to the Treasury Department, then presided over by that able Kentuckian, Honorable John G. Carlisle, with the request that every feature should be eliminated that ran counter to any of the many Supreme Court decisions; and it was done. Honorable W. J. Bryan was on the subcommittee to prepare the bill, and did great and painstaking work in its construction. Then, as since, an earnest believer in an income tax, he put all his great power into the work.

He urged that no return should be required of those who had an income of less than thirty-five hundred dollars a year, because it would save the trouble of making returns by those not subject to the tax, and would strengthen the bill. His contention prevailed, as it should. He labored incessantly in the construction and passage of the measure. The decision of the Supreme Court did not stop his exertions; he urged an amendment to the Constitution, and when it was proposed became one of its most strenuous advocates. When New York hung in the balance he delivered an address there, urging the Empire State to vote for the amendment.

We reported the bill from the subcommittee to the full committee. Then the fight began. Two-thirds of the committee were strongly if not bitterly opposed to making it a part of the tariff bill, which was competent under the rules of the House and committees. Among this number was the chairman, Honorable William L. Wilson. Democrats and Republicans alike opposed doing this. Many of the committee opposed any and all income taxation. The able and alert Tom Reed, theretofore and afterward speaker of the House—and always, after Garfield left that body, the leader of his party in it—was leading the minority on the Ways and Means Committee. It was believed by the enemies of the bill that a majority of the House favored it. Hence their fear of advancing it. When I moved to consider the bill by the committee a motion to adjourn was promptly made and carried. I felt discouraged but not dismayed, and resolved not to be defeated. I told the chairman we were entitled to a fair consideration of the measure and urged another call of the committee. He issued it.

Meantime the President conferred in person with me concerning it, and was very solicitous about the fate of the tariff bill, which had already been reported to the House and was to be finally acted on in a few days. He had favored a corporation tax in his message, but feared attaching the income tax to the tariff bill, and candidly said so. I asked him whether he did not believe an income tax was just, in that it made men support the Government in proportion to their wealth. He admitted that. I said: "Then, Mr. President, you are the best illustration in my knowledge of the propriety of going ahead whenever you are right. You justly and properly led your party to defeat in your second race for the presidency rather than surrender tariff reform. Your courage has brought us back to victory. When you admit the justice of an income tax you admit the propriety of my fight on this question, and I must and will keep it up."

What Republicans Were Afraid Of

I SAW one of his fears was—and the same was true of many others—that such an amendment would endanger the passage of the tariff bill through the Senate. I argued with him that, so far from its defeating the bill in the Senate, it was the only possible means of passing it through the Senate; that the Populist senators held the balance of power there; that they would never be for the tariff bill without the income feature and would never be against it with that added—which afterward proved true.

When the committee assembled again, in obedience to the chairman's call, the same farce was enacted. The enemies of income taxation moved to adjourn the committee and prevent action—and succeeded speedily and triumphantly. They were now entirely confident of victory. I again urged on the chairman the injustice of such tactics and that I did not intend to submit to defeat in that way. He finally said he would call another meeting the following day. I in no degree held him responsible for the committee's dispersal and for breaking its quorum.

As I walked out of the committee room Tom Reed sauntered out with me. His eyes had twinkled merrily each day a quorum had been broken and adjournment taken. He may have remembered how often, while he was speaker, I had helped do the same to him. He said: "McMillin, they've got you, haven't they?" I replied: "No. 'He laughs best who laughs last.'" I continued: "You honestly believe the passage of an income tax by the Democratic party will injure that party, don't you?" "I do," he replied promptly. I said: "Well, I think it will help us. And as you are convinced to the contrary, and want to do what will aid your party at the same time you serve your country, I want you to help me keep a quorum in that committee room tomorrow by keeping your men there, and I will get the bill out which you think will injure the party now in power." He said he would see what he could do.

When the committee next met there was a disposition to break a quorum, but neither Reed nor the Republicans joined in it this time, and it utterly failed. The next move made by Democrats who had fought us from the start was to call for the reading of the report, supposing it was not fully prepared. Had the report not been ready that would have forced postponement. I began the reading; and the member, seeing it was prepared, withdrew his demand for the reading. Then we took the vote and a majority voted to report the bill; but all effort to get a majority to agree to allow it to be offered as an amendment to the tariff bill failed. It must be put in as a separate measure. But when reported the House could do what it pleased with it.

That was the last day it could be reported in time to get it on the tariff bill however. Hence the fight for time by its enemies in the committee. Hence, too, the absolute necessity of reporting from the committee that day. Had that day been lost in the committee or in reporting to the House the bill would never have been added to the Wilson Bill or passed through Congress. There would have been no Supreme Court decision overruling the Hylton case and all other decisions on the subject for an entire century. There would have been no amendment to the Constitution such as has just been overwhelmingly adopted, setting forever at rest the contention that all wealth should not bear its proportionate share of the Government's expense. Income tax by all this is on a firmer basis than ever before.

An eventful day that!

We were not yet out of the woods however. The bill must be reported that very day. The House had already met and gone into Committee of the Whole when the Ways and Means Committee adjourned. It was Friday, and by general order the House was to take a recess at five o'clock, the night session being for consideration of pensions.

I went to Speaker Crisp and asked him to take the chair a few minutes before five o'clock, that I might report the income tax bill. He was friendly to the measure and agreed to do so. When he did, seeing that I was there to report and knowing it could not go on that tariff bill if not reported that day, the fight was renewed by General Tracy, of New York. He moved to adjourn. Crisp put the motion promptly. There was only three minutes' time before automatic recess began. The speaker declared the motion lost on a viva-voce vote. I jumped into the aisle, in front of Tracy, for the speaker's recognition and rapidly made my report; the speaker announced it, and in the same breath said: "And the hour of five having arrived the House is in recess until eight o'clock this evening." An eyelash finish—closer than any other I ever had or saw on a great question in twenty years' congressional experience. Had Tracy moved to take a recess instead of adjourn, I should have lost, for there was no quorum present and it would have required hours to get one. Meantime the House would have gone into recess by previous order and income tax would have failed.

The last shoal was not yet passed. Nothing but a caucus could now force this on the tariff bill. Mr. Bryan and I conferred. He urged the caucus; and after consulting other friends we determined to call one. He drew up a caucus call, which we circulated, and got the necessary signatures. There was great division and much feeling when we met. The committee was divided; the caucus was divided; and friends were divided. During the meeting two of the ablest Democrats in the country—one from the East, the other from the West—came near coming to blows over it, and friends had to keep them apart.

The Burden of Taxation

THE chairman, Mr. Wilson, was put forward to present the cause of the opposition to the income tax bill. I was to represent its friends. Unlimited time was given both. After as brief presentation as we could make the vote was taken and I was instructed by eighteen majority of the caucus to offer the income tax bill as an amendment to the tariff bill. I executed my trust, the House adopted it, and it went to the Senate and the statutes as a part of the tariff law. Mr. Cleveland let the bill as thus amended become a law without his approval, because of the increase in tariff rates forced on it by the Senate.

Though through much tribulation the income tax had gone on the statute books, and thereby a small part of justice to a taxridden people had been done, its troubles were not yet ended. The wealth of the country had in great measure been able to free itself from war burdens very soon after the close of the Civil War. The income tax was repealed; the tobacco tax was reduced; the tax on spirits was reduced. But the tax on clothes and on the necessaries of life—tariff taxes—had been increased. There were still millions of war debts, war claims and war pensions to be paid; but those ablest to pay were least willing to pay. Hence these reductions in the taxes of the opulent, and increases in taxes of the masses of the people. Accumulated wealth had freed itself of war burdens—why submit to this new tax? Perish the thought! True, this form of taxation—income—had contributed three hundred and fifty million dollars to carry on the war. True, it had been fortified by a century of unbroken decisions, sustaining its justice and constitutionality. But this "innovation on property right" was not to be endured, and was not submitted to. They rushed to the courts as to cities of refuge. They went not in vain. One member of the Supreme Court, Justice Field, had been on the bench when the Supreme Court decided the Springer case and other cases sustaining the income tax, and had—as I remember it—concurred therein. But this did not stand in the way. He was one of the first to antagonize the law and to hold that the decisions before were wrong.

It was a great occasion when the cause came on for hearing in the Supreme Court. Able lawyers from the four quarters of the country came to Washington to witness or participate therein. There were men there known as able lawyers throughout the country. Both age and youth came. There was on the Government side the great Massachusetts lawyer and statesman, Attorney-General Olney. Assisting him were Judge Carter and others, "not known merely because their fathers were."

On the side of the opposition to the tax, the first to appear, opening the case, was Guthrie, of New York, not extensively known prior to this time outside his state; but very widely known afterward by reason of his great presentation of his side of this important cause.

Following him against the tax came the genial gentleman and diplomat and able lawyer, Joseph Choate. Seward, of New York, was there, descendant of Lincoln's famous secretary of state; Edmunds, of Vermont, also, renowned not only as a great lawyer but as having been an honest and able senator. While in the Senate, such was the friendship between him and Judge Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio—"the noble old Roman"—that, though Republican and Democrat, from Vermont and Ohio, they were justly called "Damon and Pythias of the Senate." Yes, they were all there, and many others far-famed. All limit was removed from the debate.

It was a go-as-you-please contest. The court had granted this because of the magnitude and importance of the controversy. And well it might, for, though some spoke as long as two or three hours, interest never flagged for a moment. In opening, Guthrie spoke about two hours and wasted no time, covering his case with marked ability. For three hours Judge Carter and Mr. Choate each instructed and interested both court and audience.

Finally, when it came to the closing of the case for the Government, it was done by no less famous and distinguished an advocate than Attorney-General Olney. By able action he had hitherto justified the wisdom of President Cleveland in selecting him. By every word and act, in a remarkable argument, he that day showed he was the right man in the right place. He spoke but fifty-five minutes, yet he had not said a superfluous word, nor did it seem he had left unsaid a necessary thing. It was a great presentation of a great and important cause—the case of Pollock against the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company at its first hearing, in 1895.

A majority of the court held that, as to the tax on incomes derived from real estate, it must be apportioned under the Constitution, because it was a direct tax; but as to whether a tax on incomes arising from personal property must be apportioned in order to conform to the Constitution the court stood four to four—a tie, the result of which was to sustain the constitutionality of the law. But those seeking to set aside the law as unconstitutional were not dismayed by their failure and were determined that nothing short of freedom from this tax would satisfy them.

If there is one citizen more determined and vigilant than all others it is he who is bent on resisting a tax. They sought and obtained a rehearing before the Supreme Court. At the first hearing Justice Howell E. Jackson, of Tennessee, was prevented by illness from participating. On the second hearing, at the risk of his life, he determined to attend and aid as best he could in causing a just decision.

When Justices Reverse Themselves

I NEED not go into the details of the second hearing; but Justice Jackson lined up on the side of those who had held the law constitutional, delivering an able opinion setting forth his views. Much interest naturally attached to his action. If he opposed the law it would fall without any one of those favoring it in the first trial changing. If not some justice must reverse himself or the income tax must be paid. One justice did reverse himself. This change resulted in the court declaring, by five to four, the tax unconstitutional, notwithstanding Justice Jackson's decision for the law. Able opinions by him, by the Nestor of the bench, Justice John M. Harlan, and by Justice White—since made Chief Justice—availed nothing in the face of the fact that two justices were reversing themselves—one, his very recent action taken, and the other, overruling decisions in which he had participated growing out of the income tax law passed to meet the expenses of our Civil War.

True, the justices agreed that taxes imposed on incomes from occupations or business did not have to be apportioned; but the object sought had been obtained—the most vital and revenue-yielding features were destroyed and the law emasculated.

Behold the result of this revolutionary decision—revolutionary in that it overrode the decisions of generations! It can be shown that if that means of revenue had been retained from then until now it would have yielded enough revenue to pay our bonded debt.

There is no denying that deep regret and disappointment followed this extraordinary decision. It met with strong adverse criticism—in many cases bitter. There was a demand on all sides for an amendment to the Constitution to take away the power of the Supreme Court to nullify the income tax. I felt that, as the people had curtailed the powers of that tribunal by constitutional amendment once before—by the adoption of the amendment to prevent them from taking jurisdiction, as in the celebrated Georgia case—they could and should do it again. I therefore at once introduced a resolution in the House of Representatives for a Constitutional amendment to

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The Committee Was Divided; the Caucus Was Divided; Friends Were Divided

The Champion Lady Buck Dancer

By Helen Green Van Campen

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"They—Ah—They Say Ign'rance Is Bliss!" Said Sammy

AT THE corner of Fourth and Jefferson Streets Goldie Dailey bought a ten-cent bunch of daffodils and a quarter's worth of red carnations. It was extravagance, but her mood demanded flowers, for it was spring in Louisville and spring in Goldie's heart. She looked into shoe-shop windows and thought how hard it would be to dance in the delightful high-heeled shoes on exhibition there; and she peered at jewelers' displays to see if there was any ring so pretty as the pearl set with diamonds that Sammy Sanger had given her in front of the theater an hour before, when he said:

"Goldie, you been a good little pal ever since I've knowed you, an' I want you to take this here ring. Will you do sumpin' for me?"

"Oh, Sam! You know I will!" she told him.

Sammy, ordinarily a pale, slim young man, described by his friends as a good dresser on or off—every one has seen that brilliant act, Sammy Sanger and his Six Sassy Sunbeams—was today so extra pale that Goldie sensed he meant to say something quite different from anything he ever had before.

"Meet me at Fourth an' Jefferson at ten-thirty!" he requested, and gave her hand a fevered clasp. She smiled warmly, tenderly, and Sammy stammered as if frightened: "You been a good pal, an' you helped make my act. Ten-thirty—don't forget!"

It was ten-twenty-five now and Goldie walked slowly toward the corner. In a shop mirror she saw herself passing and rejoiced that she had on her poke bonnet of cerise straw with cerise ribbons, and her black-and-white striped suit. Her blonde hair was waved in the style she reserved for the large towns, and she had on all her puffs. She looked with kindly interest at the women going in and out of the shops. How dull to stay in the same place all the time as they did! The women stared a little at Goldie's radiant bonnet and her blondeness. Perhaps they were saying: "She's a vaudeville actress!"

Goldie smelled her carnations. Spring—or something—was creating riot in her heart! She stopped. Sammy Sanger was crossing the street. With him was Addie de Montfort, a lighter blonde than Goldie and the least efficient Sassy Sunbeam of the six. What did she want, tagging after a gentleman hurrying to keep an appointment with a lady? Goldie reduced her tremulous smile to a stare of formal welcome. Sammy was red instead of white. Addie, who made up rather thickly for the street, was excessively pink. They evaded an auto truck and dashed up to Goldie.

"Goldie, old gal—my wife!" said Sammy.

"Married by the mayor!" exulted Addie, giggling her satisfaction.

"I thought this little kid never was goin' to say she would!" cried Sammy fatuously.

"Many happy returns of the day!" said Goldie incoherently and fled away from them. A short season of spring!

She could not weep, because the leisure period between shows was not long enough to conceal the ravages of emotion. There was much to ponder. Addie de Montfort Sanger had none of Goldie's talent. Goldie was almost assistant star. She drew forty dollars against the lesser Sunbeams' twenty-two dollars—and fares. She held the stage alone while Sammy Sanger was changing into the "straight" clothes in which he "closed in one"; and her dancing specialty was featured. She had intended to refuse signing under sixty dollars for the next season. All the Daileys were dancers. Dan Dailey had been a champion clogger; Mayme Dailey, Goldie's mother, was a dancer with the Broadway Blonde Burlesquers. Goldie owned two medals—one gold, the other wearing off somewhat. Each stated that Miss G. Dailey was champion lady soft-and-wooden-shoe buck dancer of America. Sammy Sanger knew Goldie's terpsichorean worth. But with Sammy's wife in the act changes were to be looked for.

"If it'd been any of the others but her!" Goldie muttered. "I see plain enough why she wouldn't listen to me tellin' her to save, an' what'd she do if she hit New York broke an' had to tramp round agents' offices an' live on cocoa and canned stew; an' as to sendin' money orders to herself, she use' to near insult me for suggestin' it."

Goldie conserved her money by investing it. For two seasons she had been buying mining stock. The Sunbeams had seen her beautiful certificates; and Sammy Sanger, after hearing a letter from Elliot W. Beverly, general manager of the Morning Star Gold-Reef Mining and Milling Company, had begun thinking about going into stocks himself. He was eager to know where she had met Mr. Beverly, and Goldie told him with dignity that the gentleman was a family friend. And he was. He wrote frequently to Goldie and to her mother, also an investor. Mr. Beverly was a family friend, but Goldie had never seen him.

There are people one need not meet to be convinced of their integrity and their kind hearts. In a theatrical paper Mrs. Dailey had found an attractive advertisement. It made her think—and then rush out and buy a money order. If only she was not too late to get some of the preferred stock of that wonderful Eastern Oregon group controlled by the M. S. G.-R. M. and M. Company! For there were but a few shares left. Those applying late would have to watch the opening market for a chance to pick up shares at a high rate. And there wouldn't be many persons desirous of selling! A little extra money was needed for development and to keep the mine for the small investors now in control, instead of allowing the great mining syndicates, whose offers had already been sternly refused, to stuff the Morning Star group into their ravenous maws. . . . "Shares, one-fifty, payable in installments; and address, for any information, Elliot W. Beverly, Baker City, Oregon."

When Goldie heard about the chance she got out her money and sent Mr. Beverly a night letter, stating in businesslike terms that the money had been mailed on a specified date, and justice demanded that enough stock be held for G. and M. Dailey. In a prepaid answer Mr. Beverly informed her that he would make it a personal matter and was writing her more fully.

"It just proves that you got to be modern or they'll play you on the bench, ma!" declared Goldie. "I bet a whole bunch that waited will find their money comin' back."

"I wisht our comp'ny'd play the Far West so I could go call on him," said Mrs. Dailey. "If we only hadn't lost that money helpin' your Uncle Mick with his old grocery store we'd have more to put in. Drat the luck!"

Goldie said they could both hurry and save. Mr. Beverly wrote Mrs. Dailey, by the route of the Broadway Blondes, that his sainted mother, "now in Heaven," had been an actress; and, though he had perhaps wronged another by holding the stock for the Daileys, he could only rejoice that he was able to forward their certificates, with the invigorating news that a very little more of the preferred stock was available—and only those who opened the door to opportunity's knock deserved fortune's choice gifts. Goldie pawned her diamond and emerald ring and her mink set. Mrs. Dailey decided not to get a pony-skin coat—as what did it matter on the road! And a hundred dollars' worth of stock now would undoubtedly be paying twenty per cent within a year.

At first Goldie worried about Mr. Beverly's writing so often, and she watched for the slightest hint of freshness, such as a desire to take her out to dinner if he got to New York; but he was invariably respectful and spoke of his late actress mother in a touching way. He knew the hardships of two shows a day, and of burlesque, where no one ever got a rest, especially in the open-Sunday stands. The sooner a woman was financially independent, the better for her.

With that in mind he explained about the Rising Sun, a small but excessively rich mine—not in the big group, but destined to be a steady producer as soon as machinery was erected and sinking operations commenced. The stock would not be thrown into the open market. It was already oversubscribed, but certain officials of the company were privileged to buy limited amounts for themselves and their friends. Vice-president Beverly was willing to let the Daileys in. When they were safely of the successful few his next letter asked Goldie if her stage associates had any realization of the appalling risks taken by persons neglecting to protect themselves now.

The Sunbeams, except Addie, were buying jewelry on the time-payment plan. Goldie let Addie read some prospectuses and displayed an ore sample that had an impressive amount of yellow on its gray-granite surface. All Addie did was to giggle on receiving profitable hints; but as Sammy Sanger's salary was six hundred dollars a week if he invested his money he might be a majority shareholder in the Morning Star group! Mr. Beverly was going to mail Sammy literature. There was still a very little of the preferred stock left.

At the matinée Goldie met Addie with composure. The bride was not to dress with the four lesser Sunbeams, who were crowded together. Goldie, as head Sunbeam, shared a room with Bessie Banana, of the Bounding Bananas, and the two went to confer with the ladies of the Sanger act. A brunette Sunbeam denounced Addie for failing to be candid with her best friends. Uneasiness prevailed and became indignation when Sammy Sanger sent for Goldie, informing her that his wife was to perform a solo dance!

"As to her grabbin' him, that's none of my affair!" said Goldie hotly. "Though never breathin' s'much as one word to her pals ain't to her credit, as I learned her all the steps she knows—and she can't remember them two shows in a row. But if my time is to be cut—which I'd like to be told how it'll be avoided—and my song canned, and deliberate attempts made to push me out of the picture —— But don't think it's professional jealousy! Ha-ha! The idea! Not that she isn't a nice girl and, moreover, has been a good fella since she joined—only, he better be careful! I know my rights. You bet I do!"

"I hope he likes it when he finds out that big braid of hers never grew on her bean!" said Hazel Hanson morosely.

Goldie said it was not right to hold that against Addie. But for Sammy to ask if his wife might wear Goldie's yellow chiffon until he ordered a better gown for her was the limit!

"I don't b'lieve I could 'a' restrained myself, Goldie!" observed Bessie Banana. "The time Mr. Banana's pa met us, right after our wedding, and wanted to know if I thought doing a wire act in tights was a true woman's sphere I hauled off and slammed him—though, of course, I regretted it later. But some things are too much!" All the ladies sighed. "Mr. Banana was saying he expected you an' Sanger to hook up," said Bessie.

Goldie was dressed, like the other Sunbeams, in a gown of bright green velvet, with a skirt of startling lack of width. The slash in front displayed a handsome ankle in flesh-colored stockings and slippers. Her bare pink shoulders rose above the bodice. A wide band of imitation emeralds gleamed in yellow hair fluffed beneath the heavy braid that circled her head. She could not sit in the skirt and

only an expert could have breathed at all in the bodice. Ready as she was, and the callboy due at the door in exactly one minute, she slopped down on a theater trunk, hid her face in the folds of some one's street dress, and sobbed:

"I won't go on! I won't! I won't!"

The Sunbeams cried, with honest sympathy:

"You're bustin' your skirt, hon!"

"Now, Goldie, dear!"

"I should think Sam'd be proud of makin' a girl like her cry!"

"Fix your eyes quick! The black's running from your eyes, dearie!" entreated Bessie as she raised her afflicted friend.

"He won't get a stepper like her in a hurry again!" said Hazel Hanson, weeping publicly. "But don't you care! Are you goin' to let a snip like Addie think you care, Goldie?"

"It ain't—I—I—she—o-oh! It's my pro-fessional rep-utation!" gulped Goldie, clutching the powder puff proffered by a practical Sunbeam.

"Time, ladies!"

At the call the Sunbeams went stumbling out and up the steps to the stage floor, Goldie in their midst, supported by Bessie Banana, who restored her make-up with a rouge paw. In Sammy Sanger's first song—I'm the Spending Kid from Broadway—Goldie had to step forth and "work up the comedy." At Goldie's cue Addie glided boldly forward.

"Nix, petsie—upstage! Nothin' doin'!" warned Sammy excitedly; but Addie merely smiled and remained. Goldie moved to Sammy's left side.

"They—ah—they say ign'rance is bliss!" said Sammy to the audience.

"Well, you look happy!" retorted Addie gayly.

She had stolen Goldie's line; but so swiftly that the impending laugh was for her, and not for Addie, Goldie interpolated:

"So do you!"

This was met by such applause that Sammy, a good showman, decided that, if he could soothe Goldie and command or cajole his bride into tractability he would "fat out" this "bit" and let the two work in unison.

"The little girl ain't been long enough in the business to know she shouldn't butted in," he said when the act was over. "But I know an old friend like you won't get sore at me over it, Goldie. I want us three to be chums."

"Listen here, Mr. Sanger," said Goldie passionately: "The only way you an' Addie'll get along with me is for both of you to be good jumpers! I got a contract for forty weeks with you; but it'll suit me to blow this minute—me, champeen lady buck dancer, an' get a deal like that!"

"You takin' it this fashion is a blow to me!" said Sammy.

"What'd you expect me to do—thank her for that behavior tonight?"

"I'll bet a hat she meant it for a joke! An' I expected to get you to help her with her dancin', you see. I thought you an' Addie liked each other, an' it seems you don't. It beats me!"

"I've helped this act enough. The only bright lines in it I made up for you myself."

The voice of Addie interrupted them:

"Sam, you come in here and get washed up! Remember we're goin' to the weddin' supper—gabbin' out there all night! Sam!"

"Will you come to the banquet the hotel manager's givin' me?" he entreated.

"No! And wait—you take this ring back! I c'n get my own jewelry!"

"It was a pledge of friendship," said Sammy.

Goldie laughed grimly. Bill Banana, of the Bounding Bananas, saw her return the ring; and when Sammy had obeyed his wife Bill said:

"That's the stuff! You don't want that gink's ring."

"Mercy!" cried Goldie, starting. "I didn't see you, Bill. But you've got a wrong idea. He never was anything to me. I got my art an' that's plenty!"

Bill Banana was a large man and he disliked the small and agile Sammy. He had

She Made Cocoa and Heated the Edges of a Coffee Cake

been wedded long enough to see that Goldie was near the point of tears, and this made him invite her to supper with himself and his wife, Bessie. When she declined he remarked:

"A girl like you would show sense by marrying out of the profession entirely. Then you'd retire and have a home. Don't you take a performer—too many temptations! Sanger and Addie'll be divorced in a year."

"I've no wish to marry anybody," said Goldie with a quivering sigh.

"Find some one out of this game—business man. Me an' Bessie are going into truck farming in a couple of seasons. There's big money in celery down on Long Island, and a Kentucky party I know's getting wealthy on ginseng. You figure on leaving the profession behind. It's a dog's life!"

"But I got investments, you know."

"Keep right on investin'," said Bill. "Be businesslike! It's the only safe way."

Goldie heard the laughter of Sammy, the giggle of his Addie, and the jestful voices of their friends as she went quickly from the theater. The whiff of spring that had come with the morning sunshine into her room at Mrs. de Leon's boarding house for the profession had but briefly warmed the air. It was a chill and shadowy refuge now as Goldie speeded into slippers and flannel pajamas. The folded drab quilt at the foot of the bed was service-worn and moldily flavored, but, at six-to-ten dollars single a week, blue satin and down are neither provided nor expected; and Goldie pulled the quilt over her shoulders and unlocked her steamer trunk. The tray of it was her kitchenette, and therein, on an alcohol stove, she made cocoa and heated the edges of a coffee cake. When the cake was spread with raspberry jam she took a bite from a rotund dill pickle; next some cake; then cocoa. In this gratifying order she finished her meal, rearranged the kitchenette, locked the trunk, took her black velvet handbag and got into bed.

"I wouldn't take him if he came on his bended knees!" she said aloud. Removing a thick packet of letters from the handbag, she opened one, read it, reread it and smiled—the first smile since morning. "I got a good mind to write to him—an' I b'lieve I will!" said she. After a moment: "Because he'd understand; but he wouldn't savvy anything except dancin' an' braggin' how good his act is!"

Then she read all of Elliot W. Beverly's letters, containing wise counsel, priceless advice, the kindest interest in a girl breasting life's breakers alone. One received on the opening day in Louisville said:

My dear Goldie—If you will permit that familiarity from one who wishes to be a real friend—I have no doubt you have planned new frocks and hats and numberless things that it is natural for you to desire. Now then—cannot you manage on what you have and buy instead the one hundred and fifty shares of Oregon South Pole Extension, which I have promised myself to keep for you from my own allotment of stock in this dividend-paying proposition our company has taken over? I inclose check for you, first dividend of five per cent on the Morning Star, with congratulations on your business acumen. You have a man's grasp of business matters—something rarely met with in your sex. My angel mother, an actress as you know, had it. Try to interest your friend, Mr. Sanger; and remember for every hundred shares of Morning Star he buys you will receive five shares of the Little Buck—a prospect now, but soon to be a mine. I want you to try to make a trip to Oregon if you lay off this summer and see the big plant for yourself. We have now a model town, with good houses for the miners, a school for the children and a band composed of miners. I say I want you to; yet I should be lacking in honesty not to admit that, for your sake, money used on the trip would be best put into Rising Sun stock. On your salary of seventy-five dollars a week you should very soon manage to be independent.

Goldie's salary was forty dollars, and if she had mentioned seventy-five that was a moderate exaggeration when many theatrical persons are wont to multiply their actual pay by four, giving the result to the public. Only large salaries are interesting anyway.

She removed a tickling wad of stuffing protruding from the quilt and reclined upon her pillows. Her lashes slowly met, but she was alertly conscious that the gas must descend and the window ascend before slumber reigned. She saw herself in a large Gainsborough hat, with at least two opulent willow plumes and a gold rose or two, and a modified edition of her green velvet stage gown, walking through the model Oregon mining camp beside a tall man whose well-fitting, New-York-tailored suit but ill concealed the play of the elastic muscles of his sinewy arms. Stern to all but one was he—the head of this vast enterprise.

Dressing the scene were cowboys—not cowgirls, for they would inevitably draw attention that belonged to the blonde lady in velvet and plumes. A private car was on a siding near a veranda, on which sat contented stockholders sipping champagne, served by eager, soft-footed vassals of the company. Elliot W. Beverly—a business man! She had been wasting time on Sammy Sanger, whose brains were all in his feet; while out there, in the welcoming West, gold mines were working for Goldie Dailey! The gas went out abruptly, for Mrs. de Leon knew the forgetfulness of boarders and had means of preventing waste. Goldie slept, and in her sleep danced onward into Oregon, where the gold mines grow.

Sunbeam by Sunbeam the chorus became partisans of Addie Sanger. Line by line, minute by minute, comedy and soft-and-hard-shoe buck dances were cut, until Goldie's share in the act was pitifully meager. A kindly Sunbeam told Addie that in a dear, dead past almost every one in the two-a-day anticipated the mating of Goldie and Sammy.

"Discharge that there woman! You gotta do it!" said Addie.

Sammy reminded her of Goldie's contract. Addie fainted noisily. Sammy implored her to return to consciousness and be his little baby doll. The Sunbeams threw

Sammy Implored Her to Return to Consciousness and Be His Little Baby Doll

water, discreetly avoiding injury of Addie's two-toned bengaline. Sammy declared he would if he could; but—contract! Addie pouted.

In St. Louis Goldie visited a helpful firm that lent money on salaries—no publicity; repayment at the borrower's convenience and the interest absurdly small. She pawned her contract with Sammy Sanger for an amount that left her with eleven dollars a week to live on. Sammy paid transportation, but not sleeping-car fares; and as the jumps were eight to ten hours apart Goldie began to travel in the day coach, at first paying tribute of a quarter for a pillow to conductors of a mercantile mind, but later going without pillows. The Sunbeams were amazed and annoyed by her sudden parsimony. Addie said Goldie was only doing it to humiliate the whole act. Goldie, feeling the hostile spirit that the Sassy Sunbeams evinced, comforted herself with her new certificates of stock in Oregon South Pole Extension.

Mrs. Dailey triumphantly wrote that she had one hundred and fifty shares of that, too, and was playing stag dinners and cabarets after the Broadway Blondes' performance was over, putting every dollar of the extra money into Rising Sun. She had schemes for raising capital that were as excellent as her daughter's. Goldie displayed curiosity; and Mrs. Dailey replied that, if she must know, the furniture in storage was sold to the Musical Ziliphones; and Pansy Ziliphone's check had been exchanged for shares in the names of M. and G. Dailey.

Goldie matched this sacrifice by selling her cerise bonnet to Hazel Hanson, who coveted it, though expressing her wonder that Goldie should denude herself of the bonnet at a season when the whole world desired bright new headgear! In Denver, the Sunbeams' farthest West, the program announced, under the act's name: "With a hard-shoe buck dance by Adeline de Montfort Sanger." Sammy and Addie were arguing with the theater's property man when Goldie intrepidly confronted them.

"Goin' to put another outrage over, are you?" she exclaimed.

"That'll be about all, Miss Dailey. I got business with this party," said Sammy, frowning.

"She better learn her place!" said Addie haughtily. "Interruptin' her managers when they're busy!"

"He can see me any time; so you folks have a nice quiet chat," said the property man, winking encouragement at Goldie as he deserted Sammy.

"But, listen, Joe ——" Sammy, desirous of fleeing from trouble, found the property-room door shut and locked.

"I see my name's completely took off this here program—also my billin' as champeen lady buck dancer!" said Goldie. Her look was a menace. Sammy pawed the stage with his right foot, coughing delicately. Addie smiled.

"I got no wish an' no desire to bandy words with people that are kiddin' themselves they're dancers," proceeded Goldie with rising anger. "Her I ignore!"

"Are you going to stand there and leave her insult your wife?" cried Addie, and she shook Sammy's arm. "Are you deaf, Mister Sanger?"

"I'm surprised at you, Goldie!" uttered the prodded Sammy faintly.

"Oh, are you? Am I or ain't I champeen lady buck dancer?"

"I ain't disputed it," said Sammy. "But can't you—won't you not be so public? I'd rather discuss this private."

"Calls such behavior bein' lady-like, no doubt," said Addie between hissing breaths. "Why does she stick in our act if it don't suit her?"

Gus Pingo, who did a banjologue—his own original conception—had hurriedly summoned the Cycling Scoots, who stopped tinkering with their bicycles, making the voices of the three disputants so pleasantly audible that the property man only needed to open his door half an inch.

"Since Louisville they been three-cheerin' me right outa this act—claimin' that Omaha was his home town an' Indianapolis hers; an' would I mind for just those weeks if they did more time an' cut my time!" said Goldie to Gus Pingo and the Cycling Scoots, who all looked disapprovingly at Mr. and Mrs. Sanger.

"I'm as good a dancer as her!" said Addie hysterically. "Her an' her old medals! She was dancin' in a Miss'ippi steamboat show when Sam broke her into vod'ville. She can't deny it."

"There's nothin' demeanin' in that, young woman. I run a boat show," boomed old Mr. Scoot. His children and the near Scoots muttered at Addie's effrontery.

"Hire a lawyer, dear," urged old Mrs. Scoot, whose specialty was a spectacular ride about the stage, poised on one foot and holding several less weighty Scoots on her massive shoulders.

"But find out how much he wants first, an' have it wrote down plain," warned the elderly chief of the Scoots.

"Goldie—Miss Dailey—have we gotta spill our whole private affairs to the entire Morpheum Circuit?" asked Sammy. He moved close to Goldie and whispered: "Have a little pity—it ain't me's to blame. You know that!"

Goldie bent a look of contempt upon her small employer.

"A sweepin' apology—an' put my dance back; or I'll sue," said she.

"Never! Never!" screamed Addie.

"Well, then, I will! If she ain't sorry I am; an' the profession's all perfectly hep to your ability, Goldie. An' the dance goes back! Is that enough?" faltered Sammy.

"Scared into it!" sneered old Mrs. Scoot. "I'd like to ride a weaklin' like him down!"

"I accept it, Mr. Sanger," said Goldie. "I—you ——" She paused, and caught a tear on the ribbon of her old cerise bonnet—a faded, last year's parody on the ravishing freshness of the one now flaunted by Hazel Hanson. She gulped; and Gus Pingo, an excitable man, offered to be jiggered if it wasn't a pretty state of affairs! And if the party didn't like the remark he could come out into the alley and see if he could down a man!

"I was the first in the business to take the coins off my dancin' shoes, for my taps can be heard distinctly all over the house without 'em," said Goldie. "All I ask is simple justice."

Addie indignantly left the assemblage.

"You're lettin' your wife boss you, my boy," said old Mr. Scoot.

"It'd be all right if he was bossed correct; but every woman ain't got the trainin' for it," observed old Mrs. Scoot.

Gus Pingo asked Goldie to lunch. She went, because she had been eating from her kitchenette since leaving Cincinnati.

"I certainly do wish you was musical. With a swell-dressed act we could be partners an' get the large change," said Gus as he fed her on fried chicken at the Albany.

"I must do sumpin' very soon," agreed Goldie. "My investments are just keepin' me wingin' at present, though I got dividends almost due. I'd have to go to New York to grab a job an' pay my own fare—an' I can't."

"I heard you had a pot of money in a big mine up in Alaska or Arizona—or one of 'em," said Gus with respect.

"Oregon. Yes; I won't need no more stage after a couple of seasons."

Gus mentioned a loan. Goldie refused instantly—and then she reflected. She might take it and pay interest, for in that day's mail a letter notified her that, by the utmost squeezing, two hundred shares of Little Buck awaited her decision. It was a business matter. If Gus cared to take six per cent—the St. Louis firm was getting twenty-five per cent—it was more than his bank paid him.

"Six? You bet! How much do you need?" queried Gus. "An' say—lemme in on this minin' gag, can't you? I'm just recoverin' from fallin' for the lots I bought that was under water at high tide—an' I don't get caught again, either! But I could lend you two hundred and invest five hundred, if they'd take that little."

He Caught Goldie's Bare Arm, Jumped and Woke, Blinking at Her

"For a friend of mine they will," said Goldie. "Oh, Gus, you'll be so thankful later, when you can retire an' be somebody.' I'm goin' to move West myself. Mr. Beverly—my gen'leman friend—he thinks I'd be foolish not to."

"I guess Mr. Beverly's gettin' ready to pick out the furniture, ain't he?" said Gus waggishly.

"If you ain't awful!" cried Goldie. "Course not, silly! No marryin' for me!"

However, after supper out of the kitchenette that night she began a letter with the line, "Dear Elliot." Gus Pingo's investment meant twenty-five shares of Little Buck for her and the future safety of Gus. Would that all vaudevillians possessed his thrift and wisdom!

"There's such a terrible lot of performers it really seems as if the law oughta just make 'em invest," she told Gus next day.

"Well, two of us won't be askin' for a benefit," said he. "An' say—here's one of my best photos that I use for lobby display. I thought the mine people might get a chance to ring it into some of the stuff they send out, you know."

Goldie took the photograph, but she did not forward it. If any one was to be advertised let it be Goldie Dailey. She mailed a picture of herself in Hazel's bonnet. And Mr. Beverly responded in a manner that made her dance so that her taps were like rifleshots for several shows. He said: "I have your dear, sweet pictured face before me, Goldie!"

"I got him goin'!" she murmured tremulously. "Oh, Elliot—my Elliot! An' it's so grand to think he's a real business man!"

Unlimited cocoa and limited beefsteak were sapping Goldie's vigor. The unfriendly conditions in which she worked disturbed her mentally. Addie did not speak to her; and Sammy, before his wife, treated her with uncomfortable formality. There were no cheerful dressing-room gossips with the other Sunbeams.

"If I was to go in you couldn't talk about me," she bitterly replied to Hazel's lukewarm suggestions.

It was May. Theaters were close and hot, with audiences growing smaller and very restless. The smell of grease-paint and of a thousand cold-creamings hung in the dressing rooms. Make-up dripped and spread upon perspiring faces, and performers began to urge their agents for bookings at the parks. The Sassy Sunbeams were working slowly back to New York. Goldie's contract ended with the last week in June. The Broadway Blondes—who never played nearer Broadway than Eighth Avenue—had closed and the call for rehearsal would not sound until August. Mrs. Dailey met Goldie in Newark when the Sunbeams opened there.

"Have you saw any agents about us goin' out as a sister act, ma?" asked Goldie.

Mayme Dailey was a large and startling blonde. She was shabby this summer, for the light frocks and natty patent-leather shoes that Mayme loved to wear were represented by certificates for Rising Sun, Little Buck, Oregon South Pole Extension and Morning Star stock. She looked anxiously at her pale child.

"They say we could get Skelly's Cabaret at Coney for two weeks in July; but the parks all want showy acts. I've just been everywhere, Goldie. Golly, but you look awful white! What you been eatin'?"

"It's what I ain't," said Goldie gayly. "You tried Hines & Klein? Gee! I was dependin' on them. They could bill us as World's Premier Buck Dancers—both blonde. Ain't that swell?"

"If there was some place to put it!" answered Mrs. Dailey. "Have you got five you don't need?"

"I was goin' to ask you," said Goldie. "You don't mean you're plumb cleaned, ma?"

"It was that last fifty shares," said Mrs. Dailey. "Ask Sanger for an advance if you ain't got it on you."

"All I've had to use for myself is nine a week since we played Denver—I'm payin' the St. Louis loan and interest on Gus Pingo's. Can't you hock your ermine set?"

Mrs. Dailey explained that with the first warm weather she had put her furs where they would be quite safe. She was also paying interest.

"We'll manage," she announced. "We'll be a little short—but there's our stock. It's worth some worryin.' I can borry offa our manager's wife; an' Gertie Grenadine, of our company, wants me to keep her flat next week while she's down to Asbury. I can feed you elegant there. You take this dollar an' I'll go to Flora for the loan right off."

"Why, I will not, ma!"

(Continued on Page 28)

Another of Those Cub Reporter Stories

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

He Was Not Seeming to Notice That His Audience Wasn't Deeply Interested

THE first time I saw Major Putnam Stone I didn't see him first. To be exact, I heard him first, and then I walked round the end of a seven-foot partition and saw him.

I had just gone to work for the Evening Press. As I recall now it was my second day, and I hadn't begun to feel at home there yet, and probably was more sensitive to outside sights and noises than I would ever again be in that place. Generally speaking, when a reporter settles down to his knitting, which in his case is his writing, he becomes impervious to all disturbances excepting those that occur inside his own brain-pan. If he couldn't, he wouldn't amount to shucks in his trade. Give him a good, live-action story to write for an edition going to press in about nine minutes, and the rattles and slams of half a dozen typewriting machines, and the blattings of a pestered city editor, and the gabble of a couple of copy boys at his elbow, and all the rest of it won't worry him. He may not think he hears it, but he does, only instead of being distracting it is stimulating. It's all a part of the mechanism of the shop, helping him along unconsciously to speed and efficiency. I've often thought that, when I was handling a good, bloody murder story, say, it would tone up my style to have a phonograph about ten feet away grinding out The Last Ravings of John McCullough. Anyway I am sure it wouldn't do any harm. A brass band playing a John Philip Sousa march makes fine accompaniment to write copy to. I've done it before now, covering parades and conventions, and I know.

But on this particular occasion I was, as I say, new to the job and maybe a little nervous to boot, and as I sat there, trying to frame a snappy opening paragraph for the interview I had just brought back with me from one of the hotels, I became aware of a voice somewhere in the immediate vicinity, a voice that didn't jibe in with my thoughts. At the moment I stopped to listen it was saying: "As for me, sir, I have always contended that the ultimate fate of the cause was due in great measure to the death of Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh on the evening of the first day's fight. Now then, what would have been the final result if Albert Sidney Johnston had lived? I ask you, gentlemen, what would have been the final result if Albert Sidney Johnston had lived?"

Across the room from me I heard Devore give a hollow groan. His desk was backed right up against the cross partition, and the partition was built of thin pine boards and was like a sounding-board in his ear. Devore was city editor.

"Oh, thunder!" he said, half under his breath, "I'll be the goat! What would have been the result if Albert Sidney Johnston had lived?" He looked at me and gave a wink of serio-comic despair, and then he ran his blue pencil up through his hair and left a blue streak like a scar on his scalp. Devore was one of the few city editors I have ever seen who used that tool which all of them are popularly supposed to handle so murderously—a blue pencil. And as he had a habit, when he was flustered or annoyed—and that was most of the time—of scratching his head with the point end of it, his forehead under the hair roots was usually streaked with purplish-blue tracings, like a fly-catcher's egg.

The voice, which had a deep and space-filling quality to it, continued to come through and over the partition that divided off our cubby-hole of a workroom—called a city room by courtesy—from the space where certain other members of the staff had their desks. I got up from my place and stepped over to where the thin wall ended in a doorway, being minded to have a look at the speaker. The voice sounded as though it must belong to a big man with a barrel-organ chest. I was surprised to find that it didn't.

Its owner was sitting in a chair in the middle of a little space cluttered up with discarded exchanges and galley proofs. He was rather a small man, short but compact. He had his hat off and his hair, which was thin but fine as silk floss, was combed back over his ears and sprayed out behind in a sort of mane effect. It had been red hair once, but was now so thickly streaked with white that it had become a faded brindle color. I took notice of this first because his back was toward me; in a second or two he turned his head sideways and I saw that he had exactly the face to match the hair. It was a round, plump, elderly face, with a short nose, delicately pink at the tip. The eyes were a pale blue, and just under the lower lip, which protruded slightly, was a small gray-red goatee, sticking straight out from a cleft in the chin like a dab of a sandy sheep's wool. Also, as the speaker swung himself further round, I took note of a shirt of plaited white linen billowing out over his chest and ending at the top in a starchy yet rumply collar that rolled majestically and Byronically clear up under his ears. Under the collar was loosely knotted a black-silk tie such as sailors wear. His vest was unbuttoned, all except the two lowermost buttons, and the sleeves of his coat were turned back neatly off his wrists. This though could not have been on account of the heat, because the weather wasn't very hot yet. I learned later that, winter or summer, he always kept his coatsleeves turned back and the upper buttons of his vest unfastened. His hands were small and plump, and his feet were small too, and daintily shod in low, square-toed shoes. About the whole man there was an air somehow of full-bloomed foppishness gone to tassel—as though having been a dandy once, he was now merely neat and precise in his way of dress.

He was talking along with the death of Albert Sidney Johnston for his subject, not seeming to notice that his audience wasn't deeply interested. He had, it seemed, a way of stating a proposition as a fact, as an indisputable, everlasting, eternal fact, an immutable thing. It became immutable through his way of stating it. Then he would frame it in the form of a question and ask it. Then he would answer it himself and go right ahead.

Boynton, the managing editor, was coiled up at his desk, wearing a look of patient endurance on his face. Harty, the telegraph editor, was trying to do his work—trying, I say, because the orator was booming away like a bittern within three feet of him and Harty plainly was pestered and fretful. Really the only person in sight who seemed entertained was Sidley, the exchange editor, a young man with hair that had turned white before its time and in his eye the devil-driven look of a man who drinks hard, not because he wants to drink but because he can't help drinking. Sidley, as I was to find out later, had less cause to care for the old man than anybody about the shop, for he used to disarrange Sidley's neatly piled exchanges, pawing through them for his favorite papers. But Sidley could forget his own grievances in watchful enjoyment of the dumb sufferings of Harty, whom he hated, as I came to know, with the blind hate a dipsomaniac often has for any mild and perfectly harmless individual.

As I stood there taking in the picture, the speaker, sensing a stranger's presence, faced clear about and saw me. He nodded with a grave courtesy, and then paused a moment as though expecting that one of the others would introduce us. None of the others did introduce us though, and so he went ahead talking about Albert Sidney Johnston's death, and I turned away. I stopped by Devore's desk.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"That," he said with a kind of leashed and restrained ferocity in his voice, "is Major Putnam P. Stone—and the P stands for Pest, which is his middle name—late of the Southern Confederacy."

"Picturesque-looking old fellow, isn't he?" I said.

"Picturesque old nuisance," he said, and jabbed at his scalp with his pencil as though he meant to puncture his skull. "Wait until you've been here a few weeks, and you'll have another name for him."

"Well, anyway, he's got a good carrying voice," I said, rather at a loss to understand Devore's bitterness.

"Great," he mocked venomously; "you can hear it a mile. I hear it in my sleep. So will you when you get to know him, the old bore!"

In due time I did get to know Major Stone well. He was dignified, tiresome, conversational, gentle-mannered and, I think, rather lonely. By driblets, a scrap here and a scrap there, I learned something about his private life. He came from the extreme eastern end of the state. He belonged to an old family. His grandfather—or maybe it was his great-grand-uncle—had been one of the first United States senators that went to Washington after our state was admitted into the Union. He had never married. He had no business or profession. From some property or other he drew an income, small, but enough to keep him in a sort of simple and genteel poverty. He belonged to the best club in town and the most exclusive, the Shawnee Club, and he had served four years in the Confederate army. That last was the one big thing in his life. To the major's conceptions everything that happened before 1861 had been of a preparatory nature, leading up to and paving the way for the main event; and what had happened since 1865 was of no consequence, except in so far as it reflected the effects of the Civil War.

Daily, as methodically as a milkwagon horse, he covered the same route. First he visited the reading room of the old Gaunt House, where by an open fire in winter or by an open window in summer he discussed the mistakes of Braxton Bragg and similar congenial topics with a little group of aging, fading, testy veterans. On his way to the Shawnee Club he would come by the Evening Press office and stay an hour, or two hours, or three hours, to go away finally with a couple of favored exchanges tucked under his arm, and leave us with our ears still dinned and tingling. Once in a while of a night, passing the Gaunt House on my way to the boarding house where I lived—for four dollars a week—I would see him through the windows, sometimes sitting alone, sometimes with one of his cronies.

Round the office he sometimes bothered us and sometimes he interfered with our work; but mainly all the men on the staff liked him, I think, or at least we put up with him. In our home town each of us had known somebody very much like him—there used to be at least one Major Stone in every community in the South, although most of them are dead now, I guess—so we all could understand him. When I say all I mean all but Devore. The major's mere presence would poison Devore's whole day for him. The major's blaring notes would cross-cut Devore's nerves as with a dull and hagging saw. He—Devore I mean—disliked the major with a dislike almost too deep for words. It had got to be an obsession with him.

"You fellows that were born down here have to stand for him," he said once, when the major had stumped out on his short legs after an unusually long visit. "It's part of the penalty you pay for belonging in this country. But I don't have to venerate him and fuss over him and listen to him. I'm a Yankee, thank the Lord!" Devore came from Michigan and had worked on papers in Cleveland and Detroit before he drifted South. "Oh, we've got his counterpart, up my way," he went on. "Up there he'd be a pension-grabbing old kicker, ready to have a fit any time anybody wearing a gray uniform got within ninety miles of him, and writing red-hot letters of protest to the newspapers

every time the state authorities sent a captured battle flag back down South. Down here he's a pompous, noisy old fraud, too proud to work for a living—or too lazy—and too poor to count for anything in this world. The difference is that up in my country we've squelched the breed—we got good and tired of these professional Bloody Shirt wavers a good while ago; but here you fuss over this man, and you'll sit round and pretend to listen while he drools away about things that happened before any one of you was born. Do you fellows know what I've found out about your Major Putnam Stone? He's a life member of the Shawnee Club—he a life member, mind you! And here I've been living in this town over a year, and nobody ever so much as invited me inside its front door!"

All of which was, perhaps, true, even though Devore had an unnecessarily harsh way of stating the case; the part about the Shawnee Club was true, at any rate, and I used to think it possibly had something to do with Devore's feelings for Major Stone. Not that Devore gave open utterance to his feelings to the major's face. To the major he was always silently polite, with a little edging of ice on his politeness; he saved up his spleen to spew it out behind the old fellow's back. Farther than that he couldn't well afford to go anyhow. The chief, the owner of the paper and its editor, was the major's friend. As for the major himself, he seemed never to notice Devore's attitude. For a fact, I believe he actually felt a sort of pity for Devore, seeing that Devore had been born in the North. Not to have been born in the South was, from the major's way of looking at the thing, a great and regrettable misfortune for which the victim could not be held responsible, since the fault lay with his parents and not with him. By way of a suitable return for this, Devore spent many a spare moment thinking up grotesque yet wickedly appropriate nicknames for the major. He called him Old First and Second Manassas, and Old Hardee's Tactics and Old Valley of Virginia. He called him an old bluffer too.

He was wrong there, though, certainly. Though the major talked pretty exclusively about the war, I took notice that he rarely talked about the part he himself had played in it. Indeed he rarely discussed anybody below the rank of brigadier. The errors of Hood's campaign concerned him more deeply than the personal performances of any individual. Campaigns you might say were his specialty, campaigns and strategy. About such things as these he could talk for hours—and he did.

I've known other men—plenty of them—not nearly so well educated as the major, who could tell you tales of the war that would make you see it—yes, and smell it too—the smoke of the campfires, the unutterable fatigue of forced marches when the men, with their tongues lolling out of their mouths like dogs, staggered along, panting like dogs; the bloody prints of unshod feet on flinty, frozen clods; the shock and fearful joy of the fighting; the shamed numbness of retreats; artillery horses, their hides all blood-boltered and their tails clubbed and clotted with mire, lying dead with stiff legs between overturned guns; dead men piled in heaps and living men huddled in panics—all of it. But when the major talked I saw only some serious-minded officers, in whiskers of an obsolete cut and queer-looking shirt collars, poring over maps round a table in a farmhouse parlor. When he chewed on the cud of the vanished past it certainly was mighty dry chewing.

There came a day, a few weeks after I went to work for the Evening Press, when for once anyway the major didn't seem to have anything to say. It was in the middle of a blistering, smothering hot forenoon in early June, muggy and still and close, when a fellow breathing felt as though he had his nose buried in layers of damp cotton waste. The city room was a place fit to addle eggs, and from the composing room at the back the stenches of melting metals and stale machine oils came rolling in to us in nasty waves. With his face glistening through the trickling sweat, the major came in about ten o'clock, fanning himself with his hat, and when he spoke his greeting the booming note seemed all melted and gone out of his voice. He went through the city room into the room behind the partition, and passing through a minute later I saw him sitting there with one of Sidley's exchanges unfolded across his knee, but he wasn't reading it. Presently I saw him climbing laboriously up the stairs to the second floor where the chief had his office. At quitting time that afternoon I dropped into the place on the corner for a beer, and I was drinking it, as close to an electric fan as I could get, when Devore came in and made for where I was standing. I asked him to have something.

"I'll take the same," he said to the man behind the bar, and then to me with a kind of explosive snap: "By George, I'm in a good mind to resign this rotten job!" That didn't startle me. I had been in the business long enough to know that the average newspaper man is forever threatening to resign. Most of them—to hear them talk—are always just on the point of throwing up their jobs and buying a good-paying country weekly somewhere and taking things easy for the rest of their lives, or else they're going into magazine work. Only they hardly ever do it. So Devore's threat didn't jar me much. I'd heard it too often.

"What's the trouble?" I asked. "Heat getting on your nerves?"

"No, it's not the heat," he said peevishly; "it's worse than the heat. Do you know what's happened? The chief has saddled Old Signal Corps on me. Yes, sir, I've got to take his old pet, the major, on the city staff. It seems he's succeeded in losing what little property he had—the chief told me some rigmarole about sudden financial reverses—and now he's down and out. So I'm elected. I've got to take him on as a reporter—a cub reporter sixty years old, mind you, who hasn't heard of anything worth while since Robert E. Lee surrendered!"

The pathos of the situation—if you could call it that—hit me with a jolt; but it hadn't hit Devore, that was plain. He saw only the annoying part of it.

"What's he going to do?" I asked—"assignments, or cover a route like the district men?"

"Lord knows," said Devore. "Because the old bore knows a lot of big people in this town and is friendly with all the old-timers in the state, the chief has a wild delusion that he can pick up a lot of stuff that an ordinary reporter wouldn't get. Rats!"

"Come on, let's take another beer," he said, and then he added: "Well, I'll just make you two predictions. He'll be a total loss as a reporter—that's one prediction; and the other is that he'll have a hard time buying his provender and his toddies over at the Shawnee Club on the salary he'll draw down from the Evening Press."

Devore was not such a very great city editor, as I know now in the light of fuller experience, but I must say that as a prophet he was fairly accurate. The major did have a hard time living on his salary—it was twelve a week, I believe—and as a reporter he certainly was not what you would call a dazzling success. He came on for duty at eight the next morning, the same as the rest of us, and sorry as I felt for him I had to laugh. He had bought himself a leather-backed notebook as big as a young ledger, just as a green kid just out of high school would have done, and he had a long, new, shiny, freshly sharpened lead pencil sticking out of the breast pocket of his coat. He tried to come in smartly with a businesslike air, but it wouldn't have fooled a blind man, because he was as nervous as a débutante. It struck me as one of the funniest things—and one of the most pathetic—I had ever seen.

"Why Didn't You Write This Story? Why Didn't You Tell Me, So That I Could Write It?"

I'll say this for Devore—he tried out the major on nearly every kind of job; and surely it wasn't Devore's fault that the major failed on every single one of them. His first attempt was as typical a failure as any of them. That first morning Devore assigned him to cover a wedding at high noon, high noon being the phrase we always used for a wedding that took place round twelve o'clock in the day. The daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants in the town, and also one of our largest advertisers, was going to be married to the first deputy cotillon leader of the German Club, or something of that nature. Anyhow the groom was what is known as prominent in society, and the chief wanted a spread made of it. Devore sent the major out to cover the wedding, and when he came back told him to write about half a column.

He wrote half a column before he mentioned the bride's name. He started off with an eight-line quotation from Walter Scott's Lady of the Lake, and then he went into a long, flowery dissertation on the sacred rite or ceremony of matrimony, proving conclusively and beyond the peradventure of a doubt that it was handed down to us from remote antiquity. And he forgot altogether to tell the minister's name, and he got the groom's middle initial wrong—he was the kind of groom who would make a fuss over a wrong middle initial, too—and along toward the end of his story he devoted about three closely written pages to the military history of the young woman's father. It seems that her parent had served with distinction as colonel of a North Carolina regiment. And he wound up with a fancy flourish and handed it in. I know all these details of his story, because it fell to me to rewrite it.

Devore didn't say a word when the old major reverently laid that armload of copy down in front of him. He just sat and waited in silence until the major had gone out to get a bite to eat, and then he undertook to edit it. But there wasn't any way to edit it, except to throw it away. I suppose that kind of literature went very well indeed back along about 1850; I remember having read such accounts in the back files of old weeklies, printed before the war. But we were getting out a live, snappy paper. Devore tried to pattern the local side after the New York and Chicago models. As yet we hadn't reached the point where we spoke of any white woman without the prefix Mrs. or Miss before her name, but we were up-to-date in a good many other particulars. Why, it was even against the office rule to run "beauty and chivalry" into a story when describing a mixed assemblage of men and women; and when a Southern newspaper bars out that ancient and honorable standby among phrases it is a sign that the old order has changed.

For ten minutes or so Devore, cursing softly to himself, cut and chopped and gutted his way through the major's introduction, and between slashing strokes made a war map of the Balkans in his scalp with his blue pencil. Then he lost patience altogether.

"Here," he said to me, "you're not doing anything, are you? Well, take this awful bunch of mushy slush and read it through, and then try to make a decent half-column story out of it. And rush it over a page at a time, will you? We've got to hustle to catch the three o'clock edition with it."

Long before three o'clock the major was back in the shop, waiting for the first run of papers to come off the press. Furtively I watched him as he hunted through the sticky pages to find his first story. I guess he had the budding pride of authorship in him, just as all the rest of us have it in us. But he didn't find his story, he found mine. He didn't say anything, but he looked crushed and forlorn as he got up and went away. It was like him not to ask for any explanations, and it was like Devore not to offer him any.

So it went. Even if he had grown up in the business I doubt whether Major Putnam Stone would ever have made a newspaperman; and now he was too far along in life to pick up even the rudiments of the trade. He didn't have any more idea of news values than a rabbit. He had the most amazing faculty for overlooking what was vital in the news, but he could always be depended upon to pick out some trivial and inconsequential detail and dress it up with about half a yard of old-point lace adjectives. He never by any chance used a short word if he could dig up a

"Do You Think I Ought to Apologize for My Somewhat Hasty and Abrupt Manner?"

long, hard one, and he never seemed to be able to start a story without a quotation from one of the poets. It never was a modern poet either. Excepting for Sidney Lanier and Father Ryan, apparently he hadn't heard of any poet worth while since Edgar Allan Poe died. And everything that happened seemed to remind him—at great length—of something else that had happened between 1861 and 1865. When it came to lugging the Civil War into a tale, he was as bad as that character in one of Dickens' novels who couldn't keep the head of King Charles the First out of his literary productions. With that reared-back, flat-heeled, stiff-spined gait of his, he would go rummaging round the hotels and the Shawnee Club, meeting all sorts of people and hearing all sorts of things that a real reporter would have snatched at like a hungry dog snatching at a T-bone, and then he would remember that it was the fortieth anniversary of the Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, or something, and, forgetting everything else, would come bulging and bustling back to the office, all worked up over the prospect of writing two or three columns about that. He just simply couldn't get the viewpoint; yet I think he tried hard enough. I guess the man who said you couldn't teach an old dog new tricks had particular reference to an old war dog.

I remember mighty well one incident that illustrates the point I am trying to make. We had a Sunday edition. We were rather vain of our Sunday edition. It carried a colored comic supplement and a section full of special features, and we all took a more or less righteous pride in it and tried hard to make it alive and attractive. We didn't always succeed, but we tried all right. One Saturday night we put the Sunday to bed, and about one o'clock, when the last form was locked, three or four of us dropped into Tony's place at the corner for a bite to eat and a drink. We hadn't been there very long when in came the old major, and at my invitation he joined us at one of Tony's little round tables at the back of the place. As a general thing the major didn't patronize Tony's. I had never heard him say so probably he wouldn't have said it for fear of hurting our feelings—but I somehow had gathered the impression that the major believed a gentleman, if he drank at all, should drink at his club. But it was long after midnight now and the Shawnee Club would be closed. Ike Webb spoke up presently.

"It's a pity we couldn't dig up the governor tonight," he said.

The governor had come down from the state capital about noon, and all the afternoon and during most of the evening Webb had been trying to find him. There was a possibility of a big story in the governor if Webb could have found him. The major, who had been sitting there stirring his toddy in an absent-minded sort of way, spoke up casually: "I spent an hour with the governor tonight—at my club. In fact, I supped with him in one of the private dining rooms." We looked up, startled, but the major went right along: "Young gentlemen, it may interest you to know that every time I see our worthy governor I am struck more and more by his resemblance to General Leonidas Polk, as that gallant soldier and gentleman looked when I last saw him ——"

Devore, who had been sitting next to the major, with his shoulder half turned from the old man, swung round sharply and interrupted him.

"Major," he said, with a thin icy stream of sarcasm trickling through his words, "did you and the governor by any remote chance discuss anything so brutally new and fresh as the present political complications in this state?"

"Oh, yes," said the major blandly. "We discussed them quite at some length—or at least the governor did. Personally I do not take a great interest in these matters, not so great an interest as I should, perhaps, take. However, I did feel impelled to take issue with him on one point. Our governor is an honest gentleman—more than that, he was a brave soldier—but I fear he is mistaken in some of his attitudes. I regard him as being badly advised. For example, he told me that no longer ago than this afternoon he affixed his official signature to a veto of Senator Stickney's measure in regard to the warehouses of our state ——"

As Devore jumped up he overturned the major's toddy right in the major's lap. He didn't stop to beg pardon though; in fact, none of us stopped. But at the door I threw one glance backward over my shoulder. The major was still sitting reared back in his chair, with his wasted toddy seeping all down the front of his billowy shirt, viewing our vanishing figures with amazement and a mild reproof in his eyes. In the one quick glance that I took I translated his expression to mean something like this:

"Good Heavens, is this any way for a party of gentlemen to break up! This could never happen at a gentlemen's club."

It was a foot-race back to the office, and Devore, who had the start, won by a short length. Luckily the distance was short, not quite half a block, and the presses hadn't started yet. Working like the crew of a sinking ship, we snatched the first page form back off the steam table, and pried it open and dug a double handful of hot slugs out of the last column—Devore blistered his fingers doing it. A couple of linotype operators who were on the late trick threw together the stick or two of copy that Webb and I scribbled off a line at a time. And while we were doing this, Devore framed a triple-deck, black-face head. So we missed only one mail.

The first page had a ragged sloppy look, but anyway we were saved from being scooped to death on the most important story of the year. The vetoing of the Stickney Bill vitally affected the tobacco interests, and they were the biggest interests in the state, and half the people of the state had been thinking about nothing else and talking about nothing else for two months—ever since the extra session of the legislature started. It was well for us too that we did save our faces, because the opposition sheet came to a boil. When young Buford Castleton got his eyes open and became aware of what everybody else had known for a year or more, and when the rival evening paper came out in its last edition with the full particulars, we, over in the Evening Press shop, were plastered with shame, for we didn't have a line of it.

A stranger dropping in just about that time would have been justified in thinking there was a corpse laid out in the plant somewhere, and that all the members of the city staff were sitting up with the remains. As luck would have it, it wasn't a stranger that dropped in on our grand lodge of sorrow. It was Major Putnam Stone, and as he entered the door he caught the tag end of what one of us was saying.

"I gather," he said in that large round voice of his, "that you young gentlemen are discussing the unhappy affair which, I note, is mentioned with such signally poor taste in the columns of our sensational contemporary. I may state that I knew of this contemplated divorce action yesterday. Mr. Buford Castleton, Senior, was my informant."

"What!" Devore almost yelled it. He had the love of a true city editor for his paper, and the love of a mother for her child or of a miser for his gold is no greater love than that, let me tell you. "You knew about this thing here?" He beat with two fingers that danced like the prongs of a tuning fork on the paper spread out in front of him. "You knew it yesterday?"

"Certainly," said the major. "The elder Mr. Castleton bared the truly distressing details to me at the Shawnee Club."

"In confidence though—he told you about it in confidence, didn't he, major?" said Ike Webb, trying to save the old fellow.

But the major besottedly wouldn't be saved.

"Absolutely not," he said. "There were several of us present, at least three other gentlemen whose names I can't now recall. Mr. Castleton made the disclosure as though he wished it to be known among his friends and his son's friends. It was quite evident to all of us that he was entirely out of sympathy with the lady who is his daughter-in-law."

"I am Waiting, Sir, for You to Draw"

Devore forced himself to be calm. It was almost as though he sat on himself to hold himself down in his chair; but when he spoke his voice ran up and down the scales quiveringly.

"Major," he said, "don't you think it would be a good idea if you would admit that the Southern Confederacy was defeated, and turned your attention to a few things that have occurred subsequently? Why didn't you write this story? Why didn't you tell me, so that I could write it? Why didn't —— Oh, what's the use!"

The major straightened himself up.

"Sir," he said, "allow me to correct you in regard to a plain misstatement of fact. Sir, the Southern Confederacy was never defeated. It ceased to exist as a nation because we were exhausted—because our devastated country was exhausted. Another thing, sir, I am employed upon this paper, I gainsay you, as a reporter, not as a scandal-monger. I would be the last to give circulation in the public prints to another gentleman's domestic unhappiness. I regard it as highly improper that a gentleman's private affairs should be aired in a newspaper under any circumstances."

And with that he bowed and turned on his heel and went out, leaving Devore shaking all over with the superhuman task of trying to hold himself in. About ten minutes later, when I came out bound for my boarding house, the major was standing at the front door. He looped one of his absurdly small fingers into one of my buttonholes.

"Our city editor means well, no doubt," he said, "but he doesn't understand, he doesn't appreciate our conceptions of these matters. He was born on the other side of the river, you know," he said as though that explained everything. Then his tone changed and anxiety crept had managed to find the governor—he was stopping for the night at the house of a friend out in the suburbs—and over the telephone at a late hour he had announced his decision to them. But by Monday morning the major seemed to have forgotten the whole thing. I think he had even forgiven Devore for spilling his toddy and not stopping to apologize.

As for Devore, he didn't say a word to the major—what would have been the use? To Devore's credit also I will say that he didn't run to the chief, bearing complaints of the major's hopeless incompetency. He kept his tongue between his teeth and his teeth locked; and that must have been hard on Devore, for he was a fiery, high-tempered man, and nervous as a cat besides. To my knowledge, the only time he ever broke out was when we teetotally missed the Castleton divorce story. So far as the major's part in it was concerned, it was the Stickney veto story all over again, with variations. The Castletons were almost the richest people in town, and socially they stood way up. That made the scandal that had been brewing and steeping and simmering for months all the bigger when finally it

(Continued on Page 47)

The Rise of the Bookkeeper

HE TURNS THE DEMNITION GRIND OVER TO MACHINERY

A Machine on Which Four Hundred and Twenty-Five Checks May be Written in One Hour

By JAMES H. COLLINS

UNTIL a few years ago, when the original owners retired, a large restaurant in New York was run by an exceedingly simple scheme of accounting. It is said that the two partners could neither read nor write. That may have been exaggeration. At any rate they knew little of bookkeeping. Coming to this country as young immigrants, they saved enough money to open a restaurant. They knew how to feed people well at reasonable prices. The business grew quickly and solidly. Every bill presented was paid on sight out of the cash-drawer. All the waiters and kitchen-workers got their wages each night when the restaurant closed. Every item of expense was settled daily for cash, so far as possible. Then each night the partners divided what money was left—and that represented their profits. From the modern accounting standpoint the system was limited and full of disquieting tendencies; but it sufficed for them and upon it they grew rich.

This scheme of accounting was a survival from a simpler business age, and not so far back as one might suppose. Even a hundred years ago sales of goods were recorded in chalkmarks representing shillings or dollars. To "pay the score" is a bookkeeping term of that day derived from the practice of settling the account when the twentieth chalkmark was made—or a score. Another common method was that of the tally stick, a strip of wood split in halves. The two pieces were held together and purchases recorded by notches. The customer kept one half and the merchant the other, and accounts were balanced by matching the sticks. Double-entry bookkeeping was invented by an Italian in the fifteenth century; but it made little progress—in this country, at least—until eighty or ninety years ago, when it suddenly sprang into notice as something new and wonderful, that last word in scientific business records.

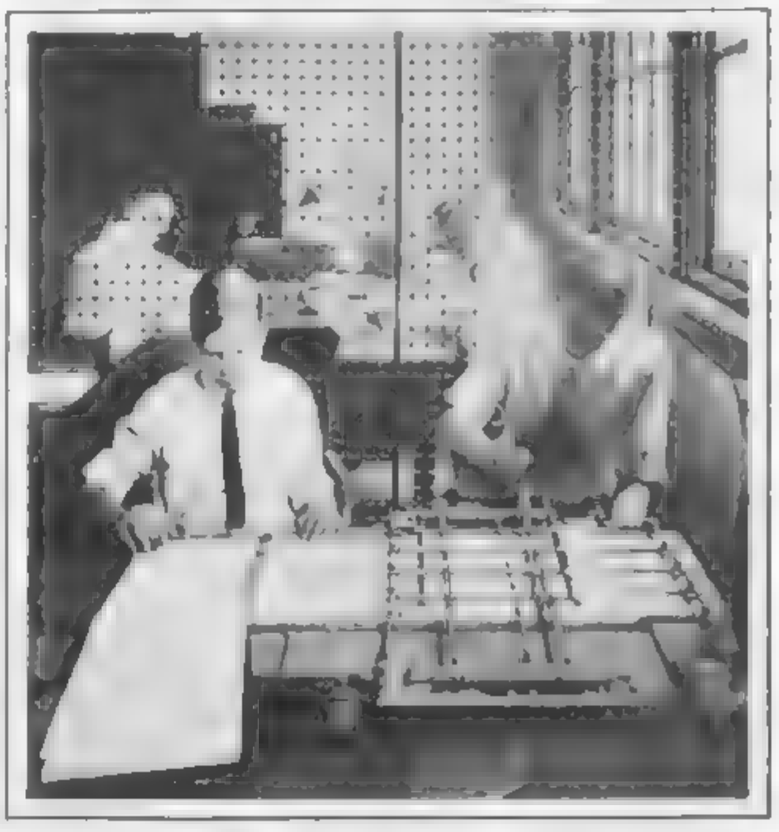
So long as bookkeeping was used chiefly by the merchant and the small manufacturer of other days it remained a matter of single or double entry for transactions that were local and personal in character. The business man had his affairs under his own eye; if he did not understand formal bookkeeping he could get along with some primitive scheme of his own invention, which he felt answered every purpose.

When the railroads came, however, bookkeeping had to expand, for transactions then began to pass out of sight. There were new items to be kept track of and all items became more complicated. The earliest railroad bookkeeping in this country was in charge of the master of transportation, as a sort of side issue to his work of carrying passengers and freight; but there were wages to be paid to men scattered over wide territory, material to be bought and accounted for, costs to be figured in new ways, money to be raised by stocks and bonds. Bookkeeping quickly became a business in itself; and, as methods of record-keeping developed, railroad officials learned to draw upon this new department for statistics, reports and facts that would help in management. From that grew up the elaborate accounting of railroads today and the whole scheme of corporation accounting.

Yet it is chiefly within the past five or ten years that the bookkeeper has come into his own. For a long period after the general scheme of modern accounting developed he was a creature of routine, bound down by figures and figure-drudgery, giving most of his time to the doing of sums, the checking of results and the detection of errors. Then suddenly two remarkable new tendencies appeared to change the whole basis of his work—one was modern accounting machinery, and the other was the development of what might be called bookless bookkeeping. This is distinctly the day of the bookkeeper. People are waking to the fact that, once a harmless drudge, he now has wide play for his imagination, and is manifesting executive ability and becoming a ruler in business affairs of every description.

The practical man finds the bookkeeper checking his results and criticising his methods, pointing out wastes and possible economies. The executive dare not go far without the bookkeeper's guidance and approval. The engineer finds the bookkeeper a competitor in the gathering and interpretation of facts, and complains a little of his encroachments.

Even the politician views with alarm this literal man of figures, for he has begun projecting his tables and comparisons into public business, taking away some of its finest generalities—and its finest perquisites. This is all the outcome of accounting machinery and short cuts in mathematics.



A Machine With Which an Expert Can Sign Six Hundred Checks in Five Minutes

Victor Hugo's Carbon Copies

IN 1851, during the French *coup d'état*, when Napoleon III rose to power, imprisoning deputies and suppressing the newspapers, Victor Hugo, with other deputies who had escaped arrest, met at various places round Paris, issuing decrees against the usurper and trying to rouse the people. It was hard to get their decrees printed. Some were written by hand and posted up, and others lithographed.

One day a workman in a blouse came to Hugo and said:

"You have no printing office. Here is something that will serve you instead."

He exhibited a packet of very thin blue paper. Under each sheet pieces of thin white paper were laid. The man in the blouse took a bodkin.

Victor Hugo watched him intently.

"See, Citizen Hugo—I write the word Republic," he said, and did so—and showed it reproduced twenty times on the white sheets in his packet. "This paper is constantly used for tracing textile patterns. You may write on it with a match or a nail. It will be useful to publish decrees."

So Hugo composed a fine inflammatory decree to the army, and next morning found it posted up all over Paris; and he said it looked as though written out by hand in blue ink.

That was an early use of the carbon copy. Today there is no extent to which the accounting expert will not undertake to go in making a single writing produce a multiple effect. The word Republic need only be written once. It goes into the ledger account; a copy is handed to the customer; each department receives copies for action and record; and the collection man finds one a month later and sends it out as a bill. A year hence the item turns up in the "tickler," and the customer has it recalled to his attention. Carbon copies are thought of chiefly in connection with the duplicating of correspondence; but in their recent development they have lifted an intolerable burden off every business—particularly the small business that was being crushed by its routine and records—and have cut bookkeeping costs in every direction.

About ten years before Victor Hugo encountered the carbon copy an English professor of mathematics abandoned in despair a machine that is still preserved in a London museum. He had spent thirty years upon it, with thirty thousand dollars of his money and nearly a hundred thousand of Government funds. This was Mr. Babbage, whose calculating engine was designed for scientific purposes.

When Yankee machine tools and standards were applied to the same idea and the calculating engine adapted to business uses it became the adding machine, which we make in great variety today and which was practically the first mechanical aid to the bookkeeper. Though the typewriter came first, it was largely a machine to cheapen business correspondence, and really threw more routine upon him until the adding machine appeared, and was

Bills Addressed on This Machine at the Rate of Fifteen Hundred an Hour

followed by the adding typewriter, the bookkeeping typewriter, the billing machine, and so on. These, backed up by the addressing machines, letter openers, envelope sealers, stamping machines, and similar devices, pulled him out of his tangle of figuring, copying and duplicating, and gave him a chance to think.

Then photography came to his aid.

When San Francisco burned one of the great life-insurance companies lost all its records there; but they were duplicated in three days at the home office without the use of a pen, pencil or typewriter. The work was done entirely by photography. Original records of each policy are written out on semitransparent cards; and through these blueprint copies were made by electric light, fifty at a printing.

The accounting expert has appropriated pretty nearly every appliance of the drafting room to his own work. Blueprint records are very common in accounting today, yet hardly in their babyhood compared with what they will eventually become. Even the draftsman's transparent tracing cloth has been seized to make filing envelopes for valuable papers, such as deeds and policies; for these can be turned over without wear or soiling and with ease read through the envelopes.

Silver-print photography by the camera has its accounting place too. In every life-insurance office, for example, there was once a vast amount of painstaking copying to be done by clerks; for the application for a policy had to form part of the contract. And there was a big sheet of data to be transcribed correctly—the applicant's statements about his measles and mumps, his cigars and drinks, the age of his grandmother, and what the doctor makes of them all. The clerk who copied that in other days had to be a pink of accuracy; but now a youth holds the sheet before a special camera, the lens winks at it a moment, and it is all down pat on a photographic print. Like most of the new bookkeeping devices, it is—as Oliver Wendell Holmes said of Babbage's machine—"too stupid to make a blunder." Twenty years later, if a dispute arises, there is the application in facsimile, showing just what the policyholder said, with the reproduction of his signature. The cost is about four cents—or cheaper than a copy can be made by any other process yet devised.

Then there are the looseleaf record systems; the vertical filing systems; the manifolding and office-printing devices, the modifications of engineers' slide rules for office computations; the census tabulating machines, and so on.

The addressing machine has become highly useful and is constantly being employed in new ways. Copying names and addresses on envelopes, bills and payrolls was always a peculiarly dull kind of office drudgery. Nowadays, as soon as anybody opens up relations with a large business concern, either as a customer or an employee, or what not, his name and address are entered in its addressing machine records. He is a customer, and the company wants to send him a bill—the operation starts by running off his name with several hundred others in the addressing machine. Or he is an employee, and the ghost is about to walk. The payroll, too, begins with the running off of names in this machine; and details of time, money due, and the like, are added later.

Coin-counting and wrapping devices are absolutely necessary in our modern scheme of things; for where the courteous bookkeeper once took a customer's money over the counter and wished him health while he wrote a formal receipt, much of the money received in modern business must be handled on a factory basis—the nickels paid for carfare and the dimes dropped into telephone slot-boxes, for instance. Coin boxes, car registers and other counting devices grab the nickel the moment it is paid by the passenger and begin keeping track of it for the distant accounting department. Eighty-five per cent of street-car receipts comes in nickels; so tons of coin must be handled weekly. It is work fit for nothing but a machine—taking the loose money in a hopper and turning it out in neatly wrapped and stupidly accurate little rolls.

Hand in hand with all this mechanical development has gone the work of eliminating bookkeeping detail that has been just as vital in saving time, drudgery and cost.

The cumbersome round of daybook, journal and ledger would not only be too slow for much present-day accounting but the modern business world handles countless items so small that it would never stand the expense.

For illustration, a single big life-insurance company has more than twelve million industrial policyholders. It collects from each of them every week an individual premium of about ten cents. Benefits from such insurance would be greatly reduced if it were necessary to keep twelve million ledger accounts; but the work is put on an elimination basis. Only when a policyholder falls behind in weekly payments does the company open an account with him, and on this plan the business world now performs many services for what would have been the cost of a ledger account in other days.

A telephone company renders thousands of bills monthly. It used to make out a memo for each subscriber and send it to a branch office for collection promptly on the first of each month; but through the suggestion of an employee this routine is now handled on an elimination plan. Branch offices are given until the tenth of the month to deal with subscribers. Most accounts are paid by that time. Then it is necessary to make out memoranda only for the subscribers who have not paid or who dispute their bills.

Two young fellows out of the high school went to work for a public-service company years ago. One was given charge of a big volume in which he entered certain information. At the top of each new page he had to copy a running title in large script. This title was the same all through the book. One day he got to thinking about the ghastly uniformity of the thing. Taking out his knife, he

(Concluded on Page 45)

BENSINGER'S LUCK

The Reorganization—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

THE announcement that Edith Mary Skellenger was to wed Arthur Berkeley Winthrop III, of Old Downs, Massachusetts, was full of sensation for Three Falls. The numerals following the young man's name had a regal air, and presently the very washerwomen understood that to be of Old Downs, Massachusetts, was something so tremendously swell that a socially untutored imagination could scarcely comprehend it.

It was to be a house wedding and in the evening; but there practically all resemblance to any wedding within the experience of Three Falls ceased. Two special cars—one from Boston, another from New York—were to bring bridesmaids, ushers and guests from the East. Personages of renown from Chicago and Detroit were to be present, and a bishop from the latter city was to officiate.

This was one of the major sensations, because Peter J. Skellenger had long been a pillar of the Congregational church; but it was well known that he did not approve the new pastor, Reverend John Woodman. True, he himself had selected the handsome, poetical and eloquent young man in the previous autumn; but the Reverend Woodman had been scarcely three months in his new charge when he began to develop dangerous lunacies, in the form of opinions upon political and social subjects, that were, of course, none of a preacher's business anyway. These mental aberrations proved to be of a progressive nature, and by March they rose to such an outrageous height that Reverend John Woodman actually organized a citizens' ticket, which carried the local election in the following month. It is only necessary to say that one member of the new city council was a blacksmith; while Peter J. Skellenger declared in a voice full of respectable indignation that the names of all five members, with the mayor's thrown in, were not good for fifty thousand dollars. This was all the more annoying to Mr. Skellenger because the franchise of his Light and Traction Company was about to expire, and he wished the city council to renew it on his own terms.

With proper worldly wisdom Mr. Skellenger had calculated that Reverend Woodman's athletic figure, engaging manners, wavy brown hair, dreamy eyes and rich tenor voice would prove valuable in attracting the ladies to church; but his calculation fell far short of the truth, for immediately after the election he discovered he could not eject the pastor except at the cost of a feminine revolt that would rend the church from turret to foundation stone. Reverend Woodman remained; but it was noted that Mr. Skellenger no longer attended services. When it became known that the bishop would perform the wedding ceremony a rumor spread that the elder Skellengers would soon follow Edith into the Episcopalian fold; and Bill Murphy offered odds that within a year Peter would foreclose his mortgage on the Congregational edifice.

"The Invitations Must Have Been Sent Out Before This!" She Said With a Strange Look in Her Eye

Up to this time Three Falls society had been reasonably democratic. The best people were those who behaved themselves and had sufficient thrift—or luck—to go well clothed and be comfortably housed. The Skellengers had much more money than anybody else, but many others were in very easy circumstances; and where two or three teaparties to ladies—if that were all one could afford—acceptably paid one's social debts for a year, little Mrs. Wilson, wife of the assistant cashier of Skellenger's bank, was as much in society as anybody else.

But now—and this was the grand climax among all sensations connected with the wedding—it began to be understood that a social reorganization impended. The sheep, one might hope, were already separated from the goats, since no disreputable person was countenanced in good society; but mere respectability and sound credit would not entitle one or one's wife to stand on the same ground with Old Downs, Massachusetts. The Skellengers proposed to make Edith's wedding an occasion for selecting the genuine merinos from all other sheep, and after that the others might about as well be goats.

Knowledge of this portentous division percolated downward from some mysterious authority and presently seeped through the entire community. The few whose position was so superior that they felt sure of invitations said it was high time. The many whose lot was so lowly that they would not have received invitations anyway looked on with lively but impersonal interest. The large number who occupied middle and debatable ground fell a prey to keen anxiety.

Going home rather early to dinner one April day, three weeks before the wedding, Stephen Bensinger saw Miss Skellenger's electric runabout—one of the minor sensations—rolling away from his front yard and found his wife waiting for him in a pretty flutter.

Edith had called. Edith had stayed over half an hour. They had such a delightful talk about infantile schooldays! Didn't he think Edith had a splendid figure and carriage? She had looked over all the plants and asked to borrow them for the wedding!

"You know that freeze the last of March?" Elsie added, lowering her voice as was fit when one mentioned a confidential detail of the Skellenger family skeleton. "Well, Eddie broke in through the greenhouse that night and left the door open, and killed all their best plants."

Of course it meant that Mrs. Stephen Bensinger was branded pure merino—would stand elbow to elbow with

Old Downs, Massachusetts, and go forth with a patent that none in Three Falls durst question.

Steve was exceedingly glad of it. He was making money fast; but the best circles had not approved of him, and that had made it rather dull for Elsie. While they had been talking indefinitely of a fine new house, she had discovered a fancy for flowers. They gave her something to do through the dull days when he was absorbed in business and nobody called. He had taken pleasure in supplying money liberally; and her greenhouse, in fact, much excelled the Skellengers' at its best. He kept to himself the ironical suspicion that she would not have been merino if the Skellengers had not wanted her plants. It made her happy and he blessed the chance investment in slips and bulbs.

Naturally the wedding became Elsie's all-absorbing occupation. She anxiously debated the question of a present. It must be something fine and rare, yet not vulgarly smelling of money. Steve was no help at all. All he could think of was a few hundredweight of silver or a crate of cut glass. Then there was the gown. Her closets were full of gowns; but, of course, they were not to be considered. She must go to Chicago, Monday, to have a proper one constructed, and she could select the present there.

She went on Monday and on Friday telephoned Steve urgently to join her. She could not, it appeared, decide which of two presents to take. One was a very old and massy silver platter, elaborately carved. The other was very new indeed—so new that it had only just that moment broken the shell—an enormous lamp, some six feet high, all made of colored glass and brass, with tiny lights inside the standard, giving a remarkable effect. Steve promptly decided for the lamp, because it was larger and cost more.

There was another reason, however, why he should have come to Chicago—the evening clothes he had bought three years before and worn four times would not do at all. Elsie had thought of that and looked at the plates in one of the most fashionable tailor shops. He could see for himself that the lapels were cut quite differently now and the skirts of the coat were two inches longer. He growled, but submitted. It was the middle of the week when they returned to Three Falls, and the moment Elsie was in the house she ran eagerly through the mail.

"Why, the invitations must have been sent out before this!" she said with a strange look in her eye. "The wedding is only a little more than a week off."

Thereafter anxiety hung so visibly over the house that Steve could scarcely bear to go home; but on Saturday the sky cleared. Elsie had happened to meet Edith on the street, and Edith had spoken about the flowers; she had said they were to be the prettiest things at the wedding—"the flowers and you!" At that Elsie had told her plumply she had not received an invitation. Edith had turned red and looked very embarrassed, and said it was some stupid oversight—she would see to it herself; so, of course, there could be no question about it.

On Monday the men came for the plants, and Elsie worked happily all the afternoon getting them properly transported to the Skellenger greenhouse—but no invitation came that day, or Tuesday, or Wednesday, or Thursday. The wedding was Thursday evening and Elsie went dinnerless to bed, racked with headache.

The mighty lamp lay in its unopened box in the attic like a corpse in its coffin. The beautiful gown from Chicago hung ghostlike in the closet. On Friday the plants were sent back and Saturday's mail brought Elsie a communication from Mr. Skellenger on a printed form, the blanks being filled in with typewriting and the whole reading as follows:

THREE FALLS, May fifteenth.

MRS. S. BENSINGER, City.

Dear Sir: I hand you herewith my check, Number 18,757, for ten dollars, in full payment for use of plants. Should this not agree with your books, notify the undersigned within five days of this date. Otherwise no claim of underpayment will be allowed.

Yours truly, PETER J. SKELLENGER.

"Yes, sir; it was some wedding! Once in his life the old man really blew himself," observed Nathaniel G. Barker, president of the First National Bank, on Monday afternoon as he and Steve were passing a few moments in friendly gossip at the end of a business discussion.

"I see he gave 'em five hundred thousand dollars," Steve replied glumly—for the wedding was a very gloomy subject to him.

"Five—hundred—thousand—dollars!" Mr. Barker repeated, drawing out the portentous words. He looked over at the younger man through his large, gold-bowed glasses, and then exploded internally with a kind of choked gurgle. "Say, Steve, can you keep a secret?—honor bright now! Eh?" He exploded again. "You see, the announcement said five hundred thousand dollars in securities. Well, I happen to know just what those securities were. They were Light and Traction stock—par value five hundred thousand dollars, actual value about two cents on the dollar. Can you beat it? Say, can you?" Mr. Barker, who was a short and exceedingly stout person, and whose face was red anyway, turned purple and seemed in danger of bursting. "Can you beat it?" he gasped again.

"You Just Nose Round Among 'Em and Pick Up All the Stock You Can"

"You don't say so!" said Steve incredulously.

"Sure!" the banker affirmed. "You see, I've got some Light and Traction stock myself; and Charley Mosier, the secretary, ain't so all wrapped up in admiration and affection for Peter J. as Peter J. thinks he is. As a matter of fact, Charley told me about the stock himself. But don't you ever peep, Steve," Mr. Barker added earnestly, "or the old man would take Charley's scalp. Of course I don't want to get him into trouble."

"What is this Light and Traction stuff anyway?" Steve inquired.

"Oh, that's an old story—one of a lot of old stories about our pious friend, Peter J.," the banker replied. "A long while ago the Medfords owned the gas company here—three of 'em. It was a pretty good piece of property; but they got tied up in a wheat deal somehow, and Peter J. got the gas company away from 'em. Then a couple of chaps started an electric-light concern here. Peter thought that would interfere with the gas business and fought 'em for a while and got their hides nailed to the fence. Then a light-waisted crowd from Cleveland came here and started the street railroad. They were going to have a big summer resort up at Long Lake—and I don't know what all; but they were shy on money, and Peter got his hooks into them. You see, by that time the gas and electric-light concerns were doing first-rate. Their stocks were good investments and pretty near everybody round here that had any spare change owned some of 'em. Well, Peter took up the street railroad where the Cleveland fellows broke off, and organized himself into a construction company to build it. From the way construction costs mounted up you'd 'a' thought he was building it out of solid gold. And then he unloaded it on the gas and electric-light concerns; made a consolidation, you know—the United Light and Traction Company. The upshot was that the blamed concern issued three million dollars' worth of first-mortgage six per cent bonds, owned by Peter, and then a million and a quarter dollars' worth of stock, mostly owned by the other fellows and not worth a rap."

"But he's still president of the company and runs it. If these other fellows own a majority of the stock why don't they turn him out?" Steve asked.

"Why, they can't," the banker explained. "You see, the United Company, the way Peter runs it, hardly earns the full interest on the bonds. He could throw it into the hands of a receiver any minute, and foreclose and shut the stockholders out altogether. So they just let him run it to suit himself. It's a shame too," Mr. Barker commented, "for with the right sort of management the company would be on its feet in a few years. Peter's idea is to hog everything in sight right away. He holds the price of gas up to a dollar and sixty cents a thousand, so only half as many people use gas as ought to. Same way with electric light. He makes the price almost prohibitive. Then he won't give any kind of service on the street railroad. I believe a good liberal management would double the earnings in five years, but you can't make him see it. He's dickering with the Tri-State fellows now—this big trolley combination, you know. I hear he's going to lease the street railroad to 'em; in fact, I just got notice of a special meeting of stockholders next month, and I suppose it's to vote on the lease. But if there's any profit in it Peter will manage to hog it someway. Nobody else will get a show."

Steve gravely contemplated his friend for a moment and observed: "N. G., you're a sucker! You ain't got sand enough in your crop to scratch a match on. Why, that old lobster's got this whole town scared stiff. He runs over anybody he wants to and nobody dares even make a face at him. There ought to be a sort of general reorganization here. What Peter J. Skellenger needs the worst way is for somebody to stand up in front of him and punch him in the eye."

"You don't know what you're talking about!" the banker replied with some annoyance. "You take it from me, my young friend, there's no nourishment for man or beast in punching Peter J. Skellenger's eye. I know! I've bumped him several times and I've always got bumped right back a little better'n I gave. Don't go to monkeying with Peter J. If he'll let you alone you can consider yourself well off."

"He hasn't let me alone," Steve answered thoughtfully. He was thinking of the ten-dollar check and the printed form, which he had told Elsie he would keep for future reference.

At the end of the week Steve took up the subject again with Mr. Barker.

"I want you to do me a favor, N. G.," he said. "I want you to hop in your car and go out there to the Skellenger cottage at Long Lake, where Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Berkeley Winthrop, one-two-three, are staying, and buy that Light and Traction stock from her for me. I've made up my mind that I need it."

"Why, the stuff ain't any good, Steve!" Mr. Barker protested in astonishment.

"Well, she knows it ain't any good by this time, and probably she's sore as a boil about it. She wouldn't sell it to me direct, because she knows her father and I are on bad terms; but she would sell it to you, because she could square herself with Peter J. afterward by telling him she didn't suppose there was any harm in it. I see the happy pair leaves for New York Tuesday and sails for Europe Thursday, and I guess a chunk of cash would look pretty good to 'em. You go out there and offer her fifty thousand dollars—ten dollars a share—and you'll get the stock."

"What crazy notion you got in your nut, Steve?" the banker inquired with some irritation. "That stock ain't worth two dollars a share."

"Never mind that," Steve replied. "I'm willing to squander the money—and two dollars a share wouldn't be any temptation to her. I want you to do this as a personal favor to me."

"Of course, if you put it on that ground—and are idiot enough to throw your money away——" Mr. Barker grunted.

"That's it exactly," Steve replied. "And when is that meeting of stockholders to be held?"

"I've got the notice here somewhere," Mr. Barker replied grumpily, opening a drawer. "Now you understand, Steve, that Peter's got three million dollars' worth of first-mortgage Light and Traction bonds, and that's more'n the whole thing is worth, the way it runs now. You don't imagine you can beat a first-mortgage bond, do you? And if you should wag a finger he'd throw the company into the hands of a receiver and foreclose, and shut out your stock quicker'n scat. The meeting's the sixteenth of June. Here's the notice if you want it."

"Thanks," said Steve, taking the printed slip. "And don't fail to get Mrs. Arthur Berkeley's stock for me."

From the bank Steve went to the office of his father-in-law, George W. Plum. That person's circumstances had undergone a great and pleasant change in the last two years. He no longer described himself as a druggist deriving a modest income from vending cigars, soda water, toilet articles, dog biscuit and spavin cures. He now described himself as the Ingraham Remedial Company and derived a handsome income from the manufacture and

sale of Doctor Ingraham's Secret of Health, which was mostly whisky and cocaine. Lately he had completed one of the finest residences in Three Falls and bought an expensive automobile; but that only lent added poignancy to the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Plum had not been invited to Edith Skellenger's wedding.

Steve found the proprietor of the Secret of Health in his roomy and well-furnished private office, but otherwise the same lank, bony, red and leathery person who had conducted the shabby little drug store.

"I've got a scheme, George W.," said the son-in-law with good-natured directness as he sat down by the polished oak desk. "We can both make a little money and have a little fun out of it." With Steve, also, circumstances had greatly changed since the days when they foregathered behind the prescription desk in the little drug store. Any scheme entertained by S. Bensinger, proprietor of Vito, was to be heard with the utmost respect by the townspeople.

"You've known all the solid old citizens here for the last hundred years," Steve went on, "and you can deal with 'em without raising any particular talk. Now you just nose round among 'em and pick up all the Light and Traction stock you can."

"Why, that's junk, Steve; 'tain't even good for wall paper!" Mr. Plum objected.

"Never mind that," Steve replied confidently. "You can get it at two or three or four dollars a share. I'll go in halvers with you on all you can pick up at five or better. A few thousand dollars won't break either of us. Fact is, Peter J. Skellenger's got too gay. He's gotta come down a peg."

"Skellenger's got a lot of money, Steve," Mr. Plum replied very gravely, "and he's got a cast-iron pull all round here. You want to be almighty careful what you do with him."

"Oh, I'll be careful all right!" Steve assured him. "You just nose round and pick up stock. It can't hurt us anyway."

Mr. Plum nosed to such good purpose that by the twelfth of June he had secured nearly three thousand shares of the stock at a cost ranging from two dollars and a half a share up to five. Meanwhile the five thousand shares Mr. Skellenger had presented to his daughter lay in Steve's strong-box. He had had several talks with Elias Wade, attorney for himself and for the First National Bank, and two earnest conversations with Reverend John Woodman.

"We've got nearly eight thousand shares and that's pretty near a two-thirds majority," Steve said to Mr. Plum the afternoon of the fifteenth. "Now we want to get anywhere from a dozen to twenty stockholders to go to the meeting with us. We want good respectable citizens, you understand, who were not invited to the wedding. They may have sent Peter their proxies; but that don't matter, because you can always revoke a proxy right up to the minute of voting. You know who all the stockholders are now. You pick out as many as you can get that will fill the bill and have 'em go to the meeting. Tell 'em some motions of great importance to stockholders will be put."

"What you got up your sleeve, Steve?" Mr. Plum inquired anxiously for perhaps the tenth time.

"Never mind about that, George W.," Steve replied, "and you better not see any of these stockholders today. I don't want to take a chance of any receiverships or injunctions. Go after 'em tomorrow morning and have 'em meet here in your office at half past eleven. Have your car here and I'll have mine and Barker's. We'll get 'em over to Skellenger's office by the time the meeting opens at twelve."

That evening Steve had final conferences—first with Elias Wade, then with Reverend John Woodman; and part of the next forenoon he spent with Charles Mosier, secretary of the United Light and Traction Company. At half past eleven, from the First National Bank, he telephoned Mr. Plum to inquire how many stockholders had been mustered. He then sat on a window-ledge near the bank entrance, watching the door, several times glancing up at the clock. He grew somewhat nervous finally and bit off an inch of his cigar; but at precisely seventeen minutes to twelve his car shot up to the door, and as Steve ran out Reverend Woodman sprang from it, holding out several sheets of typewritten paper.

"O. K.!" said Steve, seizing the papers and hopping into the car. "To Plum's office—quick!" he instructed the driver.

He was a few minutes late at the office, but as he took a rapid survey of the room he felt great satisfaction. Twenty well-known and respected citizens stood about more or less nervously, while Mr. Plum concealed his own nervousness by talking loudly of the weather.

At five minutes to twelve Secretary Mosier hurriedly entered Mr. Skellenger's spacious office over Skellenger's bank, with several books under his arm. Mr. Skellenger, Thomas Pollock, his attorney, and Miss Needham, his private secretary, were already there. For several years these four persons and a pile of proxies had constituted whatever meetings there had been of the stockholders of the United Light and Traction Company.

As the secretary murmured "Good morning!" with humbly downcast eyes, and hurried to a seat at the end of the office table, Mr. Skellenger thought he looked rather pale, but was not particularly interested in the fact.

"It isn't quite twelve," the millionaire remarked good-naturedly, "but let's begin. I have an appointment for luncheon today."

Before they could begin, however, an extraordinary tramping and shuffling was heard in the anteroom. The door opened and Stephen Bensinger walked in, followed by a train of persons whom Mr. Skellenger identified.

For a moment the millionaire gaped in amazement and indignation at this unmannerly intrusion into his premises—led, of all persons, by Bensinger!

"What do you mean by tramping in here in this manner?" he demanded tartly of Steve—and the latter could fairly feel his followers effacing themselves against the wall before Mr. Skellenger's indignant glare.

"Stockholders," Steve replied tersely. "Why don't you have some chairs here for people to sit on?"

Mr. Skellenger choked a moment over the impertinence and turned his baleful glare upon the secretary.

"Is this person a stockholder?" he snapped as though it must be the secretary's fault if he was.

"Yes, sir," Secretary Mosier replied in a low voice, never lifting his eyes from the open book before him. "He had some stock transferred to his name this morning."

However unpalatable, such a fact must be accepted. Mr. Skellenger devoted a moment to digesting it as best he could, then looked over at the followers.

"The rest of you, I presume, are stockholders also?" he said with open sarcasm.

"Yes, Mr. Skellenger—we are," George W. Plum replied in a tone so apologetic that Steve longed to kick him.

"Very well," Mr. Skellenger replied. "If you are stockholders you may remain at the meeting. The meeting will come to order and the secretary will read the call."

Secretary Mosier mumbled through the official call for a meeting of stockholders to consider such matters as might properly be brought before them.

"Mr. Pollock will explain to you the purpose of the meeting," said the president as though thereby he were yielding to a quite unreasonable whim on their part.

Mr. Pollock explained briefly that the purpose of the meeting was to lease the company's street railroad to the Tri-State Trolley Corporation, and added condescendingly that the lease would be very advantageous to the stockholders—at some time in the future. Finishing the explanation, he moved that the lease be ratified. At a nod from Mr. Skellenger, Miss Needham seconded this motion.

Mr. Wade spoke up from near the door:

"The voting, of course, is to be by ballot."

"Certainly—by ballot, as the constitution and by-laws provide," Mr. Skellenger replied—as though any idiot would know that. "Let Mr. Wade and Mr. Plum act as tellers," he added. "Since they have taken so much of their highly valuable time to attend the meeting, they may as well have something to do."

Being thus appointed and insulted, the tellers solemnly passed round slips of paper furnished by the secretary, and as solemnly gathered them up again and counted them on the secretary's end of the table.

"Ten thousand nine hundred and fourteen shares of stock have voted on this motion," Mr. Wade announced. "Two thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight have voted in favor of it, and eight thousand one hundred and sixteen have voted against it."

For nearly half a minute the president glared speechlessly; then he exclaimed:

"Preposterous! I myself voted five thousand shares in favor of the motion! Count again!"

Mr. Wade, gingerly fingering his goatee, cleared his throat and replied mildly:

"You voted as holder of a proxy from Mrs. Arthur Berkeley Winthrop; but it appears from the secretary's records that Mrs. Winthrop has sold and transferred her stock to Mr. Stephen Bensinger. Consequently the proxy is void and your vote doesn't count. Mr. Bensinger votes against the motion."

With no regard to parliamentary rules, or even to decorum, Mr. Skellenger and Mr. Pollock together flew to the secretary's side, seized and examined the stock ledger.

"Traitor!" Mr. Skellenger hissed at the pallid secretary and seemed about to beat him over the head with the ledger.

"Well, he had the stock. What could I do but transfer it?" said Mr. Mosier doggedly.

"Pah! Rogue! Traitor!" ejaculated Mr. Skellenger scornfully.

Ignoring the pop-eyed stockholders, the president and attorney retired into a corner and earnestly whispered together for some five minutes. At the end of the consultation Mr. Pollock started briskly for the door; but Steve interrupted him.

"Before Pollock goes out to draw up a bill that will throw this company into the hands of a receiver I have a few remarks to offer and some motions to make. It will be worth his while to hear 'em."

While Mr. Pollock paused indecisively halfway to the door Steve also disregarded parliamentary rules and addressed the meeting without waiting for recognition from the chair:

"We all live here and know all about this company. We know its management has been rotten for years! The price of gas and electric light has been held up so high that the company don't have half as many customers as it ought to have. The street-railroad service has been punk. Nobody rides on one of the cars if he can help it. And everybody is sore at the company. Now ain't that so?"

There was brief consternation among the knot of stockholders at whom this question was thrown; but Mr. Pendleton, the hardware merchant, nervously twisting his hand into his beard, ventured to reply in apologetic mildness:

"Gas is high."

"And electric light," added Mr. Grimes, the restaurant proprietor; "higher than it ought to be!"

Thereupon Mr. Small, the liveryman, put in:

"The street cars are dirty. My wife and daughter complain of it."

"Sure!" said Steve encouragingly. "Now this is our company. We fellows right here in this room, excluding Mr. Peter J. Skellenger and his employees,

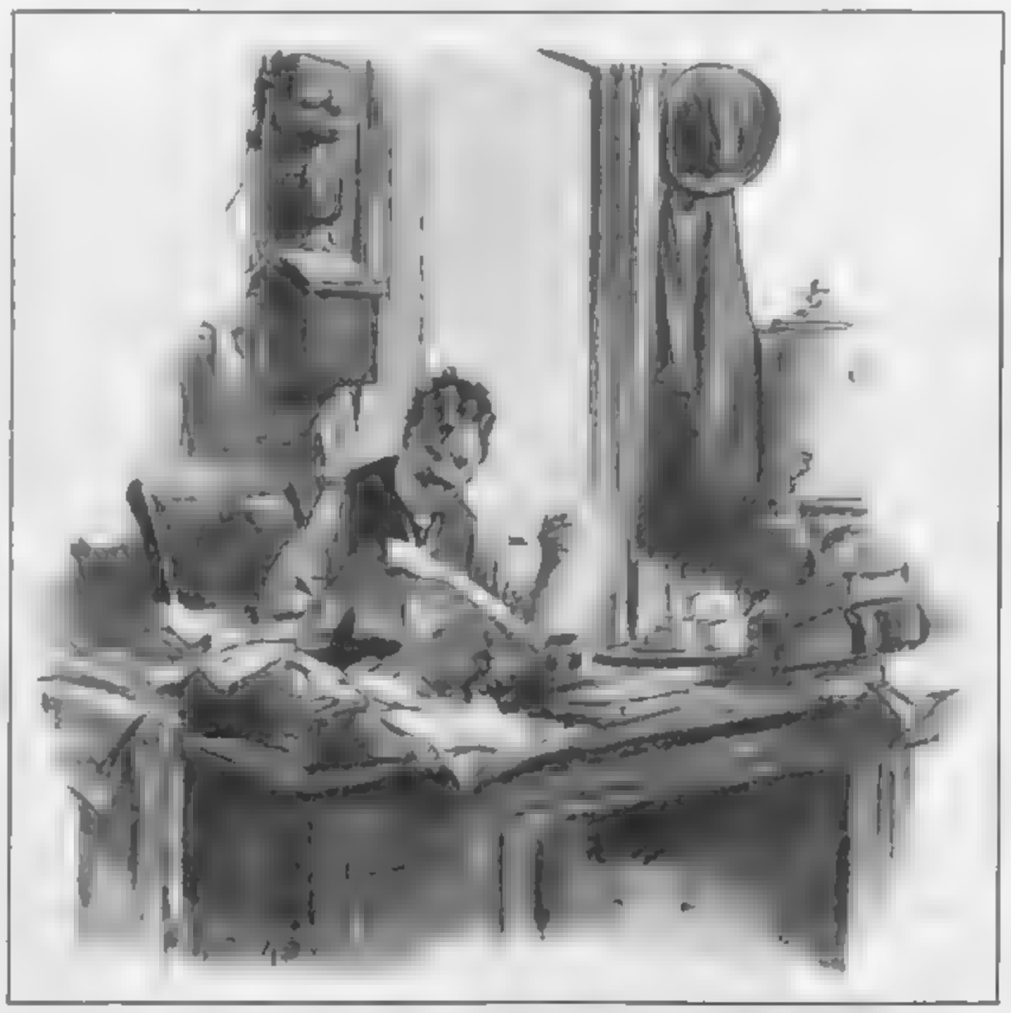
(Continued on Page 57)

"What Do You Mean by Tramping in Here in This Manner?"

BREAKING INTO NEW YORK

The Secondary Stages

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



I Guess No Man Ever Worked Harder Than I Did the Next Two Years

I WAS twenty-one years old and had served a four-year apprenticeship on the leading home paper before the yearning for the big town began to gnaw at my young vitals. At twenty-one I was drawing down twelve dollars a week, a topnotch salary for a reporter in our town, and I fancied myself an exceedingly bright and capable young man. To strangers I always spoke of myself as a journalist; I always thought of myself as a journalist—never as a mere newspaper man. I rode free on the street cars and had a season ticket for the theater—there was only one—and carried a pocketful of telegraph franks and railroad annuals. In those halcyon days a cub reporter on a country paper could get more free transportation over trunklines than a railroad president can get now. Also, I was the resident correspondent for a list of city papers as long as my arm. I used to pick up a tidy bit of money out of my correspondence. Sometimes my weekly space bills equaled my salary.

This was my situation when in Chicago there was committed a murder that startled the whole country. A broken-nosed ruffian named Christopher Merry, who posed by day as a peddler and by night followed his real vocation as a robber, put his faithful wife to death by slow degrees of almost incredible brutality. As I now recall the story, he sewed the body up into a roll of rags and, with two lesser scoundrels to help him, carried it in a wagon to a secluded spot on a lonely road a few miles from Chicago, and buried it there late at night. One of the three talked too much, was arrested and practically confessed. Appreciating the character of the man, the police threw double loops of men round the block and round the house where they knew the murderer and his remaining accomplice had hidden. Cautiously they closed in and broke down the doors of Merry's flat. The rooms were empty.

The crime itself, the midnight burial of the victim and the manner of the escape—most of all the escape—made a tremendously big story from the Chicago standpoint. Naturally the Chicago police department extended itself to find the fugitives. A big reward was offered for Merry; a smaller, yet a good-sized one, for his accomplice.

For one solid month they captured Chris Merry all over this continent. Every time a country constable saw a stranger with a broken nose he locked him up and wired to Chicago that he had the murderer. At first the Chicago police department and the Chicago newspapers sent men in response to each of these messages. Finally they all got tired of answering false alarms and resolved to remain calm until the real Merry had been arrested.

The Story in the Making

MEANWHILE Merry and his partner, whose name was Smith, had been working their way South. They were aiming for New Orleans and then for Cuba, where they expected to join the insurrectos fighting against Spain and lose themselves somewhere in the interior of the island. It was a pretty good plan and it might have worked except that, as they were stealing a ride on a freight train in Indiana, a sudden cold snap descended upon them and Merry's feet were so badly frostbitten that for the time being he became badly crippled. Every step he took must have been agony to him; but he kept going. At the beginning of Christmas week he and Smith crossed the Ohio River into Kentucky. At Louisville they climbed into a box car billed for Memphis. Toward dusk a brakeman discovered them and they were thrown off at a little station in the western part of Kentucky, called Fredonia.

That same night a tramp of the harmless variety known as a gay cat crawled into a toolshed back of an empty section house below Fredonia to stay until morning. There he found two more wayfarers. They permitted him to share the quarters with them. They had a bottle of whisky and they shared that with him too. Pretty soon the evident leader of the pair—Merry, as it turned out—rolled over on his side and went to sleep. His companion and the tramp sat up to finish the bottle. Liquor loosened the clack of Smith's tongue and he began to boast to his companion.

"You're just a plain bum," he told the listening gay cat, "but we're both bad guys." He had hauled out a big revolver and now flourished it. "The cops are lookin' for us now for a big job we pulled off in Chi." He produced a clipping from a newspaper from his pocket and showed it to the gay cat. The clipping bore reproductions of pen-and-ink pictures of two men. The names had been cut off, but the likenesses were fair and the startled tramp recognized them as pictures of his new acquaintances. He did not say much, but he did a lot of thinking. He wanted to quit such dangerous company as soon as he could. Presently he had his chance. The frayed, greasy clipping dropped from Smith's unsteady fingers and he slept too. The scared gay cat waited until Smith began to snore. Then he rose softly and straightway departed from there—but he took that clipping with him.

The next night, which was the night before Christmas, an unfeeling flagman kicked him off a freight into a roaring snowstorm and the town of Mayfield, Kentucky. Half frozen, he hobbled to the nearest house and begged for something to eat. The head of the house gave him a hot supper and let him thaw out by the kitchen fire. The tramp sought to make his gratitude manifest. He hauled out his treasured clipping and showed it to his host and told how and when he got it.

"I'll bet there's a reward out for them men," he said. "One of 'em's feet is froze and he can't travel far. You better see the sheriff or somebody, and then he kin ketch 'em and you'll git part of the money."

Behold how beautifully the thing worked out! The householder's brother-in-law was the town marshal, a man with more than a local reputation as a shrewd detective. Straightway the tramp was taken to the town marshal's house. There he repeated his story and surrendered the clipping, and then he disappeared without even telling his name. Before morning the Mayfield officer was on his way up the line to Fredonia. He had compared the pen-and-ink drawings in the paper with two photographs upon a circular on file in his office, and he knew he was on the track of Merry and Smith and a big cash prize.

He took up the trail at Fredonia, tracing the two southward down the railroad to Kuttawa, a somewhat larger town. There Merry's frost-cracked feet and his endurance had given out together and the pair had secured lodgings—grim joke!—in the house of the Kuttawa town marshal, who took boarders to help out his official income. Already he was on fairly friendly terms with his two transient guests "from up north." When the Mayfield marshal sought his Kuttawa brother privately and told him whom he was harboring, the Kuttawa marshal almost had a fit. Upon hearing the size of the reward, he promptly revived.

These two country policemen had better luck than the best the Chicago police department had had. They rounded up the dangerous boarders with ease. Afterward Merry, with a pleased grin, told how he detected them watering the fruit and rear of the house in the dusk, and how, stealing to a window with his revolver, he twice drew a bead upon the fair target of his host's large white slouch hat. He did not in the least mind killing him, he explained, but in his crippled state he could not hope to get away; so what would be the use? He reasoned it all out, and then he surrendered.

The triumphant marshals carried their prisoners up the road a short distance to Princeton, which was a county seat, locked them up in the county jail, and then telegraphed Chicago headquarters that they had Merry and Smith in custody. But Chicago had heard that tale before—many times. It had got to be a joke. Chicago declined to become excited.

That afternoon, though, a special officer of the Illinois Central Railroad chanced to be in Princeton and he went to the jail to see the prisoners. As it happened, he knew Smith by sight, having met him professionally when he, the detective, was a plain-clothes man at Chicago headquarters, before he went to work for the railroad. He hurried right out and wired to Chicago that this time it was Merry and Smith, sure enough; but, first, he warned the jailer of the dangerous character of his charges and advised him against allowing any strangers to see the trapped fugitives, knowing they had a wide acquaintance among traveling yeggmen.

A Correspondent Turned Loose

IT SEEMED that some of the Chicago papers had already begun to suspect it might indeed be the far-hunted pair that had been nabbed by two country policemen down in a back county of Kentucky. Two of the papers—I forget which two now—had already started their star reporters south before the definite word came; but the Tribune, which had taken a leading hand in scoring the police for inefficiency and which, therefore, had a peculiar interest in the story, waited too long. The Tribune's staff man failed to board the last train that would land him in Princeton in time to cover the story the following night.

So the Tribune's telegraph editor, as I found out later, wired every one of the Tribune's country correspondents within a radius of a hundred miles of Princeton to go there forthwith. He was hoping that out of the crowd of them there might be one who would know enough to handle the story in some sort of fashion. One of these orders came to me and, as it turned out, I was the only country correspondent of the whole lot that obeyed. I went.

Princeton was considerably less than a hundred miles from my town, and within an hour after the telegram reached me I was on my way. It was the first time a job of such size had been intrusted to me and I was swelled up with a sense of my own importance. At the same time I had only the vaguest idea of how to set about getting my story, or writing it after I got it. When I dropped off the train at Princeton the depot platform was overflowing with townspeople, and at least half of them followed me up the street leading from the station. I felt flattered until one man asked who I was and I told him. Then my escort began to dwindle away. I was big and tall and I wore a large ulster and a broadbrimmed hat, and for a little they had taken me for a Chicago detective who had been expected on that train.

Not knowing exactly what I was to do, except that I was to get an interview with the prisoners—my telegraphed instructions had been most explicit on that point—I marched into the local hotel and registered—the official loafers were pawing over the book to see my name before I laid the pen down—and then I started for the jail. A volunteer committee went along to show me the way. The jail was a small mildewed-looking brick structure. Viewed from the exterior the most interesting object in connection with it was a gentleman of a stern aspect sitting on the front steps nursing a rifle upon his knees. Across the way two well-dressed young men were pacing up and down, swearing in a feverish and impotent way. Passing them, I gathered from certain remarks of theirs that their preconceived notions of Southern hospitality had suffered a severe jolt.

I crossed over to the jail, my heart beating a little faster than usual, showed my credentials to the person with the rifle, stated my business and said that I desired to be admitted to the presence of Merry and Smith. He was courteous enough—but he did not let me in. As I now recollect, he said the Twelve Apostles themselves could not get into that jail except over his dead body. It seemed that the jailer was a literal person. He had been warned

against letting any strangers see his principal prisoners, and he was not letting any strangers see them. It made no difference who they were or where they came from; if they were strangers that was amply sufficient for him. I began to understand why the two well-dressed young men across the street had shown so much heat. They were Chicago reporters—but also they were strangers.

I stood there a bit, wondering what I would do next. Then I remembered that I knew the mayor of the town. He was a friend of my father's—they had been soldiers in the same regiment during the Civil War. I asked the way to his house. He was at home. He listened to me and then he locked his arm in mine and led me back to the jail—past those two fuming Chicago reporters, past the deputy on guard at the door and into the jailer's office. The jailer was a grizzled old chap with a game leg. The mayor introduced me to him.

"Jim," he said, "this boy is So-and-so's son and So-and-so's nephew"—naming my uncle.

If I had been his own long lost son that jailer could not have been any gladder to see me. He had been a gunner in a Confederate battery commanded by my uncle. When the mayor explained that I represented a city paper and wanted to see his two charges, Jim reached for his keys.

"That there Chicago officer told me not to admit any strangers," he said, "and I ain't aiming to do so; but, son, you're no stranger—you're just the same as homefolks."

He led the way into the body of the jail. It was a little, smelly, dark, unventilated cubbyhole of a place, with blank brick walls on two sides and rows of cells on the other two, and a red-hot stove in the middle. Half a dozen rugged negroes—the ordinary occupants of the establishment—were squatted round the stove. My men were in the largest of the cells. The jailer was not taking any chances with them. There was an extra heavy lock on the door of their cage, and for precaution he had put heavy leg irons on them and made their chains fast to the bars.

A Green Hand Gets Away With the Goods

THE jig was up with them and they knew it. Besides, they had the pride of criminals who had outwitted their natural enemies, the police, and they were ready and willing to talk about their achievement. Considerably embarrassed, I told them I was serving the Chicago Tribune and wanted to get a statement from them; then I stopped, not knowing what to do or say next. They did the rest themselves. They guyed my embarrassment and made fun of my broadbrimmed hat and my budding mustache, but they talked. How they did talk! There was no mention made of the murder—by unspoken consent all three of us avoided that painful subject—but they told me how they had watched the loops of policemen closing in on them and how they had broken through the twin cordons. They gave me a circumstantial account of their subsequent wanderings, with the dates and the names of the different towns they had visited; and I put it all down just as they told it to me. If I hesitated over the spelling of a proper name one or the other would help me out; and at the end Merry himself took my notebook through the bars and, holding it upon his knee, drew in it a rough diagram of the Chicago streets through which they had fled, indicating the location of his flat and the lines of the police. He made a couple of dots to show where two detectives had been standing when he and Smith slipped by, not six feet away, and he wrote down the names of these two detectives. He marked the place where they had scaled the structure of an elevated road and so had walked away to safety right above the heads of a dozen watchful officers. For Chicago purposes the stuff he was giving me was worth its weight in gold almost—only I did not know it.

At the end of half an hour they sent me away with a farewell gibe or two. I got out. The old jailer wanted me to go home with him for supper; but I declined because in a dim sort of way I was beginning to realize that I had the making of a pretty good yarn concealed about me, and I burned to get it under way. Going back to the hotel, I ran into the two town marshals who had made the arrests, and they supplied me with full details of their part of the story. One of them, the Mayfield marshal, furnished a graphic enough word picture of the vanished tramp who had furnished the first clue.

The Western Union Company had its office in the lobby of the hotel, and when I got back there the two Chicago men were sitting alongside the operator, who was a young nervous-looking fellow, hardly more than a boy in age. They were turning out copy, seemingly by the ream, while an admiring audience of citizens looked on over their shoulders. To this day I do not know whether they ever saw the two prisoners, but if they did I doubt whether they got so much copy out of the pair as I did. I still believe that blood-dyed villain of a Merry actually took pity on my greenness and gave me a better story than perhaps he would have yielded up to a skilled reporter. Probably I was the only person on earth who felt sorry when they hanged him a few months later in the Cook County jail.

Anyway, there sat the Chicago men writing away like mad, with the lone operator looking decidedly uneasy and fidgety as he saw how fast the scribbled sheets accumulated in front of each of them. Abashed by the presence of these luminaries from the big city, I timidly introduced myself and announced that I was on hand to serve the Tribune. One of them, the younger of the two, merely looked at me with raised eyebrows and a grin on his face and went on writing. The other man was kinder. He stopped long enough to tell me something of the records of Merry and Smith, and out of the clutter in his overcoat pocket he dug up for me a clipped-out Sunday special, which reviewed the killing of the woman and the police end of the escape. This clipping helped me mightily later on; but when I inquired regarding the chances of putting some copy on the wire they both agreed promptly that they expected to keep the operator busy until midnight or later. Neither one of them seemed to think it worth his while to ask whether I had seen Merry and Smith; if they had I should undoubtedly have turned over to them the whole of my story. But they did not ask, and I did not tell them.

I went in to supper, and over the fleet of white-china canary-bird bathtubs containing the meal I read and digested the clipping that had been given me. After supper I headed for the depot to make my arrangements for filing with the Postal. The Postal man, as I knew, acted as train dispatcher for the railroad, and because the Tribune's instructions to me had come over the Western Union I should have preferred to use the Western Union; but I knew it was the Postal or nothing. As I was starting I met a man I knew—the circulation manager of a Louisville newspaper. He had been a reporter before he went into the business office. He had an evening off, and through sheer love of the game—and possibly also through pity for my evident inexperience—he offered to go along with me and help me put my story together.

At the station the night operator made us welcome in his little crowded office, but he said he was going to be so busy clearing trains that it would be nine o'clock for sure, and maybe ten, before he could touch anything else. However, he found time to flash the Tribune a synopsis of my story—I did have sense enough to write that—and right away the answer came back. It ran something after this fashion:

Sounds like a big story. Write it fully. Lead off with story of the flight and the route followed by fugitives, so we can prepare maps and diagrams from your telegraphed descriptions. Then send everything in detail.

My enthusiasm grew; I realized now that I really did have a tale worth telling. I started off with a flamboyant and be-adjectived introduction of half a column or more, and then I settled down to spin out my yarn. Long before the operator was ready for me I was frightened at the mass of copy I had produced. Never before had I done a special of more than five or six hundred words, and here already were two or three thousand words at least—and just getting well started! Could any paper on earth print such a staggeringly big, long dispatch? Would any paper pay the tolls on it? Suppose the Tribune changed its mind and refused to take it! Inwardly I was a scared young person, but I kept right on writing just the same; and all this time, at five and ten minute intervals, the impatient telegraph editor kept flashing inquiries, wanting to know why in Halifax and other localities that story did not come on.

Finally, along toward half past nine, the operator got his tracks and his wires cleared of railroad business and was ready to tackle my manuscript. He was a dandy operator too; he fairly made that key of his beg for mercy. It was he who suggested that I break my story up into sections, with a separate dateline and a separate lead for each installment of it—which was a good idea, because it gave my volunteer assistant, the circulation manager, a chance to write something. He proceeded to write in detail what I had already written in bulletin form—the narrative of the escape and the flight—while I, now altogether reckless of consequences and filled with the unapproachable joy of creation and authorship, turned myself loose on what I conceived to be a thrilling picture of that pair of trapped ruffians, sitting with their chained ankles in that little box of a jail, bragging how they had outwitted the whole Chicago police department. I always liked to do descriptive stuff, anyhow, whereas a recital of plain facts hampered my style and circumscribed my fancy. I almost wrote my young head off. Pretty soon the operator had another notion.

Sending My Message to Garcia

"SEE here, kid," he said; "I'm sending over a loop directly into the Tribune shop; but if I had another man here to help me out he could send into the city office of the Postal, and they could hustle the stuff round by messenger and save a lot of time. My day relief lives up the street a piece, near the hotel. Why don't you go up there and roust him out? He'll be glad to come down here and help out with all this jag of stuff that you two are piling up."

I put on my hat and coat and went. It was nearly eleven o'clock then, and it was snowing a little and the road under my feet was as black as ink. I stumbled along feeling my way until I came to the hotel, and I went in to ask the clerk the exact location of the house of the man I was looking for to help me out.

The clerk had just started to tell me when he broke off and pointed over my shoulder and said: "Why, there he comes now!"

The young Western Union operator had played out. Unused as he was to handling big newspaper jobs, his fingers had cramped. It was only a question of a little while until he would have to give up altogether. In this emergency he had suggested that maybe the Postal's day man, as an act of neighborly accommodation, might be willing to help him; and so one of the two Chicago reporters had gone to the Postal operator's house and waked him up and was now bringing him in. His face was puckered with sleepiness and he had an overcoat on over his nightshirt. Yawning and stretching himself, he

"You're Just a Plain Bum, But We're Both Bad Guys"

was just sitting down at an instrument when I reached his side and told him I wanted his services too.

Still half asleep he started to explain the situation while the two Chicago men glowered angrily at me and probably cursed me inwardly for a meddlesome young cub.

"I've promised to help these gentlemen out," he said. "They're in a fix, so they tell me."

I had a flash of sagacity—the only real flash I had produced unaided during the whole night.

"Yes," I said; "but this is the Western Union you're working for—isn't it? You're working for them for nothing, but I've got a slew of stuff to go over your own line—the Postal."

"In that case," he said, "it's a different thing."

Those two Chicago men, each with a great wad of copy yet to be sent, protested and begged and swore; but the Postal man went with me. He was no slouch of an operator either. In five minutes after we two reached the depot my story—or rather our story, for the circulation man from Louisville did his share—was feeding into the Tribune's telegraph room over two wires at once. Pretty soon one of the telegraphers broke off long enough to take a line for me and toss it over:

Let it all come. Spread yourself and keep sending until we say stop.

I spread myself all right. I wrote and wrote and wrote! I elaborated my description of the jail scene. I piled the local color on by the hodload. I described the principal local characters in the story—the jailer, his vigilant deputy, the two town marshals, the unnamed tramp who had sicked them on to their quarry. I humped my shoulders and curled my legs round the legs of my chair, and the sheets of copy slid out from under my fingers in a white stream.

At intervals one of the Chicago men would come in and want to know when a wire would be clear; and I, remembering that mossy and venerable yarn so dear to the heart of every green reporter—the one about the war correspondent who sent the Book of Genesis by cable in order to hold the wire against all opposition until his paper went to press carrying the exclusive account of a great event—I, remembering that tale, would say to him that I could not tell him when I should be through or anyway near through, and then I would go on writing. He would curse and groan and go out and slam the door with unnecessary violence and I could hear him tramping up and down the platform. The operator of the Western Union had petered out altogether along about midnight; I found that out later.

Praise and Prize Money

I HELD my wires—both of them. I wrote everything I could think of and then wrote it over again. I wrote until my fingers were black from repeated sharpenings of my pencil—wrote until my right hand was numb up to the wrist. My head swam and my eyes blurred, but I kept on writing; and the wonder of it was the Tribune kept on taking what I wrote. I imagine one of my operators, appreciating the joke of it, must have quietly told the operator at the other end what the situation was; and possibly the Tribune people approved the notion of my holding the lines and shutting out my rivals. Anyhow they let me go ahead. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning—Sunday morning—before they finally shut off my flow of literature. The message read:

That's enough. Good stuff! Good boy! Good night!

I got up on my feet, stiff and staggering and grimed to the eyebrows with graphite dust; and just then I heard the whistle of the train that would take me back home. I told my friend, the circulation man, I would send him a fair share of what the Tribune sent me. Then I climbed wearily aboard the train and curled up in a seat in the day coach; and the next thing I knew the conductor was literally dumping me in a comatose heap off upon the platform at my station. I managed to get home and to bed, and there I stayed until dusk that evening. Then I got up and dressed, and went down to the book store and waited until the Chicago Sunday papers came in. I bought a copy of the Tribune. I took one look at the paper and my eyes popped with amazement and pride—but mostly with pride.

The last column of the first page—under flaring headlines—was mine! Nearly five columns of the second page were mine! I had written the best part of a page for the Chicago Tribune. True, the copy readers had pruned a lot of the foliage off my introductions, and they had chopped out a good many of my most cherished adjectives; but in all essentials it was my story and, what was more, a good share of it was exclusive, as I found by comparison of the Tribune with the other Chicago papers. To be sure, I was not responsible really for this exclusiveness. Most of it had been forced upon me, so to speak; and, anyway, I did not value that part of it as an older and wiser newspaper man would have valued it. What mainly concerned me was the length of the story, as measured in columns. I spent a happy evening picking out my brainchildren that were studded thick through the yarn.

On Monday morning I got a letter postmarked Chicago, and I opened the envelope to find inside a single sheet of notepaper bearing the heading: Editorial Rooms, the Tribune. The following lines were written on it in a somewhat crabbed hand:

Dear Sir: You did excellent work in covering the Merry story for this paper, and I wish to thank you.

I have instructed the cashier to send you a check for fifty dollars as a bonus. Yours truly,

JOSEPH MEDILL.

I was tickled naturally to get such a letter—particularly was I tickled by the second paragraph—but in the abysmal depths of my fathomless ignorance I attached no particular importance to the fact that Joseph Medill himself had written, with his own hand, to express his appreciation of what a stranger had done for his paper. I knew that the editor or the publisher of the Tribune was a man named Medill, but in my conceived estimates the only really great and conspicuous editors of America were Henry Watterson, Henry W. Grady and Murat Halstead, in the order named. A Medill more or less meant nothing to me. I carried that letter about in my pocket for a day or two, and then I tore it up or lost it or something. I wish I had it now.

Anyway, when my check came from the Tribune at the end of the month I forgot all about the letter; for the fifty dollars was what Mr. Medill had said it would be—a bonus—and in addition to the fifty they had allowed my expense account and given me full space rates for the story. In all it came to something like one hundred dollars. Here in one magnificent lump was as much as I made in salary in two months. It was the largest amount I had ever owned at one time in my life. It was hard to believe. If a man working one night could make that much off of a city paper how much could he make in a month or in a year? The possibility staggered the imagination; at least it staggered my imagination. From that hour dated my desire to work on a big newspaper—a Chicago or New York newspaper; but it was to be several years before my wish came true.

I was seventeen years old when I broke into the newspaper business. At twenty-seven I had broadened considerably. Once or twice I had also been flattened pretty severely, and there were a few permanent dents in my bump of assurance. Also I was beginning to get cured of the adolescent belief that the only good writing was this so-called fine writing, full of adjectives and screaming metaphors and reverberating periods. In other words, I had quit writing at the top of my voice all the time; and when a young reporter—or an old one—learns that great and difficult lesson there is hope for him ultimately, I reckon.

Meanwhile I had one illuminating and disillusionizing experience with city newspaper work. Through my work as a correspondent I got a trial job on a paper printed in a city of a quarter of a million population or so, in a state to the north of us. I was twenty-four then and full of pleasing delusions about myself. As for the paper, it was one of a string of afternoon papers published under the same ownership and the same general management in the Middle West and Southwest. Green as a young gourd, I reported for duty one October morning at seven-thirty and was set to work in the telegraph room. The telegraph room was intolerably dirty and intolerably crowded—filled to the ledges of its smeared windows with telegraph operators, telegraph editors in an advanced state of distraction, tobacco smoke, coal soot, the click of Morse instruments, the clatter of typewriters and loud cries.

This newspaper was run on weird lines. Even I—raw as I was—could tell that. Its policy was to print everything that happened anywhere, whether it was of interest to anybody or not; and as space in its pages was limited, owing to the use of big headlines and copious illustrations, there was a large staff constantly engaged for eight or nine or ten hours a day in reducing big stories to small ones, and smaller ones to very small ones, and very small ones to countless hundreds of three and four line paragraphs. Enough energy was wasted in that shop, it seemed to me, to get out three or four papers. Moreover the whole establishment spent most of its time standing on its head and whirling round.

Every hour nearly, somebody was being promoted or reduced or disciplined or rewarded or hired or fired and then hired back again. Hysteria passed for enthusiasm and mania for efficiency. All hands worked at a high tension, without apparently getting anywhere. Yet, strange to say, that paper made plenty of money, and from the system of which it was a part a lot of good newspapermen have been produced. I take it as the strongest evidence of their native talents that they could serve for any length of time in such an atmosphere and still be good newspapermen.

The Gentle Art of Firing

IN MY first city job I lasted four fevered, nightmarish weeks; and in those four weeks we shifted managing editors twice. One of them had a craving for signed statements, so in each edition we printed a collection of signed statements from all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects. His successor believed fervently in extras. He measured enterprise by the number of extras he could run off in a single day. He got out extras on the slightest provocation and on no provocation at all; and in the fleeting intervals between extras he flew round, pop-eyed and wild-haired, yelling conflicting orders at nobody in particular. He always yelled. I bet when he talked in his sleep he yelled.

As I said, I lasted four weeks. Toward the end of my fourth week, on a Friday, I was told that my salary was to be raised three dollars a week; but at the end of that week, on a Saturday, without any warning at all I was discharged. It appeared that there was an elderly gentleman at a central point who had supervision of all the papers on the circuit; and when the gross receipts of any one paper for a given week fell off, or when the payroll ran up, or his liver troubled him, or the morning was rainy, it was his pleasing custom to order a wholesale staff reduction by telegraph. I was the sufferer by one of these blighting devastations. About eight or ten others were let out at the same time. They came from all the departments of the paper—the business office, the circulation room, the city room and the telegraph room. Later I found out that in the telegraph room the choice of a victim lay between me and another young fellow who had joined the force a day or two before I came on. He had a wife and I had none, and, anyway, he knew infinitely more about city newspaper work than I did; so he stayed. He stuck to the ship through any number of subsequent cyclones and simooms and eventually rose to be one of the leading men in the organization, and is today one of the most capable managing editors in this country.

I, however, got my plank-walking papers. In letting me out, the man in charge did not show any great degree of finesse. He simply told me he did not

(Continued on Page 61)

He Simply Told Me He Did Not Want Me Any Longer

THE WHISTLING MAN

XII

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

A PUSSY-FOOTED manservant, an Englishman sleek, smug and unctuously self-abasing, showed Craig to his quarters, the usual ornate and staring blue room found inevitably in the country houses of the rich. In this case, however, the apartment was something more than a room—it was a suite. There were a bed chamber, a sitting room and a bath, while set in the wall opposite the hall entrance a second doorway, half hidden by a tapestry hanging, showed that the suite on occasion could be made still larger.

Looking about him curiously, Craig took in his surroundings with a speculative feeling of interest not unmixed with concern. He wondered at where he found himself, and he wondered where it led. He was no simpleton. Gawtry's kind but not the less frank statement of the truth clearly showed him his exact position in the world. He not only saw now why his father was not wanted in New York, he knew why he himself was undesired. Involved in it all was the trite but still bitter fact that it is not alone the guilty that must suffer. The son of an embezzler, of an absconder or worse, it was not likely that New York would welcome him, much less its smart upper element, its Society with a capital S.

And yet here he was, here at the very instant a guest, a household visitor among just such people. As he crossed the room, the servant obsequiously awaiting his orders, he glanced sideways at the man, wondering what the fellow would say were he to guess the truth, to know that the person he fawned upon would become bankrupt when he tipped him. At any rate he would be without a cent, had he to dispense tips for a stay of more than a day or two.

But this was the least of Craig's conclusions. Though Gawtry had indeed frankly told him much of what he wished to know, Gawtry had not told him all. Perhaps there was a great deal that Gawtry didn't know, even though, as he said, Craig's father had been his intimate friend. There were, for example, Pelton and Gaines, the men that Mary Adair had mentioned; Gawtry hadn't told what part they played in the tragedy. As a matter of fact, he hadn't mentioned them at all. Craig made a mental note of the pair. He would ask for particulars. And there was something else too. Craig wondered whether Gawtry, in defending Adair, had not shielded him at the expense of others—of the dead, in fact, Craig's father and the murdered Robert Adair. Of course Gawtry had been as much a friend of Craig's father as he was now the friend of Adair; but that didn't alter the case. In all probability Gawtry had been warned that Craig meant to dig into the past, perhaps to stir up mischief as well; consequently, as Gawtry was a friend of Adair's it was only reasonable he should stand and protect Adair even at the expense of Craig. One thing more too. In protecting Adair, had Gawtry stuck precisely to the truth? Or if he had, was it at all sure he had told all there was to tell?

Something at all events was queer. If Freest were dead, then who was the man that Craig had seen come striding over the dunes? More than ever now he was determined he must find him.

He was awakened from his reflections by a discreet tap upon the door. Barr, the manservant, reappeared. "Luncheon is served, please. Thank you, sir!" And hurrying, Craig completed his toilet.

It was an absorbed, preoccupied group *en famille* that he descended on in the huge living room below, an apartment in looks a library, in size an assembly hall. Huge as the room was, though, the art of the architect and decorator had cleverly relieved it of any air of coldness or uncouth size. A long, handsomely carved table, an antique strewn with books and magazines, conveniently divided it; and in front of the great stone fireplace two wide, enormous lounges stood back to back, filling half the area there. Then again the room was still further broken up by its many windows, each a nook, a little lounging corner by itself; while, wherever it was needed, a rug, a picture, a stand of flowers or a hanging added just the right note of color, the required touch of convenience or of comfort.

At Craig's entrance Mrs. Gawtry, who had been seated on one of the big lounges, tossed a book away from her and arose torpidly. "Butes," she called, and a manservant, a fellow to the hatchet-faced Barr, appeared in the doorway—"Butes, tell Granniss we are quite ready now!" Her tone left no doubt of it, and Craig colored faintly. "Am I late?" he exclaimed regretfully; and in return Mrs. Gawtry displayed two rabbitlike upper teeth. Murmuring indifferently, "It is of no consequence!" she moved away. Her husband, however, proved quite as cordial as ever. Throwing aside the newspaper he had been reading, he beamed pleasantly on Craig.

"Well, my boy," he cried hospitably, "find everything you need upstairs?" In friendly fashion he again squeezed Craig's elbow. "If you want anything be sure to tell Barr. You gave him your keys, didn't you?"

"Why, no, Mr. Gawtry," answered Craig, smiling; "I'm staying so short a time it'll hardly be worth while to unpack."

At this, though, Gawtry gazed at him sharply. "Nonsense!" he exclaimed, "you mustn't say that. You're staying a week at least, more if you will. Come, Barr will unpack while you're at luncheon. Let me have your keys."

Craig handed them over. He was glad now that he had thought to put his papers in his pocket. Having a servant paw them over he hardly relished.

As Gawtry, the keys in his hand, left the room, Craig improved the opportunity to look about him. At a near-by window Mrs. Gawtry, with her back turned to him, made a pretense of rearranging the flowers in a vase; and Craig, reflecting that she probably considered him a troublesome, undesirable guest, moved away from her. Hilda Gawtry sat across the room. At his entrance she had laid in her lap the book she was reading, and she was looking at him steadily. The instant, however, that her eyes encountered his they fled hurriedly, and a little tide of color mantled her pale, delicate face. It made Craig debate more than ever whether a week's visit might not prove trying. Angie's vixenish speech: "She'd better be agreeable! She's had her orders!" had not failed in its effect on him. He had still to make up his mind what the remark conveyed. Figuring upon it, he glanced at Angie. She, however, did not evade the look. Her eyes met his squarely, solemnly and, as he thought, with rancor.

The child sat cuddled up in the depths of a big chair, her chin in her hand. The light from a near-by window fell softened upon her, and Craig could see that her small, elfish face was pale and streaked. Thereat he made a strong guess with himself that upstairs there had been tears, that Angie had been rebuked sharply by her sister for her rudeness, her incivility to their father's guest. But why had Angie shown her rancor? Had she, too, been told the guest's history? It seemed hardly likely; but was Angie, too, ashamed of the visitor, irritated that she must help to entertain him? It was with positive relief that Craig heard the sliding doors flung open, while a discreet, deferential voice announced: "Madam is served!"

Gawtry hurriedly reëntered.

"Come, Angie! Come, Hilda!" he called briskly. "This boy must be famished!"

He waved Craig to precede him; and Craig was moving past, when Angie glided swiftly across the room. With her eyes on her father, a look of mute affection, almost adoring, she slipped her slim hand into his. But Gawtry seemed hardly to notice her. He was looking at Hilda Gawtry, and she, moreover, was returning the look with what amounted to a stare, a glance of pointed inquiry. Then Gawtry, with an almost imperceptible shake of his head, signaled something, whereat Craig heard a breath, a little gasp, leave her lips. It expressed relief, he thought, the sudden relaxation from a strain. However, when he looked again he was led almost to believe he had been mistaken.

Hilda Gawtry, her expression entirely changed, was looking over at him, her face lighted with a radiant, entrancing smile.

"Mr. Craig, what shall we do this afternoon? Can't we plan something out of the ordinary? This is your first day home in years, you know; and I can't let you waste it!"

Her tone was friendly. More than that, it was manifestly cordial. If Craig, however, felt any astonishment at the abrupt change in her manner, her sudden buoyancy, he managed somehow to hide it. The fact is, in his feeling of utter loneliness he was only too glad to be friendly, if any one would but give him the least encouragement.

"Why, that's splendid, Miss Gawtry! I'd be delighted!" he beamed. "Whatever you say. If you'll just decide you'll find me game for anything!"

"Do you ride?" she asked, her lips eagerly parted.

Craig smiled in return.

"That depends!" he returned cautiously. "I can hang on!"

Gawtry joined in the little laugh she gave. "I'll tell you what, you take old Baby Boy!" he proposed, his eye twinkling. "If you fall off he'll stop automatically till you get on again!"

Craig laughed amusedly.

"Yes, but I don't believe I'm so bad as all that, Mr. Gawtry! Give me something with plenty of mane to grab, and I'll take a chance."

It was arranged, then, that he should have his pick of the stable, Gawtry's own park hack included. "Barr will get you boots and riding breeches," Gawtry added, after which he wagged his finger, smiling. "Only you be sure now, don't you let Hilda take you too far. Remember, we're having people to meet you at dinner. I don't want you late or too lame to appear."

"Dinner, let me say, is at eight," said Mrs. Gawtry, her tone as pregnant, as precise, as if she announced the Apocalypse. After the effort, however, she lapsed again into ennuied silence. Craig turned from her to look down at Hilda Gawtry. The color once more had begun to burn faintly in her cheeks, and she seemed animated with an eager little excitement. "It'll be glorious back in the hills, Mr. Craig. Usually I have no one except a groom to ride with; and I seldom go far. But with you I can go where I like. I'll show you a view that will make you marvel."

Craig responded buoyantly. Under the stimulus of her smile, her eager, ringing little laugh—that and the look she flashed at him out of her dark, intelligent eyes—his spirits began swiftly to revive. He felt at ease, more at home. It inspired him to think that before he had misjudged her: that she did not dislike him, but that he had gauged wrongly the quick, varying inflections of her character, her moods. In the midst of this he looked up abruptly and caught Gawtry gazing at him, his face reflective. The instant, though, that their eyes met Gawtry smiled. It at once gave Craig the feeling that he had fallen in with an unusually interesting, agreeable family; and he even included in this the dull-eyed, bored and vapid-faced mother, as well as Angie—Angie, the pert, the explosive!

The child yet contained herself in silence, at times glancing furtively at Craig, her small, sapient face with its round green eyes not unlike a marmoset's. Withal there was, too, a kind of wild, alluring beauty about the girl. A year or so would find her a bewitching, perhaps unusual

Silent and Repressed, She Cantered Swiftly Homeward

woman; and Craig, glancing at her again, was reflecting on this when abruptly Angie spoke.

"Mr. Craig," she said, her voice, though low and restrained, as clear as the tone of a bell—"Mr. Craig, if you're home in time I'd like you to let me run you down the river road. Father thinks you should see the river at evening. I could take you in my new car."

Craig was entranced.

"Yes—why, thank you!" he exclaimed. "That's splendid!"

"No, don't thank me," she returned, her tone precise: "thank father." As she spoke she reached her hand under the table to slip it into her father's; and Gawtry gazed fondly down at her.

"Yes, but look here, young lady!" he warned, burlesquing gravity; "you be careful! I won't have you wrapping any of my guests round trees or telegraph poles. Do you hear?"

Angie still gazed fixedly at Craig.

"You'll come, won't you?" she asked.

"I'll be delighted!" said Craig; and, smiling at her cheerfully, he turned then to her sister.

Hilda Gawtry was gazing fixedly at Angie, her eyes moist and grateful. He was just in time to see her nod briefly, while at the same time she framed with her lips a swift "Thank you!"

Craig began to like Hilda Gawtry. She seemed, after all, to be responsive. What he appreciated most, however, was her quick consideration for him, her effort to relieve his difficult, trying position.

The luncheon was served with ceremony. A butler officiated, assisted by a second man; but what impressed Craig more than this superfluity of service was the variety as well as the over-abundance of the food—that and the added fact that most of it left the table untouched. Dish after dish was presented to the hostess, who looked at it briefly, then looked away in disdain. Or even if the dish met her fancy she merely dabbed at it. Gawtry, too, ate sparingly, while the two girls tasted as little. Craig, having lived in France, had imbibed a little of French thriftiness, and accordingly he began to wonder not only at the waste, but at the wealth that permitted such waste. Abroad no one but a prince would have lived so luxuriously, and not even a prince so prodigally. He began, in fact, to gain some idea of the wealth these friends of his father possessed, of their money, their worldly power.

The meal progressed uneventfully. Then toward its end Gawtry looked up unconcernedly.

"Leonard, on the Amsterdam you must have met my nephew? He was aboard, I think—Willie Hemingway."

"I? Why, no," returned Craig, coloring a little. Then he added frankly: "I spoke to him, Mr. Gawtry, but Mr. Hemingway didn't know me."

The remark passed without comment as if, in fact, disregarded.

"Was any one with Hemingway?" asked Gawtry, idly absorbed in the morsel of pastry before him; and when Craig answered that Hemingway had been with the Adairs, Gawtry looked up, shaking his head. "Servants, I mean," he explained, his air as if amused. "William is

He Took the Precaution to Lock His Few Valuables in His Trunk

usually esquired. I wondered whether he'd brought his man Cunliffe back with him."

"Cunliffe?" repeated Craig. "I'm afraid I can't say."

Then Mrs. Gawtry spoke, her eyes rounded.

"A manservant?" she repeated, dully astonished. "Why, where does Willie get the money for a manservant?" Before Gawtry could answer, though, Hilda pushed back her chair and spoke. "Mother, shall we have coffee outside?" she asked; and then, without awaiting a reply, she turned as abruptly to Craig.

"Let's hurry and dress, Mr. Craig," she said, rising briskly. "I'm keen to be off, aren't you? It'll take me only a little while to change into my habit."

As Craig passed out into the hall, he heard Granniss, the butler, raise his discreet, deferential voice.

"Begging pardon, Mr. Gawtry; if you are harsking the whereabouts of Cunliffe, Mr. Willie's man, I 'ave a letter from him this morning's post, sir. 'E informs me 'e is taking service abroad, sir, as soon as 'e visits relatives in Folkestone. I could let you 'ave the haddress, sir."

"Thank you," returned Gawtry; "it's of no moment."

XIII

UPSTAIRS, when Craig rang, the hatchet-faced Barr answered instantly, bringing with him the boots and riding breeches Craig required. Then, hovering by, the man waited, ready to lend a hand should it be needed. His presence, however, proved only embarrassing. Never having had a valet, Craig had never felt the need of one; and presently he dismissed him. In ten minutes or so he was dressed and booted, after which he took the precaution to lock his few valuables in his trunk, his money, his watch, his sleevelinks and scarfpins, as well as his packet of private papers. Then he wandered down the stairs.

A few minutes afterward Hilda Gawtry joined him there and at the first glimpse of her in her smart, closely cut habit and her little top-boots, the most rakish costume imaginable, Craig caught himself gaping in open admiration.

The girl, if not beautiful in the most critical sense of the term, was still striking in her appearance, lithe, slim and erect, with deep, shadowy eyes and a finely modeled mouth and chin. Her dress accentuated both the youth and the strength of her figure. She looked dainty and at the same time vigorous.

"Ready?" she asked, flashing a friendly smile at him; and picking up his hat and gloves, Craig followed her out-of-doors.

A garden path winding among a maze of privet hedges brought them presently to the stables; and there again Craig found everything exactly on the same scale of lavishness as elsewhere. He had his choice, not of two or three mounts but of a dozen or more—a score. However, he wasted little time in the selection. Out in front a groom led up and down the soft loam of the stable runway a sleek chestnut filly, a deep-chested, clean-limbed thoroughbred; evidently Hilda Gawtry's mount, as it was already saddled and bridled; and once he had laid his eyes upon it, Craig knew his choice.

"Have you another like that, Miss Gawtry?" he asked; and, smiling, she said something to one of the stablemen. Presently there was led from a near-by box a second long-tail, a bay with more bone but with the same hint of speed in its clean limbs, its deep, powerful wind and long and sloping quarters.

"Like him?" asked the girl; and Craig, his eyes shining, bobbed his head emphatically.

Then he gave her a hand up; and a few minutes later they emerged out of the stable lane into a winding byroad, which led up over the hill crest and far away among the trees.

His spirits leaped. The thoroughbred, mincing along with a buoyant, springy gait, carried him lightly up the slope; and as they reached the top and Hilda Gawtry let her chestnut out a little, Craig cantered along beside her, his eyes sparkling and his face shining like a schoolboy's. Presently she looked up at him, laughing lightly. "Safe to say, Mr. Craig, this isn't your first attempt! Where did you learn?"

"In England, Miss Gawtry; France too," he answered; then he told her how, as a boy, for the sake of occasionally having a horse to ride, he would help the peasants in their fields.

"You don't mean you've never owned a horse?" she exclaimed; and Craig grinned at her cheerfully.

"Never had money enough!" he answered frankly; and she ruffled up her brow.

"You know, that seems almost queer!" she said slowly, reflectively. "I can hardly imagine what it would mean, doing without what I wanted! A horse, for example, to me seems a necessity." Easing the chestnut to a light canter, she gazed up at him thoughtfully. "All my life—ever since I've been able to ride, at any rate—I've always had a horse—horses, in fact! And I have had dresses and pretty things, jewels, laces, all that sort, everything that I in the least wanted! Nothing has been denied me!" Smiling quietly, she asked: "I suppose you wonder, Mr. Craig, what would happen to me were I to lose it all—lose all this luxury. Well," she added, her face quite cheerful,

Craig Could See That Her Small, Elfish Face Was Pale and Streaked

"sometimes I've wondered that myself. I think I know though. Mr. Craig," she said, exactly as if it were an announcement she wished to impress upon him, "I'd roll up my sleeves and go to work!"

"Would you?" murmured Craig, though not too credulously; and at the light rejoinder she flushed softly.

"Yes, and I would know how too!" she sharply added. Then, less directly, a little less tartly, she added: "Don't be mistaken, Mr. Craig! If our kind of Americans have a great deal of money it doesn't follow we're without sense. Almost all of us are equipped to face disaster, the loss of our money. And why not? It's the one catastrophe we have most to fear!"

Craig, at this somewhat curious revelation, stirred inwardly with disquiet. It was not what she said, though, so much as the way she said it, that disturbed him. Her manner was as if she aimed it all at him. Smiling politely, however, he said quietly: "Yes, Miss Gawtry, but I don't believe you need worry!"

A quick and penetrating glance shot from her eyes.

"How do you know, Mr. Craig?" she inquired, her tone dry. Then with a smile, grim, almost hard, she added: "After you've seen a little more of New York, of its life, its fight for money, you'll be better fitted to judge. Possibly you think it a fine thing when some man of millions educates his daughter to a livelihood! The fact is, Mr. Craig, many don't dare do otherwise—not even among the very richest! Tomorrow I could earn my bread as a stenographer! If necessary tomorrow your friend, Mary Adair, too, could earn hers as a bookkeeper and stenographer both!" She paused, her mouth twisted in a mocking little smile. "You think I need not worry?"

Craig, however, had no comment to offer now. He could only stare at her, perplexed.

"You don't know it, Mr. Craig," she added, "but now at this very moment down in Wall Street there is boiling under the surface an affair that may wreck—may ruin—not one but half a dozen families here within as many miles of us. It amazes you, no doubt. To me, though, it's an everyday occurrence. Do you wonder I detest Wall Street? Mr. Craig," she asked suddenly, her change of tone abrupt, "is money your only ambition—money and power? If, instead, you could have what money brings—ease, comfort, luxury; a home, well, like ours; a woman of your own class for your wife—everything, in fact—tell me, would that satisfy you?" Her words sprang from her impulsively, uttered all in a breath. Again the fire burned in her eyes; again the color flowed into her cheeks. "I'd like to know, Mr. Craig!" she murmured. "Would you be satisfied with that?"

He was for a moment too astonished to speak. To say the least, the question was unusual. It would have seemed queer had she asked it even of an intimate. He began conclusively to figure that Hilda Gawtry had a somewhat complex, not to say complicate, personality. "Gad!" he murmured to himself; then he gazed at her. She was looking up at him, her red, moist lips parted eagerly. "I don't think I quite understand," he faltered. "Miss Gawtry, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Mr. Craig! If you could have ease, comfort, luxury—a home too—that and—and everything!"

she added, suddenly awkward; "why, would that satisfy you? Would you take that in place of money? In place of power?"

That he should have even the choice seemed absurd. He could not take it seriously. Suddenly he laughed.

"I don't know. Why?"

"Would you?" she persisted.

"Why, yes—why not?" he lightly grinned.

She did not answer. Touching the chestnut with her heel she darted on, Craig following. He glanced at her wonderingly. A tide of color had crept into her face and mantled it hotly.

They rode far. After that, though, the talk no longer veered toward the personal. For an hour she piloted him through shaded byways, till at the end they came out on a high hill and all the valley of the Hudson lay before them. Craig cried out in admiration, enthralled by its loveliness; and Hilda Gawtry looked up at him reflectively.

"I see you like beautiful things, Mr. Craig," she remarked; then added: "You must love the luxury that goes with them too!"

"Now why do you say that?" demanded Craig, curious at her tone.

Again she didn't answer. Turning away with a laugh she cantered off down the sandy woods road, her slender form swaying lithely to the thoroughbred's long, reaching gallop. Then when Craig forged up abreast she looked up at him sideways out of her half-lowered lids. "Come! Come along!" she murmured, smiling hazily; and again touching the chestnut with her heel she flashed away from him like an arrow sped from a bow. Craig followed. Giving the bay its head he pursued her, riding for all he knew as the girl led him a race of a mile or more.

The road was deserted. Underfoot the soft earth, too, made the going perfect; and urging the chestnut to its best she leaned back in her saddle, laughing over her shoulder at him. "Come along! Come, can't you catch me?" she called; and tossing her head, her eyes mocking gayly, she held out a hand toward him, teasing and tantalizing. With the trees so close, with every turn abrupt, it all was perilous fun. However, neither Craig nor the girl, it seemed, reckoned that—not Craig, at all events. Leaning forward he urged the bay to its best.

But the small, sleek filly, it was evident, possessed a brilliant turn of speed. At any rate, each time Craig forged near enough to snatch at her outstretched hand, her mount slipped her away again—half a length, a length—too far to touch, yet teasingly close. Then just as he divined she was mocking him, the chestnut filly skipped in its stride, checking as if at a touch on the bit; and with a swift clutch Craig had her outstretched hand in his.

For a moment she made no attempt to release it. Then as she gathered in the filly to a hand-canter and slowly withdrew her fingers from his grip Craig started, blushing furiously. He was no lady-killer. He writhed like a hobbledehoy.

"We must hurry now," said Hilda Gawtry, her face quite colorless again. "Remember you promised Angie to try her new car! You mustn't keep her waiting."

She hardly spoke after that. Silent and repressed, she cantered swiftly homeward, the chestnut filly burning up the distance with its sweeping stride. But once, when Craig turned suddenly, he caught her looking up at him, and he wondered at her expression. She was peering at him as if she weighed, as if she estimated him, her eyes reflective but soft.

Angie's lean gray racing car stood under the porte-cochère, its engine purring softly to itself; and Angie, sprawled down in the driving seat, sat playing with the throttle lever. Her face was still pale, still streaked; and as Craig turned the corner of the garden hedges, coming from the stables, Angie glanced at him swiftly, her eyes burning brightly.

"Hello! Have I kept you waiting?" he cried, hastening with a smile along the gravel driveway.

But Angie did not answer. Her chauffeur, standing on the footboard, was fishing under the seat cushion for a tool.

"Get down!" she said, her tone curt. In surprise the man looked up at her; and Angie repeated the order. "Get down!" she said, more directly than before. "I'll not need you. Don't wait either." His face wondering, the man drifted away.

Gawtry at this instant appeared to greet his guest.

"Ah, Leonard, off with Angie, are you?" he cried pleasantly. "Well, be sure she has you home in time to dress. Remember, dinner is at eight." Then in the same jovial way he wagged his finger at Angie. "Sis, now you be careful! Drive slowly, do you hear?"

Angie nodded vaguely, her eyes going slowly to her father's face. "Shall I get in?" asked Craig; and Angie nodded. Her eyes were still on her father as she pressed her foot to the pedal; and the motor, gathering way, sprang ahead.

Craig found the child curiously unresponsive to every effort at conversation. His advances she answered only in monosyllables. Presently he, too, fell silent; and crouched down behind the racer's big steering wheel Angie tooled the car down the slope, guiding it with a certain, practiced hand. They came out upon the highroad that at this point lay level with the river; and then Craig glanced sharply at the child.

There was a speedometer on the dash. Its needle, swinging steadily through the graduated arc upon the dial, oscillated on the fifty-mile mark, steadied itself momentarily, and moved on. Then it touched fifty-three, then fifty-five, as Angie steadily nursed the racer's speed. Again he looked at the dial. It touched sixty now—sixty miles an hour—and it was still moving. Craig was no coward, but there was a queer look in his eyes, a queer feeling in his breast as he leaned over toward the child. "Angie," he said quietly; then, "Angie!"

A half mile ahead a fat touring car trundled amiably along. As it swam into view, Angie's foot, as if instinctively, strayed to the push button that worked the electric horn. The siren snarled once, a rasping bleat; then it was silent. But so far from slacking down as they approached the other car, Angie turned the racer wide open. They roared past, the wind smiting Craig in the face like a buffet.

"You Cheat! You Coward!" She Said Clearly

"Angie!" he said, his tone a little sharper. She gave no heed, but sank down a little lower behind the wheel. As he could see, too, with hands and feet together she went on pushing up the speed, nursing it bit by bit along the level straightaway, until the needle on the dial touched "sixty-three," then "sixty-five."

A wide curve, with the trees beyond it, leaped up before them like a cliff; and as Craig braced himself for the crash he felt the car tilt up under him, hurtle on for a space as if sailing through the air and, taking the road again, roar on quivering. But this peril had no sooner passed than another confronted—a hill with a nasty dip in the middle, deep with broken stone where the road-menders had been working, and with a steep ditch at either side. It was like a trap; and Craig's eyes had hardly lighted on it when, with a jar that nearly flung him out, the car tore its way across it and, skirting the ditch, its wheels spinning upon the edge, it bore away over the crest and launched itself like a missile down the slope.

"Angie," said Craig, calling to her, "are you trying to frighten me?"

She still did not answer. Instead, as he leaned toward her to shout the question she shoved him away with her elbow. The car swerved violently. Half in the ditch, half out, it careened as if it were about to turn turtle in midair. Then it straightened out again, taking the center of the road, but only for an instant. There was a telegraph pole, thick, huge as a man's body, ahead beside the road; and with a twitch of the wheel Angie aimed the car directly at it. There was no time to leap, to crouch down, hardly time to brace himself against the shock; but just as he thought they were upon it Angie, with a shrill, half-strangled gasp, wrenched the car away. It was touch and go. The mud-guards clanged as they struck the post, then tore free again; and with a face like chalk Craig leaned forward and kicked over the magneto switch. Instantly he heard Angie shrill furiously at him; but giving no heed, he laid his hand swiftly on the steering wheel with a stiff, powerful grip. The car came presently to a standstill.

"Angie," Craig said slowly, "you weren't only trying to scare me, were you? What did you really mean to do?"

But Angie still did not reply. Leaning forward, her arms flung suddenly upon the steering wheel, she buried her face upon them. No sound came from her, but Craig could see her shake. "Why did you try that?" he asked quietly. "Will you tell me?"

The next instant she tossed up her head, her face stained with tears, her eyes ominous. "If you tell—if you tell my father!" she said between her teeth, "I'll—I'll ——" In sudden pity, wondering, Craig sought to calm her. She struck his hand away. "No, don't you touch me! Don't you dare!" Then a storm of sobbing shook her. "You shan't tell my father! You shan't! You shan't!"

"I'm not going to tell him!" soothed Craig. "I promise you. Now tell me what's wrong, won't you?"

She tossed the hair away from her eyes, panting. "I hate you!" she muttered. "Hate—hate—hate you!"

Craig nodded quietly. "Yes, I know that, Angie! But why?"

A dry sob racked her then.

"I know why you've come here. I heard! They don't know it, but I did! I heard father telling sis. You let him alone, do you hear! Don't you dare to harm him!" Then with another sob she buried her face in her hands. "Oh, if I hadn't been afraid, been a coward! Oh, if I only hadn't—hadn't—hadn't!"

"Angie, stop that," said Craig, "and listen. If you will say nothing of this, tell no one, I'll promise too. Now will you promise?" She would not answer at first. "Allright!" he threatened, though he would not have carried it out. "If you won't promise I'll go straight to your father!"

Then Angie gave another cry.

"I'll promise! I'll promise!" Looking up at him, fearful and quivering still, she asked: "And you won't hurt father yet?"

"Hurt him? No, why should I?" he asked; but just the same he wondered. Why did she fear he would hurt him?

At his order Angie, whitefaced and timid now, turned the car toward home.

"Now drive swiftly, won't you?" Craig asked quietly. "If you don't I'll be late for dinner."

Dusk was falling as they swept in past the lodge gate, and with the motor purring softly came to a halt under the porte-cochère.

"Promise, won't you?" Angie asked, her voice subdued.

"Yes, I promise," answered Craig, his tone absent. "I promise."

But why had Gawtry feared him? According to his own story, Gawtry had had no hand in his father's tragic affairs.

XIV

IN THE half-hour that followed, Craig, as he dressed himself for dinner, strove intently to figure in his mind the meaning of all the doings of that eventful morning and afternoon. He had not the least doubt now that some affair, vital and pressing to a degree and with himself as the pivot on which it turned, revolved about him in that house. If not, then why Hilda Gawtry's curious demeanor? Why her moods, her behavior varying from an absorbed, almost repellent silence to a gayety fairly tantalizing in its allurement?—a witchery very close to the daring. And now as a climax there had come Angie's coup—vain and abortive, perhaps, but still not the less startling. If Mary Adair had warned Craig she had not warned him against

(Continued on Page 40)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 17, 1913

The Tariff Maze

THE new tariff bill begins with acetic or pyroligneous acid, of which fifty-eight hundred dollars' worth was imported last year, yielding the Government fifteen hundred dollars of revenue; and that, comparatively speaking, is a very important item. Only one dollar of revenue was derived from sulphate of iron; but it is down there in the bill. Everything that ever was thought of is down there. The bill itself comprises some two hundred pages, and is accompanied by an official reference book of eight hundred pages. The cotton schedule alone covers in detail every minute variation of fabric known to man.

Such is the literary effect of the Government's effort to give everything that measure of special privilege that other beneficiaries of special privilege would consent to. It would never do to say, "Dogskins, thirty per cent ad valorem," because protected manufacturers of fur coats wanted large dogskins cheap, while protected manufacturers of catskins wanted small dogskins dear—and both had a pull. Therefore the bill must read: "Dogskins, if more than two feet across, ten per cent ad valorem; if less than two feet across, sixty per cent ad valorem." Horsehair could not go in lump because the packers did not want it to compete with cowhair, while makers of dress-parade hats used it for plumage. So the bill must say: "Hair from the tail of a horse, fifteen per cent; hair from the body of a horse, fifty per cent."

This is the system that gives us a tariff bill two hundred pages long, and so amazingly complex that no one expert can really understand all of it—a system so imbedded in American business that the Democrats, while lowering duties, are forced to retain it. A genuine tariff-for-revenue bill could be written on three pages; but it will be a good while before we get round to that.

Running the Government

FRESH air is blowing down a good many musty corridors at Washington. Will it do anything more than temporarily stir up some dust? President Wilson and his Cabinet have begun with high ideas and high hopes. They earnestly desire, we are sure, to make the ten great departments over which they preside as efficient and useful as possible. We sincerely wish them luck.

The secretary of state is busy with an important Japanese negotiation. The secretary of the treasury is deeply engaged with a banking and currency bill. The secretary of the interior has a great policy of conservation in Alaska to map out. The secretary of the navy is working hard over plans for an imposing cruise to the Mediterranean. All of them have much politics to attend to and big questions of administration policy to consider. How much time will be left for the merely administrative part of their duties?

No doubt they will find some time for that, because theoretically the first of all their duties is to manage the departments, which spend a billion dollars of the public's money every year. They do not lack good intentions or courage; but they will find a jungle of precedent and red tape—a mass of inertia. They are willing to exert themselves because they can make a reputation. But why should the grand army of subordinates, who have little fear of dismissal and less of promotion, especially exert themselves? And it is the subordinates—not the Cabinet ministers—who really do the work. With a four-year tenure of office and a thousand other things to do, how much can be accomplished in the way of administrative efficiency?

Incomes and Wealth

THEY figure at Washington that four hundred and twenty-five thousand persons in this country have incomes exceeding four thousand dollars a year; but before you build any theories about unequal distribution of wealth you should pause and consider that this number includes a great many of the poorest persons in the United States and excludes a great many of the richest. It includes, for example, three hundred and odd thousand whose incomes are estimated at less than ten thousand dollars. Most of these are salaried employees and professional men in the cities—who are striving with might and main to live about three notches above their incomes. Nowhere else is the pinch of poverty more cruelly felt or more resented.

There are twenty-four thousand with incomes between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars—who are trying to live as nearly as possible like the twenty-one thousand whose incomes range from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars, and whose claret is daily watered with tears because it is not champagne.

An expert social surveyor could go through that four hundred and twenty-five thousand and procure about three hundred thousand tales of privation that would melt a heart of stone. As for the lonely one hundred who are supposed to have incomes in excess of a million dollars—they have one anxious eye for some college or hospital to dump it on, and another anxious eye for a process-server with a subpœna or an indictment.

The whole four hundred and twenty-five thousand are estimated to receive seventy million dollars a year—while the farms produce eight billions in money and more happiness a head than the multimillionaires can show. Very few farmers have net incomes in excess of four thousand dollars a year; but many of them are much better off than a majority of the people who figure in the income-tax returns.

Mars as a Press Agent

GERMANY is quite humiliated just now because some of her great armament manufacturers have been caught red-handed bribing government agents and stirring up war talk in France. The only cause for humiliation lies in the circumstance that the Germans were caught at it, while the others were not. That the same sort of thing goes on in England has long been charged by responsible journals there. Undoubtedly it goes on in other countries. Germany, England, Russia, Austria and Italy are spending more than one billion six hundred million dollars for army and navy this year. A considerable part of this tidy sum goes to shipbuilders, cannonmakers, powder factories, and so on. The more war talk, the more orders. Like thrifty traders, these commercial beneficiaries stimulate belligerency. France is excited against Germany, and vice versa, in order—as one German paper bitterly remarks—that "the armament factories may pay thirty per cent dividends."

It is a situation that should appeal to some American of organizing genius. If the shipbuilding and armament concerns would only form an international trust, with a more comprehensive and intelligent policy of playing into one another's hands, they could readily work up a tension that would keep all plants full of orders from one year's end to another at any prices they pleased to ask. By merely hiring three French students to throw bricks at the Kaiser they could boost the common stock ten points.

The German disclosures—due to the Socialists, by the way—may make war talk less popular. Above the stirring notes of the bugle and the roll of drums thoughtful Germans will hear the steady chink-chink of those thirty per cent dividends. Mars was formerly an aristocrat and worked for kings. In this commercial age he has become merely a manufacturer's press agent.

One Cost of Living

THE Department of Agriculture reports that the loss of farm animals last year from disease and exposure comprised over six and a half million swine, nearly two million cattle, over two and a half million sheep, and more than half a million horses and mules—the total value exceeding two hundred million dollars. Of food animals alone eleven millions perish yearly, valued at a hundred and forty million dollars. The greatest mortality is among swine. Something like nine-tenths of that is due to cholera; and cholera, though not absolutely preventable at present, can be very greatly reduced.

Formerly we had meat to spare. Only six years ago we exported half a million cattle and over four hundred million pounds of beef. Now exports have almost ceased. We should be importing meat before long—but high prices will probably increase production. We still have only twenty-three cattle to the square mile, while Belgium has a hundred and sixty-four—Denmark a hundred and forty-four; but on any intensive scheme of production beef is bound to be dear. Saving even a part of the yearly preventable waste of food animals would help a bit in the cost-of-living problem, for the consumer finally pays for the animals that perish from exposure as well as for those sent to the slaughter house. Cost of living in the United States has risen by half in fifteen years. We have not the least doubt that if preventable waste were prevented it would cost no more to live now than it did in 1897.

Still Working the Pump

BECAUSE no great trusts have been organized of late years, many persons have formed an erroneous notion that the gentle art of watering stocks is falling into disuse. The Wall Street Journal recently published a list containing the names of a dozen concerns the shares of which have been listed on the Stock Exchange within about a year, with the amount of good-will stock issued by each. The total exceeds two hundred and fifty million dollars. These are all competitive concerns, and as such may be entitled to capitalize their earning power; but they by no means account for all the stock-watering.

In the exceedingly brisk promotion of public-utility concerns that has been going on during the last two years there has been a huge capital inflation—with holding companies to hold holding companies, so-called bonds issued against stocks of subsidiaries, and all the familiar devices by which the outstanding bulk of securities is multiplied. Public-utility concerns are seldom competitive; and it is becoming a well-settled rule that their charges may be regulated down to a point that will yield only a fair return on the actual investment. The public has power to squeeze out the water—after it has been injected and sold. An ounce of prevention here would be worth a pound of cure.

Banking Legislation

APPARENTLY we are to have a banking and currency law at this special session of Congress; and in its vital particulars it will be our old friend the Aldrich plan under another name—much as that plan itself was a central bank under another name.

The vital particulars are: a central concern for the consolidation of bank reserves, for the rediscounting of commercial paper and for the issuance of emergency currency against such rediscounts in a crisis. The Aldrich plan proposed one central organization, with fifteen or sixteen branches. The new plan proposes fifteen or sixteen branches, with a central organization. Whether it is better to start at the circumference and walk to the center or start at the center and walk to the circumference is a point of political etiquette that no one need bother much about. Whether the present bond-secured bank circulation is to be retired—and exactly how—affects the banks much more than the public.

So far as the new plan goes only part way toward centralization of ultimate banking power it is inferior to the model from which it was drawn; but so far as it retains the vital features mentioned above it will be a welcome improvement on the present quite headless system. In providing for the rediscount of commercial paper it will release the banks from their present complete dependence upon stock-exchange loans for secondary reserve purposes. In providing for issuance of emergency circulation against sound paper it will go far toward forestalling fear of a panic—and fear is the stuff a panic lives on.

It Happens in England Also

TRADE in the Western world is making a new high-water mark. Never before was so much business done or so much money made. England, quite as much as this country—perhaps even more than this country—continues to smash records. Returns from three hundred large, representative joint-stock trading concerns, for the first quarter of this year, show net profits eleven per cent ahead of last year—which, in its turn, was a record breaker. British observers of conservative tendencies are suggesting that this must be about the top of the boom.

The most interesting point, however, in these British trade returns is thus commented upon by the London Economist: "In a list of three hundred large joint-stock companies, three concerns represent eighteen per cent of the total profits; and it is a rather striking fact that two out of the three started within living memory in a grocer's shop. Lever Brothers began in a single shop at Bolton and Maypole Dairy in a single shop at Birmingham."

We think of England as a land of comparatively rigid social and business conditions, where the man with little capital has less opportunity than in the United States; but it is as true there as here that "you start in a grocer's shop and finish by owning West Africa"—provided you know how to buy and sell goods a little better than your neighbors do.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Scot in the Cabinet

Another Wilson

FOR days and days and days Woodrow Wilson trembled on the verge of a *faux pas*. That is a very difficult and dangerous thing to do. It is comparatively easy to tremble on the verge of a precipice, a chasm, a contingency—or even a *contretemps*; but to tremble on the verge of a *faux pas*—that, I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, is not only arduous and onerous, but it is parlous to a degree. I am not certain what degree, but let it go in a general manner of speaking—hazardous to a degree.

Along in those last days of February and in the three and a half days in March before Mr. Wilson began getting his nine hours' sleep—joke!—in the White House, when many prominent Democrats were being prominently mentioned—by themselves—for Cabinet places, but languishing in a dense silence so far as mention, or hint even, by Mr. Wilson was concerned, the Honorable William Hughes, of Paterson, New Jersey, then Mr. Justice Hughes, of Paterson, New Jersey—Mr. Justice Paterson Hughes being easily distinguished from Mr. Justice Washington Hughes, of the United States Supreme Court, because Mr. Justice Paterson Hughes has no annoying whiskers to perplex you, and because Mr. Justice Paterson Hughes was a judge of a New Jersey court; and for some other reasons, one being that Mr. Justice Paterson Hughes was at the time senator-elect from New Jersey, and is now senator therefrom, and a Democrat, and President Wilson thinks highly of him, and Mr. Justice Washington Hughes, it is rumored, once had a remote connection with the Republican party, if such there be—well, anyhow, Billy Hughes went to Mr. Wilson and inquired in a loud and impressive manner: "What ho?"

Mr. Wilson carefully wiped his glasses, adjusted them on his aquiline nose, sharpened a pencil, took out a red-covered memorandum book, fixed the cushion in his chair, arranged a few papers on his desk, patted his necktie, took a critical glance at a slight abrasion on his thumb, tied one of his shoes, brushed a speck of dust from the lapel of his coat, readjusted his glasses, grasped the red-covered memorandum book in one hand and the freshly sharpened pencil in another—no—in the other, of course—he only has two hands—though there will come times—at receptions—when he will wish he had a hundred—and then remarked in a calm and scholarly voice:

"What ho, yourself?"

"'Tis well said, muh liege lord!" observed Mr. Justice Paterson Billy Hughes, who always speaks in that orotund manner—except when he does not. "What ho?—right back again and for the third and last time. Do you know, sire, that you are oscillating on the border of a *faux pas?*"

The Scottish Vote in the Balance

MR. WILSON neatly recorded the observation in the memorandum book, using his own system of shorthand. Then he looked quietly about, and noting nothing but a monumental pile of applications for office he replied briefly, if I may use the term:

"No!"

"Well, you are—you are! At this present, identical moment you are impinging on that very thing."

"Explain yourself."

Whereupon, needing no second invitation, Mr. Hughes explained himself after this fashion:

"Do you not know, chief, that for sixteen long and weary—from a Democratic viewpoint—years this country has had a Cabinet member named Wilson, who was born in Scotland? Do you not know—oh, you must!—you must!—that during that time it has come to be the settled conviction of the majority of our people that a Cabinet is unconstitutional without a Wilson, born in Scotland, in it? You are a Wilson yourself, born in Scotland, once or twice removed—Staunton, Virginia, to be exact—but, no matter where a Scotchman is born, he is constructively born in Scotland. Hence, I marvel at your temerity."

Mr. Hughes paused, overcome by his emotions—also, to light a cigar.

"Pray proceed! You interest me vastly." It was W. Wilson himself who spoke and none other.

"Connote the Cabinet you have collected, collated, congregated and otherwise incarcerated. Not a Wilson, born in Scotland, is in it—and you claim to be the president of the whole people and to revere that peerless protagonism, the Constitution of the United States of America—the people, who have draped the mantle of G. Washington and some others—including T. Roosevelt—on your shoulders!"

Mr. Wilson referred to his memorandum book. He checked off the names of the eminent personages who were to cabineteer for him. Not a Wilson, born in Scotland, in it!

W. Wilson was quick to see the danger of flouting the Scottish vote. Thanking William Hughes effusively, he straightway named William Bauchop Wilson, of Pennsylvania, as secretary of labor; and thus was a danger averted.

Quibblers may assert that when Mr. Wilson appointed Mr. Wilson secretary of labor he did not do much for Mr. Wilson, inasmuch as a patriotic Congress, ardently desiring to propitiate labor, had created the Department of Labor; but, having accomplished this herculean task, they turned earnestly to the equally patriotic endeavor of getting a few public buildings for themselves, and neglected to provide any salary, any clerks, any office, any stamps, any stationery, any emoluments, perquisites, or pap of any kind whatsoever, save the dignified title, which the new incumbent may be able to use as collateral with the treasurer of the United States until these trifling omissions are corrected, and which he may not—with the distinct accent on the not. The Democratic party has been boosted over a crisis anyhow. A Wilson, born in Scotland, is in the Cabinet, without salary, or office, or work; but in.

And, it may be remarked, this particular Scotchman whom that other particular Scotchman, Woodrow Wilson, selected to go in his Cabinet as secretary of labor seems eminently fitted for the post. Moreover, his career is an evidence of the opportunities this country affords for advancement to men who want to advance themselves and not rely on others to push them. William B. Wilson came to the United States when he was nine years old—he is fifty-one now—and went into the coal mines in Pennsylvania with his father, who was a miner. His father began his education, teaching him to read and write during the noon hour in the mines and at night at home. The boy was apt. He learned rapidly, and naturally became imbued with the viewpoint of the miner as to labor conditions and all the phases of that hard life. He felt the necessity of improved methods, both for living and for working, and interested himself in the cause of his fellows. He formed a miners' union in 1882 and was barred from the mines by the mine owners. He worked for a time as a railroad fireman in Illinois, and then returned to Pennsylvania and assisted in the organization of the United Mine Workers of America. He was active in many labor movements, and was secretary and treasurer of the Mine Workers for six years. He supplied the funds for the great strikes of 1900 and 1902, and worked in close relations with John Mitchell. Six years ago he came to Congress; and when the Democrats took over the House he was made chairman of the committee on labor. His work there resulted in the formation of the new governmental department of which he is now the head. He is a sturdy, forceful, able man, who has given his life to the work of bettering the condition of the working men. He is primarily responsible for the efficient Bureau of Mines, and has always been at the front in labor legislation.

Also, he is the father of ten fine children. It's a wonder President Roosevelt did not find him! But mayhap President Wilson believes in big families too.

Uncle Samuel—"Seems Almost as if Something Ought to Be Done About This—Maybe Next Year"

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Give Real Fire Protection

STRIKING proof of the fire retardant qualities of a Barrett Specification type of roof appears almost every time there is a city or factory fire. The photograph herewith shows a typical instance.

Barrett Specification Roofs give real fire protection

The Prichard Building, Newark, N. J., was completely gutted by fire. The building is isolated so that the firemen could not get to work on the roof, and in consequence the roofing received practically no protection by water.

The roof, although it had acted as a blanket over the flames, showed only trifling damage at two or three small points where the support was completely destroyed. If it were not for the necessity of replacing the roof boards beneath, which were badly burned from inside, the roof could have been put in first-class condition at very little cost.

There are thousands of instances like this, where Barrett Specification Roofs have withstood severe exposure to fire, and thousands of buildings are saved every year from exterior fire exposure by these fire retardant roofs.

The Barrett Specification will be sent free on request. Every architect and engineer and property owner should have a copy on file.

Special Note We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified, and subject to the inspection requirement.

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

The Wrong Wicket

IT SHOULD be stated that the new Public Library and the new Grand Central Station are situated on the same street in New York, within a couple of blocks of each other.

Moreover, both are large, impressive structures, with porticoed fronts and massive pillars—all of which helps to explain the following story.

Attached to one of the new New York vaudeville theaters is a person known as the Professor, who rarely wanders off Broadway and who has never been seen when he was entirely sober.

A theatrical man who knows this personage was hurrying up Fifth Avenue toward Forty-second Street one evening in the early part of the winter when he saw two uniformed porters dragging the Professor down the wide front steps of the new library.

The Professor had lost his hat and was protesting and struggling.

"Hold on, men!" said the theatrical man. "Don't be rough with the old chap—he's a friend of mine."

"Boss," said one of the porters fervently, "if he's a friend of yours, for Heaven's sake take him away! This is the third time we've put him out; and each time he comes right back in and beats on the chief librarian's wicket—and demands a ticket to Yonkers!"

Not Celebrating

THERE used to be a city editor on Park Row who was not exactly beloved by some of his men. His health failed and he obtained leave of absence of some weeks to go to Florida.

The staff decided to offer him a little farewell testimonial of regard, especially as his birthday chanced to fall on the date of his departure.

One of the copy readers, who was in charge of the fund, met in a café a former reporter for the paper, who had been discharged a few weeks before.

"Say," said the copy reader, "we're raising money to send a little floral design up to the Old Man's flat, and I thought maybe you might like to contribute—seeing as you used to work for him."

"I'll be tickled to death!" said the reporter. "Nothing could give me more pleasure! When's the funeral?"

"Funeral?" echoed the collector. "These flowers are for his birthday!"

"Give me that dollar back!" said the reporter emphatically.

The Only Safe Course

THERE is a supreme-court justice in New York City who is locally noted for his severity. If he can prevent it no guilty man shall escape; and in his court very few of them do.

Last fall a man was on trial before him for forgery. The prosecution, so it seemed to most of the spectators, failed to make out a very good case; nevertheless the jury came in with a verdict of guilty.

Later the foreman of the jury was talking about the case with a friend who had heard some of the testimony.

"We weren't certain that we ought to convict either," said the foreman, in explanation; "but after listening to His Honor's charge, all of us realized that if we acquitted that fellow we'd be guilty of contempt of court."

A Mail-Made Mechanic

A NEW YORK lawyer hired a colored chauffeur some time ago. The darky, who had newly arrived from Virginia, could run a car; but, as developed subsequently, he had studied the mechanism of automobiles through the medium of a course of correspondence lessons by mail.

The discovery came about in the second week of his employment in the new job. The car stalled on a lonely Long Island road, fifteen miles from almost anywhere. The chauffeur climbed out of his seat and got down under the car. He spent some minutes there and then emerged.

"Dey's three different things de matter wid dis car," he announced; "an' I don't know whut nary one of 'em is!"

First in fit and fashion—foremost in smart-dom are Ide Silver Collars. They give you the utmost in American style, with the dash of the Strand. Try

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and you will find them beautifully made. You will find Ide Silver Collars easiest to button and unbutton. You will find the non-breakable Linocord Buttonhole the remedy for spreading, slovenly, ill-fitting collars. The "Linocord" is exclusively an Ide feature—it's found in no other collar—it can't crack, split, nor tear out.

Put Ide Silver Collars to the stiffest laundry test—this will prove their superiority for wear.

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GEO. P. IDE & CO.
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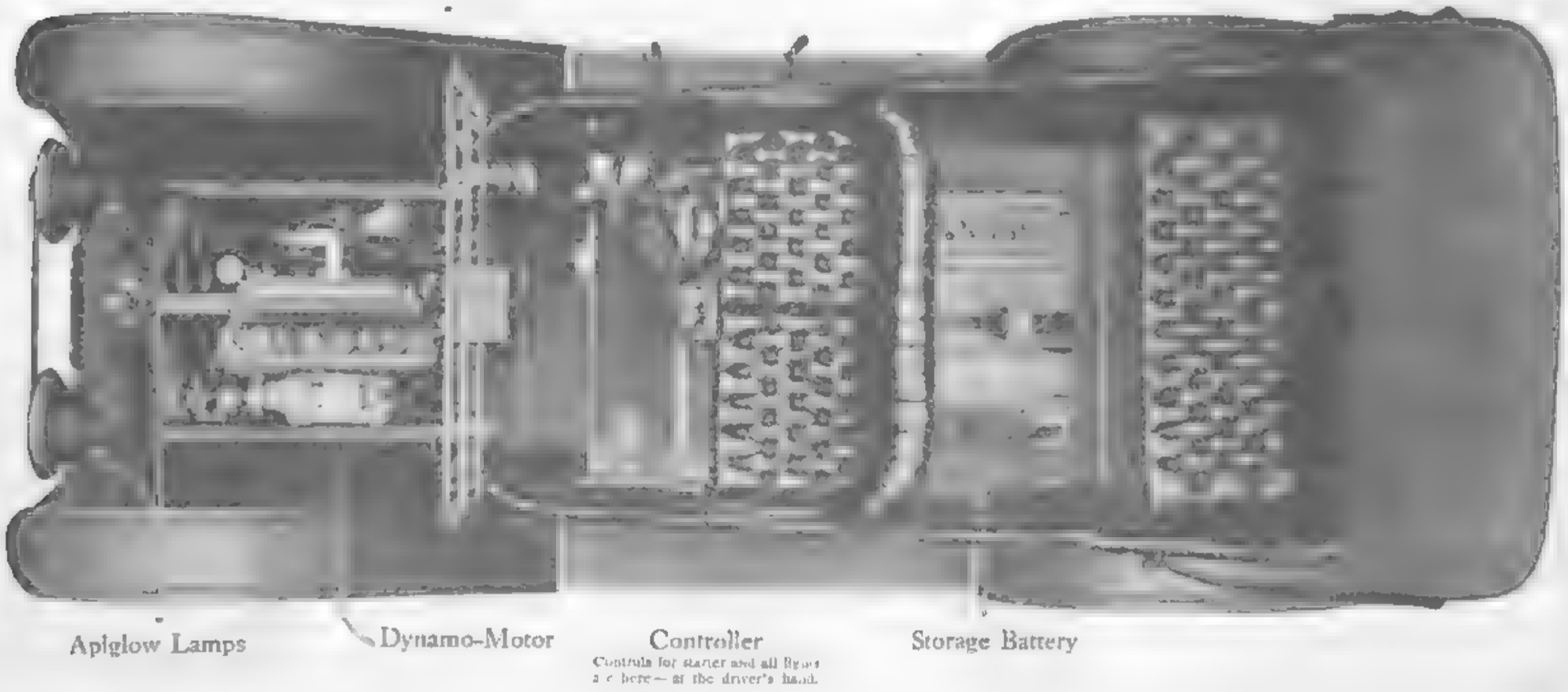
Standard equipment is really "standard" with the Aplco Electric Starter



YOU'VE had the chance this year to buy a good many kinds of self-starters. One of these is the result of years of the most careful and thorough working out of all its details: the Aplco; "the starter that never stops starting."

Some years ago, Mr. Vincent G. Apple saw clearly that such a reliable starting system would be demanded before very long. His energies since then have been devoted to perfecting the Aplco Starter until it is perfect; he realized that unless a starter really worked every time, it had no value. For the past few seasons he could have crowded the market with his starter, feeling certain that it would be eagerly adopted by builders; demanded by buyers. This he was not willing to do. Not until the Aplco starter had proved and re-proved itself by the most rigid tests would he offer it to the public.

Some of the new starters that have been hurried into the field respond wonderfully to laboratory tests—stand up for a reasonable time on the road. In order to meet the demand for self starting systems, some builders used the kinds offered to them from all sides by appliance men: included them in their specifications; while they were in the experimental stage, in fact.

Manufacturers who utilized the Aplco Electric Starter this year were offering their buyers an appliance of absolutely standard character; a system that could only add to the use and pleasure the owner would derive from his car.

"The starter that never stops starting"

Naturally you will prefer to have the Aplco in your own car; it gives you both pride and confidence to know that your system is the one perfected by the "father" of the whole self-starter idea; carefully and slowly developed to its present perfection and ready to be used, and used long and hard.

The Aplco Lighting System

The Aplco lighting systems for motor cars and motor boats are as standard as the starter and as carefully designed. The first electric lighted automobile—a Franklin (1907)—was lighted with the Aplco system. This car is still doing service on the streets of Dayton. Apple equipped cars were exhibited at auto shows years ago. If you now use ordinary lamps or if you depend upon electric light furnished by a storage battery which frequently "goes dead" just when you need it most, then get in touch with the nearest dealer in Aplco appliances and have him tell you how to bring your car up to date. You can install a generator battery (if you haven't one) and the now famous Apiglow lamps at reasonable cost. Then you can have as much light as you wish—you won't have to economize. Burn your headlights whenever you drive. Take no chances of collisions or hitting road obstructions. Your generator makes the current as you go along. Of course, if you have the Aplco Starter, then the lighting system is included, but whether you can use the starter or not on your present car you should make it a modern car by installing the Aplco lighting system.

Ways in which the Aplco Starter is the Best

The whole Apple system is built in one plant, under the final supervision of one man. Everything—dynamos, motors, batteries, controllers, are built to work with each other with mechanical precision; they must test out together.

Vincent G. Apple stands back of this entire system, not merely part of it, but all of it. He gives you his guarantee that the generator built by him will properly feed the battery built by him; that each unit of this system was made to match with and to balance every other unit. He guarantees each part separately and the whole system collectively; he asks you, the owner of the car, to use this guarantee for your own protection.

Important Advantages

There are no sliding or exposed gears, no pedals to push, no meters to watch. The glow of a small lamp shows whether the system is working properly. One lever on the controller is all you have to deal with.

If you want to bring your car or boat up to date with Aplco lighting system or Apiglow lamps; if you want an Aplco house lighting outfit; send for bulletins on these subjects.

The Aplco starter for your 1914 car must be installed by the builder before delivery. Take it up with him or his agent now. We do not supply individual starter outfits for installation on cars now in use.

The Apple Electric Co., 61 Canal Street, Dayton, Ohio

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Note 2—This shows the new ¾ length Union Suit, which insures a covering for the knee—without doubling way under the sock. You may have the knee length, which is shorter, or the ankle length, which is longer.

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THE CHAMPION LADY BUCK DANCER

Continued from Page 10

"Don't be disobeyin' me now, kiddo!" shouted Mrs. Dailey from the hall.

Goldie threw the dollar bill after her and she tossed it back, laughing. Goldie then removed a stale doughnut from her kitchenette and munched it, resolving:

"I shall write Elliot an' tell him, so long as we've got dividends due next month, to please send 'em without delay—an' to telegraph the money. That's only business. He'll understand."

Goldie, in a blue gown, stood in the kitchen of Gertie Grenadine's West Forty-ninth Street flat, breaking open a fragrant disk of deliciously short pastry, which she buttered lavishly; then she massed cut and sugared peaches two inches deep on one half of the disk, using the other as a cover. A sprinkle of powdered sugar, and she set the shortcake in the heating closet. Mayme Dailey, in a white gown, was making milk gravy over the fire. A platter of fried chicken, Goldie's favorite food, was beside the shortcake. There were a creamed cauliflower, a tomato salad, a percolator full of coffee, a loaf of French bread and three fried soft-shell crabs. It was ten o'clock of a Sunday night. Goldie had only arrived from Newark at nine-twenty.

"It takes a terrible long time for it to thicken if you use cold water, but hot lumps it. Don't forget that," said Mrs. Dailey, stirring.

"There they go again!" Goldie laughed and began to step one of her bucks. The tenants overhead were having a dance. A piano pounded out waltzes and trots and twosteps; Gertie Grenadine's giltful chandeliers jangled and the Japanese plates in the dining-room rack clattered. Mrs. Dailey danced herself, with a blue eye on the gravy.

"I don't see why Elliot doesn't write," complained Goldie, halting to nip a small sample from the shortcake. "He's had time to send it by mail."

"Suppose he was comin' pers'nally!" suggested her parent. "A man of his character wouldn't sign his name to remarks like he made an' not be serious. Set the coffee off."

Goldie danced and Mrs. Dailey completed the gravy.

"We got jobs for next week if it shouldn't come," said the latter. "Of course sellin' tickets in a gilt wagon at Coney Island ain't very genteel; but if we keep our veils round us it'll prevent our bein' recognized by any smarties, an' be sort of mysterious as well. That'll bring the crowd; an', no matter who you work for, I b'lieve in bein' helpful. We can quit the whole game if we get any bookin'."

Goldie lifted a platter. Mrs. Dailey removed the chicken.

"All ready—Heavens! What's that?" she ejaculated.

The dumbwaiter had been creaking up and down all evening as supplies for the party above were delivered. It was creaking now, and the door swung violently inward, revealing a red-haired young man in a loose, pink silk garment. He was hunched on the lower shelf. Without the slightest excuse for bursting into Gertie Grenadine's kitchen he made a pettish movement with one hand, untangled himself and thrust out a bare leg.

"No, no! Go 'way! We can't have these carryin's on!" Repulsing him with a wave of the platter of chicken, Mrs. Dailey repeated: "Go 'way!"

"Oh, ma—look!"

The pink visitor's blank, staring gaze was not stranger than the sight at which Goldie pointed. Three of his right toes wore diamond-set rings. His left ankle was padded with thick packages of yellow banknotes, tied on with a handkerchief. As they stared, a sound rumbled from his throat:

"Scratch-a-watch! Ketchum! Oglelogle—wooh! Can't get 'way! Got 'em!"

The last was a whisper. Mrs. Dailey and Goldie precipitately discarded their platters, each motioning the other to be silent.

"Like your father!" Mrs. Dailey's lips said as she got before a window opening into the airshaft. The late Dailey had been a somnambulist, who walked out of windows. The music in the upper rooms stopped. The sleep-walking gentleman moved forward with confidence. Goldie interposed

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herself between him and the range. "Don't touch him!" counseled Mrs. Dailey. "Let him ——"

"Wha's that—who? No!" said the intruder positively. He caught Goldie's bare arm, jumped and woke, blinking at her, at the peach shortcake, and the creamed cauliflower in its blue dish. His nostrils expanded, receiving the delightful odors of the dinner by which he was surrounded. "Where—I've done it again!" he said in a voice quite different from the throaty cries of his sleep.

"It's all right! My husband was one, an' you ain't done the slightest harm—take it from me!" Mrs. Dailey assured his pink-silk back; whereat he turned and in confusion endeavored to sweep the hem of his nightshirt over his bedizened toes.

"This isn't even my flat! I live on the fourth floor," he said, still abasing himself.

"How you ever got in that dumbwaiter beats me!" said Goldie.

The pink one was astounded, then melancholy. He stood on his right foot, hiding the other. Mrs. Dailey hurriedly left the kitchen, reappearing with a long brown coat and some knitted slippers.

"Just slip 'em on an' you'll feel more easylike," said she.

The coat gave him an odd figure, but he seemed relieved in it and better able to discuss his plight. The dumbwaiter ropes began creaking. A voice from the depths roared that the beer was going up, and some of the gay party above replied that it was not coming any too soon. The door of the flat under Gertie Grenadine's opened and an aggrieved woman asked how long that row was to keep on. Goldie softly shut out the racket.

"He can rush up the stairs. I'll look and see if it's safe," she said.

During her absence the visitor said, hungrily:

"I haven't seen a shortcake like that since Heck was a pup!"

Mrs. Dailey informed him that her daughter had made it.

"Goldie adores cookin'. She's a true homebody—and the best child!"

"She's got the most beautiful hair and complexion I ever saw!"

"We're natural blondes—though I will say that a touchin' up now an' then is only sense. People don't know that you're always darker on top of your head."

They smiled at each other—Mayme Dailey liked his face, and her Pat's hair had been red.

"That's some chicken!" he remarked, smelling rapturously.

"There's a whole mob sayin' goodby an' dancin' on the third floor; an' the folks underneath are callin' the janitor. He can't go yet," reported Goldie, and she giggled.

"Then set down and eat with us!" said Mrs. Dailey. "He's crazy about your shortcake, dearie, an' I'm sure there's plenty. Put a plate on. I kin see he likes chicken."

"If I was only dressed right—you won't have any friends droppin' in?"

"Law, no! Set down, boy," said Mrs. Dailey. "We're Bohemians."

While they ate, a new party began in the upper flat. Galloping feet set the chandeliers jangling as a piano was played at high speed, and a sharp-voiced pet dog barked steadily.

"It must be a birthday," said Goldie. "Lemme give you more shortcake."

"Makes me feel like gettin' my dancin' shoes," said the guest. "An', speakin' of feet, I must have looked daffy to you ladies; but I keep my valuables by me, an' that way they're safe. But it's been a long time since I did any sleep-walkin'."

"Money's better banked," said Mrs. Dailey—"or invested."

"Depends on what you invest in," said he promptly.

"We're in mining stocks. That money would be workin' for you, invested right. Think of your old age!" said Goldie earnestly.

"What stocks did you buy?" he asked.

Mrs. Dailey rattled off the list.

"But, of course, Mr. Beverly, the general manager, helped us. He wouldn't do it for strat gers."

"Beverly—Elliot W.?"

"Why, yes—that's him."

"I got a circular from that guy; an' when they send circulars—how much you tied up with 'em for?"

In a moment Goldie had a pencil and they were all figuring on the paper that had wrapped the bread.

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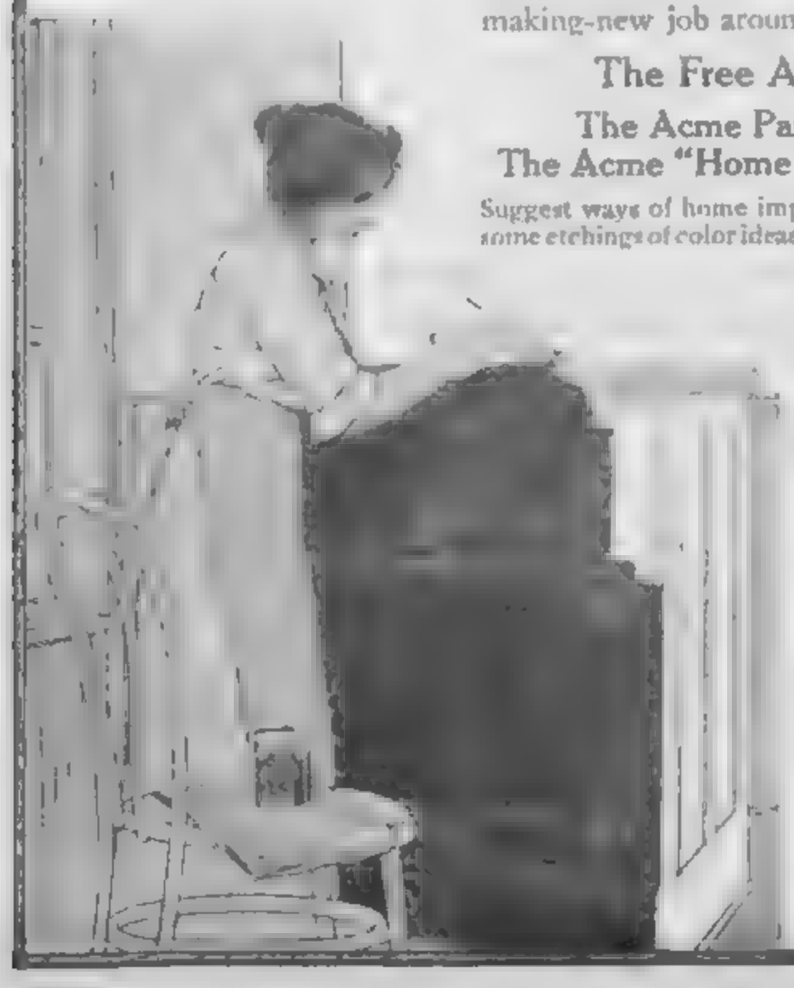

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"Look here! I've heard about that party—an' he ain't on the level!" said the guest excitedly. "Try an' sell your stock—sell it for whatever you can to get your money back. Gee, them vultures just get fat off innocent women!"

He thought of the shortcake, the fried chicken, and the kindness with which these beauteous creatures were treating him—and he was really distressed. Mrs. Dailey exclaimed:

"My stars—he ain't sent that money! And not answerin' your letters—Goldie, quick! Bring Beverly's letters an' let him see 'em! I always did have a feelin' about that man!"

Goldie fetched her handbag. The young man began to read.

"Yup—same old game!" he muttered, nodding sadly. Then abruptly, as he read, he flushed, exclaiming: "This here's a private one, I guess—must be!"

He thrust at Goldie the letter beginning: "I have your dear, sweet pictured face before me, Goldie!"

She became redder than he.

"There ain't any proof he's skinnin' people," she said hurriedly, hiding the letter. "Oh, it's schoolma'ams an' widows an' stenographers, an' poor little rats of chorus girls that's holdin' up a family of brothers an' sisters, an' are ready to grab at anything that'll give 'em a bankroll! This junk's just doped out to appeal to 'em. Leave me see your rock samples, specimens, or whatever he called 'em when he wrote. I used to work in a mine out in Montana."

Goldie brought a small box filled with pieces of quartz.

"See the yellow specks? That's the gold," she said confidently.

He held a sample close to the light, the two women watching him.

"It might carry gold; but I think the yellow's chalcopyrite—an' that's nothin' at all! But if it was gold you don't know that it ever came out of his ground. An' it's ten to one none of those stocks are listed. Of course that wouldn't mean much—if there wasn't any shares for sale; but he's sellin' all the time an' gettin' you to rope in your pals—an' then trimmin' you! The Federal authorities'll have him next—oh, now—now, don't you! I'd like to get a holt of that Beverly guy for a minute—the skunk! Please, don't you now!"

"He—He's been makin' love to my Goldie—the scalawag!" sobbed Mrs. Dailey. "An' stealin' hard-earned money!"

"Skunk!" repeated the redhaired youth fiercely. Goldie, pale and fretted, lovingly embraced her agitated parent. "When a thing pays over seven per cent it's gettin' dangerous. Some of 'em's all right, but this here ain't. He's payin' dividends out of what's comin' in for stocks, an' probably all he's got's an old shaft, full of water, an' a waste-dump. It's these gags hurt legitimate minin'! A fellow locates a good prospect—an' he can't find any capital, 'cause people are afraid. But I got the plan! Wait till I write sumpin' out—an' you'll get some kind of action quick!"

"He's a business man too!" thought Goldie; but already, with the vaudevillian's adaptiveness, she counted their money gone.

There would be no sumptuous furs and frocks; no easy living; no finely costumed new act, with a special black velvet drop bearing World's Champion Lady Buck Dancer, in letters of gold bullion. Something would happen—some sort of luck; but it was all in the future. She would never stroll through that model mining camp with the stalwart general manager—farewell, fond dream!

She scrutinized their new friend as he wrote, noting the lustiness of his frame, his excessively pinked and polished nails, the little wave of his red hair. The advice of a man who bandaged up his ankle with thousand-dollar bills was worth taking in business matters. She wondered if he was a banker or a real-estate dealer. He might be a stockbroker, with all his shrewd information about mines!

"Listen," said he, and read:

"E. W. BEVERLY, Baker City, Oregon: Wire one thousand dollars, my credit Germania-Broadway Bank, this city—or will turn up your game to Federal authorities. You have only twenty-four hours to come through. I have the proofs!

"GOLDIE DAILEY."

"But that'll hurt his feelin's," protested Goldie.

"Goldie, just think of that robber only with complete contempt, an' let us thank

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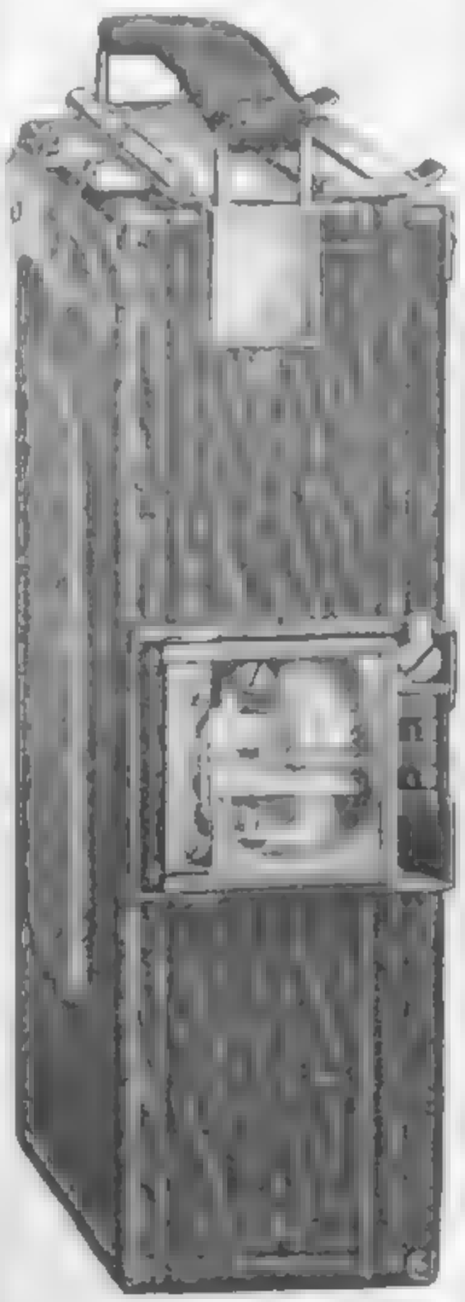

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Heaven above he didn't get no more off us!" cried Mrs. Dailey.

Goldie sighed; but before she could sigh again she felt the redhaired young man's sympathetic gaze and an agreeable thrilliness pervade her. Who could tell—in vaudeville? Anything might happen! She smiled.

"I'll send it at day rates for you, so he'll have it early in the mornin'; an' I'll go up to my flat an' fix it on a telegraph blank," said the guest. He rose.

"Why, you ain't got any key to go in with," said Goldie. "I never thought till this minute"

"Nothin' for it but the dumbwaiter; but if that mob over you ever open their door it'll be all off with me!" he decided.

The three went to the kitchen and softly opened the dumbwaiter door. The ropes creaked ominously as the young man climbed aboard.

"We'll pull 'em. Goo'by!" whispered Goldie.

A moment later the strain on the ropes relaxed.

"Wait a minute!" came the cry. Something heavy was put on the shelf their guest had occupied. "Now pull—Good night!"

"It's a full case of quarts of wine, dearie! Talk about bein' ge'l'man'y! Ain't that the most refined thing you ever seen?" demanded Mrs. Dailey, while tenderly removing the box. Later she remarked thoughtfully: "We ain't heard the last of him!"

Goldie was removing her make-up after Monday matinée. Her hard-shoe buck had "got over" so well that three bows resulted, to Addie Sanger's discomfiture. There had been words with Addie after the Sunbeams finished. Sammy Sanger had no part in the quarrel between his assistants. He had more important troubles.

"Listen to me!" said he to the stage manager. "Do you guys think I'm goin' to have the harpoon throwed into me on account of John Trippit, if he was the biggest headliner ever booked on the Morpheum time? I got a lawyer to protect my interests; an' my contract reads, 'no dancin' act to be billed over me'; yet this Trippit's letters on the sign outside are four inches higher'n mine—I've had a party with a ladder up there measurin' it."

"That's a mistake of the sign man, Mr. Sanger. Trippit's special feature, and you're extra attraction; and, considering who he is, it's a concession on his part not to demand topline honors. He's packing this house at every show."

"He's in number one dressin' room," said Sammy hotly, "an' got the best spot on the bill—while others kin go chase theirselves, I s'pose! Where's Martin? I don't work another show unless I get what's comin' to me! A performer of my class ain't gotta."

The house manager appeared and Sammy angrily attacked him. Goldie was dressed and out of her room as the house manager said.

"No; I won't change that sign! You may cancel, but you won't tell me how to run my theater. The bill is so long I can spare you easily."

"All right—I cancel; an' my lawyer'll do the rest!" yelled Sammy. "Addie, pack the trunk! D'you hear!"

Goldie's season was finished.

She made her own trunk ready swiftly. If the redhaired young man had sent the telegram—she had not been able to, because there was just eighty cents in the joint purse of the Daileys—there should be an answer soon. But would Elliot W. Beverly reply?

She had little expectation of ever seeing their money again. The next night Goldie and Mayme Dailey would be the veiled mysteries of the gilt ticket wagons at Coney Island; and from a long, arduous season on the road neither would have anything but bitter experience.

"Goldie! Lemme in, dearie!"

Some one beat on the dressing-room door; then Mrs. Dailey rushed in, waving a yellow envelope.

"Read it—quick!" she cried, smilingly elate.

"Elliot? Oh, ma! What—le's see—'Your suspicions entirely unfounded. Am leaving tonight for New York to convince of cruel mistake. Confide in no one until we meet—am wiring thousand dollars Western Union. E. W. B.'"

"Here's the notice from the telegraph office, an' you must get there before five."

"We been misjudgin' him," said Goldie. "He—who's outside? What do you want?"

"It's me!" called the redhaired young man cheerily. He entered, grinning.

"I met him leavin' the house," explained Mrs. Dailey. "An' he just insisted on bringin' me in a taxi—the rascal!" She beamed on him.

"It's three now—but I can get my bank to cash your check after you've got it, and I'll arrange to have you identified at the telegraph office; so come on!" invited the resourceful fellow.

The cab was still at the stage door, and he escorted them through the dark places back of the stage as though familiar with theaters. They started. Goldie was silent at first, while her blond mamma clutched her with exultant cries. No gilt ticket wagons! No summer of privation now! A thousand dollars was wealth!

"But he says it's a mistake, an' sendin' the money shows he means well," argued Goldie, responding to a remark by her mother.

"The main point is that you got it," said their host reasonably.

The able youth did all the talking for Goldie, discovering timesaving short cuts that landed the trio in the cab again speedily. They were in holiday humor, and a fine dinner at the Grenadine flat was suggested by Mrs. Dailey.

"No: we'll eat on the Coffman House roof," said the young man masterfully. "And the grub's on me tonight."

"Well, I'm willin'," said Goldie; "but I'm crazy to go back to the showshop an' see John Trippit work. I didn't meet him at rehearsal this mornin', an' it was a chance I been hopin' for all season, 'cause he's world's champeen gen'l'man buck dancer—an' I'm world's lady champeen, you know. It's bound to gimme ideas, an' I'm goin' right to work figgerin' out a swell new act."

"They tell me he ain't such a much!" he observed.

"Don't expect to get facts from the jealous mob that always pan the folks whose brains put 'em in a high place," she rebuked sharply. "He's originated the best steps in the business, and he draws a perf'ly gorgeous salary! I never seen him pers'nally, but a party I trust has."

The redheaded young man chuckled to himself, and he looked so hard at Goldie that she blushed. The cab jolted, throwing her into the arms that he instantly put out to catch her; then he blushed, and Mrs. Dailey abruptly assumed a warm interest in the trucks they were passing. She looked steadily into the street, while the young man looked at her daughter. Goldie avoided his gaze—but she was thinking of him; of the thousand dollars, eloquent of countless weary meals in her trunk kitchenette; of her old cerise bonnet; of all the many goings-without. The nimble mind of the person opposite had brought the money back to them. What good, kind eyes he had and how well he appeared in his smart suit of blue serge! Elliot W. Beverly might be all he should be, and she rather thought he would prove it later—his mines might be good mines; but the visioned trip to the model camp had lost its savor—even a Pullman drawing room would remind her of the hours she had worn through in daycoaches while the other Sunbeams rode in the sleeper. It was four days and nights by train to Oregon; too far—and it was livelier on Broadway!

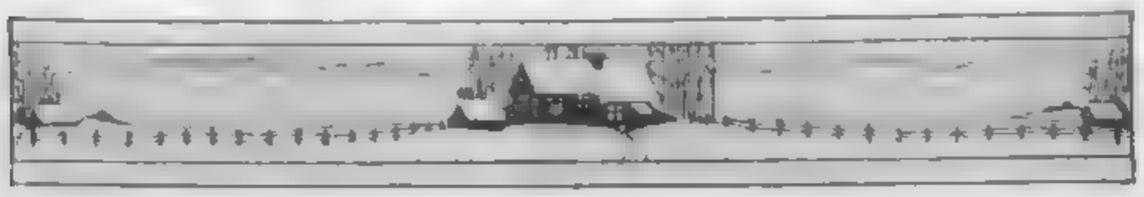
Mayme Dailey, athrill with the spirit of romance, stared from the window as if viewing the most engrossing scenes; the redhaired young man glanced at her—and, deciding that she was fully absorbed, he bent forward, boldly touching Goldie's hand, as he whispered:

"Trippit's lookin' for a lady partner."

"How d'you know he is?" asked Goldie, slowly removing her hand.

Mrs. Dailey gasped and Goldie jumped—for he had answered softly:

"Because I'm him!"



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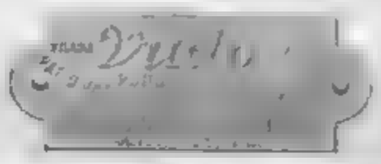

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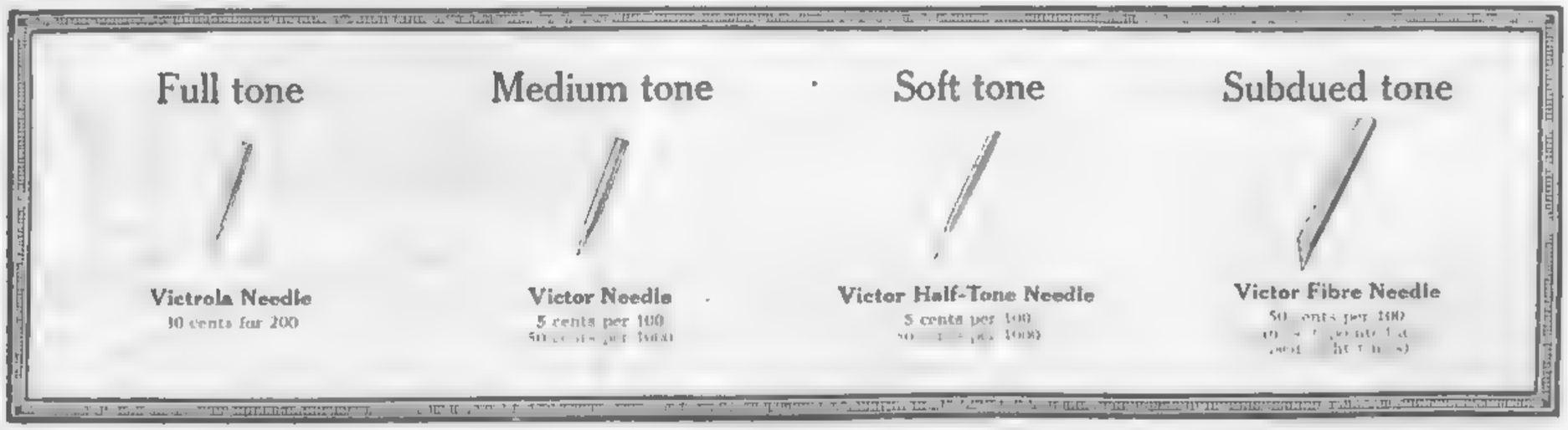

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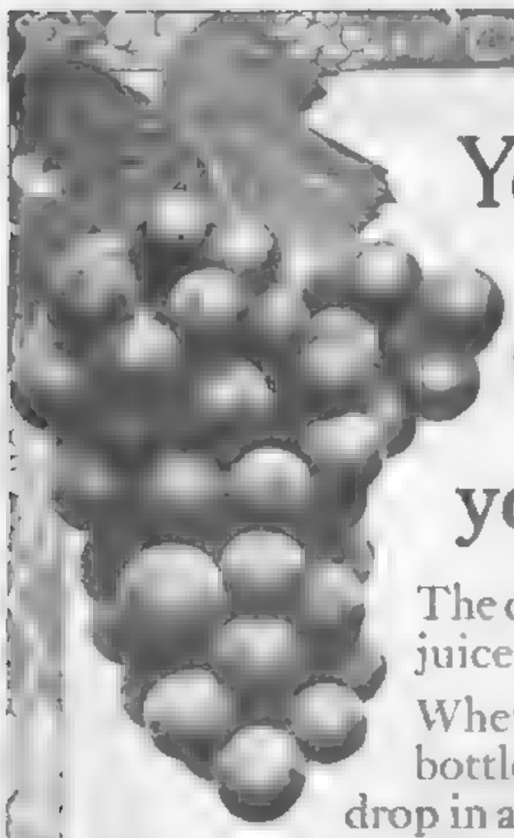

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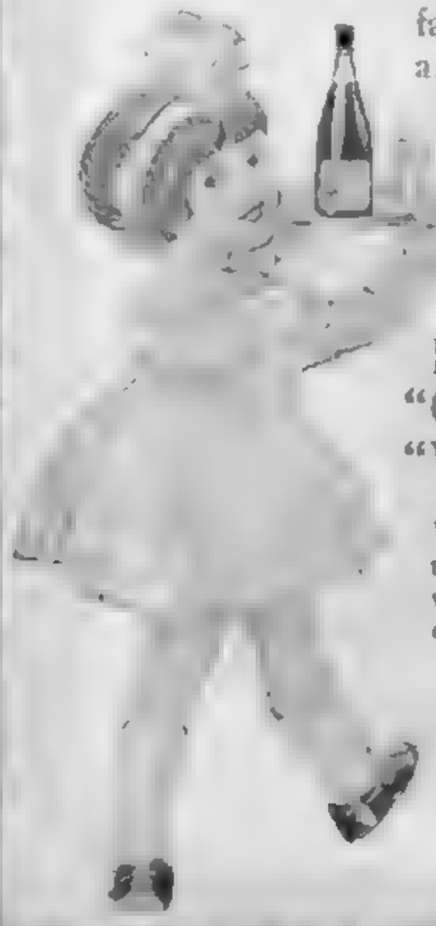

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THE SHOWDOWN

(Continued from Page 5)

He held out his hands amicably; but the young man, even as he grasped one of them, shook his head. "He'll make her hate him!" he thought. And, indeed, Lucia was far from reaching for the other hand.

"Father!" she cried, and stood flushed and far from him. "Why will you take that tone? It's not fair! Do you seriously mean that all my life, spent as you wish it, is the least I can do to pay for everything? Then I'm in a trap!"

"My child," said her father, grave now, and master naturally of an excited woman, "you put your own interpretations ——"

"Oh, very well, father! What interpretations shall I put?"

She was openly hostile now.

"Surely, Lucia, to ask for an hour a day spent in my house ——"

"Oh, nonsense!" She moved unconsciously to the door and stood in front of it, barring their way. "It's no use, dad; we've got to have this out," she said.

The men waited in silence.

"It isn't so much the hour," she began quietly. "I could squeeze that in, I suppose. It's the point of view. That is to be the real work, that hour, according to you; and then I can fill in with the other—or anything else I choose. Is that right?"

"Quite right," said Doctor Stanchon briefly.

"Then I'm afraid I can't agree."

"She speaks to him as if he were a stranger!" thought the young man.

"I'm thirty years old, father," Lucia went on dispassionately, "and it's no use treating me like a schoolgirl. I know I seem one to you, but I'm not. If I had married at twenty-five, say, you wouldn't have had any idea of dictating to me, would you?"

"Of course not, Lucia; but that's just the point—you didn't."

"No. I didn't. Do you know why?" Lucia asked.

"How should I know, my child?" her father answered wearily. "You never speak of those things to me."

"I'm going to now," she said.

The men sat, their eyes on her steadily—hers fixed on the smoking candles.

"There have been only two men—that were possible," she said rather low and a little breathless but utterly determined now—"Van Wynken and—and one other. You always liked Van, father?"

"Always, Lucia. At first I thought ——"

"I know. I nearly did myself—usually after a dance. He gave me—well, feelings."

She lifted her eyes and met Fettauer's squarely. He nodded, comprehending. "Brave little girl!" he applauded.

"He asks me regularly and I laugh him off."

"But why, Lucia? But why?" her father cried eagerly. "If you knew how ——"

"How delighted you'd be? I do," she assured him. "But I shouldn't be any older, father—I shouldn't be any better judge of how to spend my time—should I?"

"My dear child, you simply haven't any idea what you're talking about!"

"Oh, haven't I?" She shot a strange look at him. "How long are you going to keep on believing that, I wonder?" she said. "Won't you ever realize, father, that I'm a woman?"

"Of course he won't, Lucia," Fettauer interrupted sharply; "you're his daughter. There is only one thing that can make him realize it."

"And that is ——" She stared at him.

"Your child in his arms," said the young man simply.

"Then you mean to say there are no women except ——"

"None from his point of view, my dear girl; so don't waste any strength over it," he said quietly.

She shook her shoulders like a young filly noosed in a lariat.

"Horrors!" she puffed out. They were silent. "Well—it wouldn't be Van's child!" she went on after a moment. "Do you know why? Because I'd have to manage Van; and I'll never do that. It would take all my time!"

"Lucia!" cried the elder man, "do you realize what you're saying? Do you think you're anything but wantonly blind to your own ——"

"At least she's telling you the truth, doctor!" Fettauer interposed warningly. "Don't be blind yourself and check her!"

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"Oh, never mind!" said Lucia furiously. "Never mind, Doctor Fettauer. It's quite impossible, you see. He'll never change. The only way I can free myself from my obligations to one man, apparently, is to marry another! That lets me out!"

"And you backing her up!" cried Stanchon, whirling suddenly upon his guest. "You, Fettauer, when you know as well as I do ——"

"I don't say I back her up exactly," said the young surgeon calmly. "I only say I see her point."

"Then you see more than I can," Doctor Stanchon returned shortly

Yes. That's what I've been trying to get into your head, doctor!" Nothing could have been more amiable than his tone; his eyes laughed. "Miss Stanchon is merely telling us that she cannot agree with your verdict of exempting her from all future claims and previous obligations in the event of her marriage, and holding her to both in the event of her deserting you for a career that interests her. She pleads that it is desertion in either case—or in neither! *N'est-ce-pas, mademoiselle?*"

Lucia nodded. Her lips were locked too tight for speech.

"You mentioned another man besides Van Wynken," said her father abruptly. "Who'd you mean, Lutie?"

She opened her lips, bit the lower one, then smiled a strange smile.

"It is you, isn't it, Max?" she asked with a swift, level look.

"I have always hoped so," he answered quickly.

"Afraid of managing him too?"

Her father's voice was light, but his eyes were old and tired.

"No. I'm afraid he'd manage me!"

"And I'm not sure I want the job," Fettauer added thoughtfully.

At this Stanchon threw up his hands in the air.

"I give you both up!" he cried, half mocking, half serious. "If this is modern love-making, thank Heaven I've had my day!"

"When would you have asked me, Max?" Lucia pursued interestedly—it was to both of them, evidently, as if they were alone in the room.

"Sometime when I couldn't help it, I suppose," he answered.

"I doubt very much if I ever marry," she said thoughtfully, swinging one hip from the arm of the chair she perched on. "The man who would be good for me I wouldn't want, and the man I'd want probably wouldn't be good for me!"

"Of course one never knows about that sort of thing," Fettauer assented politely, "until one has tried."

"And then it's too late?"

She swept a questioning glance at him from under her lashes.

"Not necessarily," he returned with composure.

She laughed nervously.

"Well, father?" Stanchon squared himself. "It's ten minutes after one," she said. "I have to be at the office at nine and I'm going to Boston on the noon express. It's there I can have that fifteen-hundred-dollar job I told you about. I only mentioned it to let you see that I really was worth something in the open market. If you don't like the idea, and really object seriously to my leaving home, I'm willing to stay and take my allowance; but I want you to agree that it's just to keep me from going that you pay it, not in consideration of my services as housekeeper—which I don't pretend to be! I—I can't have you feeling that I'm taking your money and falling down on my job, father—I simply can't!"

"That is what I must feel, Lucia—since you put it in this way yourself. I never could have." Stanchon's jaw shot out; his voice was very hard, though his eyes met no one's. "I should rather have depended on your love, my dear, and let the ethics of the situation go; but if it is to be reduced to dollars and cents—what does your allowance stand for in your opinion?"

"I don't think it will stand for much, after tonight!"

All the blue faded from Lutie's eyes and left them agate gray and pitiless.

"They hate each other!" thought Max Fettauer. "How true the Greek tragedies are!"

"Lucia, do you seriously mean that without my consent you will go to Boston on this wild-goose chase?"

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"I assure you I should be much wilder and infinitely more of a goose if I stayed here!" she said flippantly.

"And if you fail ——"

"Oh, if I fail I can always marry," she answered with a reckless little laugh. "That's the only respectable meal ticket from your point of view apparently! Do you realize, dad, that in case I couldn't earn my living and you refused to train me for it now—and I hated this housekeeping business—you'd be forcing me into marrying some one—any one—to get away from home?"

"My God, Lucia, don't talk that way!"

"I'm sorry, father, but that's what it comes to in the end, doesn't it?"

"How about housekeeping after you'd married?"

"Oh, that doesn't follow. Marie Fitch earns enough to pay a woman to do it, and Randall says it's fifty per cent better done than she ever did it."

"If Randall Fitch and his wife are your ideal of a successful marriage ——"

"They're about up to the average, so far as I can see," said Lutie wearily. "If it isn't one thing it's another. I can't say I'm so crazy about this marriage business, you know!"

Her father looked long at her—mutinous, hard and a little haggard under her soft girlish fillet. It seemed to the young man as if a bit of flowery, velvet turf had been turned back in the meadow path and disclosed the buried corruption of some ancient graveyard of the race—a pit so full of obscure sex hatred and bitter misunderstandings that all the kindly earth of all the generations could not sweeten it.

"The air of the new age must blow in on it and disclose all these secret and brutal crypts," he mused, and pitied them both.

"Fettauer," said the doctor at length, and his voice came toneless and aged across the polished table, with its embroidered cloth and bowl of gold and green and crimson fruit—"Fettauer, my daughter is thirty years old and I have never really known her until tonight!"

"You have never thought about her as a woman until tonight," said the young man in an impersonal tone, "that's all! Up to now you have seen only your daughter—I suppose that is something like your arm or your cheek. But of course she is a separate organism."

The doctor drooped his head upon his arms suddenly, with a broken movement that checked their hearts a moment—it was so final, so pitiful, so defeated.

"It's because her mother died!" he muttered and hid his face.

Lucia drew a long breath and clenched her hands, but did not move or sob. The younger man felt as if he were witnessing some cunningly staged play; they all appeared to be taking up their cues, gliding in an appointed, orderly fashion through shifting scenes prepared long ago.

"This is all dreadfully sad, but it doesn't wring us, somehow," he thought critically. "And it really isn't because her mother died—necessarily."

Lutie's voice echoed his thought.

"I don't think you can say that, father. Betty Girard's mother is living, and she practically disowned Betty when she went to Paris to study. She told me what a terrible time they had—and her mother's very proud of her now; but they didn't speak for two years."

The doctor raised his head and his face was quite composed.

"It won't come to that with us, child," he said very low. "You're all I have, you know. There are no theories can stand against that. Will you kiss me, Lutie?"

She slipped from the chair and ran to him very lightly, very surely. The flowery turf slipped back into place and there was no sign of the festering gulf beneath. She laid one firm round arm over his shoulder.

"We'll find a way, dad," she said. "It will work out all right!"

Stanchon pressed the pink-palmed hand with the shining nails and relaxed himself; but Fettauer deserted suddenly from the alliance of youth he shared with this girl back into the primeval army of his sex.

"She's beaten us!" he cried to himself. "By God, we've lost!"

The sharp ting of the doctor's telephone moved them from the silence that wrapped the three; each of them, sunk in a deep dream, worn out with the recent struggle, started nervously.

"That's the hospital!" And Stanchon was on his feet as lightly as a boy. "That fellow has come to himself, I do believe—I

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told them to call me at any hour. Want to see him, Max? We can step across and back in half an hour." He answered the tinkle with a brief: "All right!"

"Then you can just step across by yourself, father!" Lutie cried childishly. "I'm too dead tired to go to bed and I won't stay awake here all alone. Go and see your man and hurry back—and leave Doctor Fettauer here. I'll commit suicide if you both go away now!"

They glanced keenly at her; her face was drawn and white.

"Poor child!" the young man thought. "How it takes it out of them!"

"Well," her father agreed doubtfully, "if you can't go to bed, my dear ——"

"I shall come with you if you don't leave him here," she said doggedly. "I can't very well drag Potts out of bed—he says his hours are too long anyway!"

Fettauer laughed outright.

"Hurry along, doctor," he said. "I'd like to see your man, but I have too much pity for a downtrodden butler not to stay!"

Stanchon shouldered into a greatcoat produced from a mysterious closet beside the mantel. With the hospital call, elasticity and good humor seemed to have flowed into him; the years fell away from his face.

"You can't say I'm not a modern parent!" he flung at them from the door. "What would your poor Aunt Judy have said—eh, Lutie? But I've learned my lesson. If I had a son of thirty I'd leave him here, Fettauer; so why not a daughter! Is that the idea?"

But Lutie, only smiling wanly, collapsed in her chair.

"She's at the end of her rope," the young man decided.

"Don't be long, doctor," he said quietly.

"No, no." The door closed, then opened again. "Couldn't you marry him, Lutie?" he begged, like a mischievous boy.

"I'm not sure I want to marry her—just now, doctor," Fettauer returned placidly. "She'd have to wait, anyhow!"

The doctor snorted and closed the door violently. They heard him clatter down the stairs; the house-door jarred through the halls.

Fettauer walked over and sat on the arm of her chair.

"Poor little Lucia!" he said gently.

Her eyes were closed; she bent her drooping lips into a tiny, tired smile.

"I'm all in!" she murmured at length after what seemed a long silence. "Can you make me a Scotch-and-soda?"

"I can," said he, still speaking very low, "but I don't believe I will. It's not what you want at all, you know."

"I know it's the only thing on earth that can get me out of this chair!"

"As a matter of fact, it's not, though," he persisted. "This alcohol game is the very devil for you, my dear girl! Don't you know that in just the proportion it stimulates it depresses—later? And when you're at your present point of exhaustion it's the worst of all. Will you let me make you something else?"

"Anything," she whispered.

He dropped cube sugar into one of the tall glasses and poured water slowly over it.

"This would pull an elephant out of nervous prostration, you know," he remarked casually. "The French use a great deal of nervous force and you laugh at them for their extremely practical method of recuperating it—you're always laughing at nations for the wrong reason in America! Sip it slowly."

She obeyed, with ugly, boyish grimaces.

"Probably the elephant would prefer nervous prostration to seasickness!" she suggested, halfway through the glass, but he shook his head.

"It won't make you sick," he said briefly.

By the time she handed him the empty goblet there was a faint pink under her eyes that smiled at him gratefully.

"You're a good little doctor, and you can trot along now," she said. "Perhaps you can catch dad after all."

"Perhaps," said he.

She got up from the chair and leaned over the back of it, facing him.

"It was dreadfully hard, Max," she said.

The pupils of her eyes grew slowly darker and widened. He looked full into them.

"I know," he answered.

"I feel like a brute; but what could I do?"

"Nothing but what you did, my dear girl," he replied.

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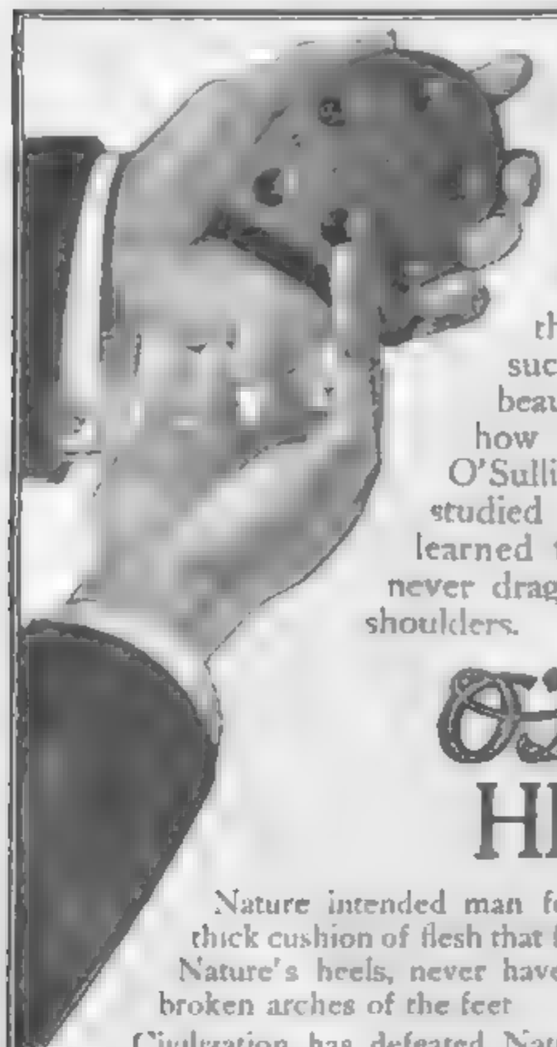

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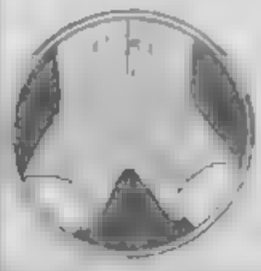

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"After we die, you know, I don't believe there's anything else—do you?"

"No."

"Then here I am—thirty, and there are only so many years, Max!"

"Only so many years!" he repeated gravely.

"There are people—lots of them, I know—who would think I am beastly and selfish—that I ought to give up—that I owe it to him ——"

"I am not one of them," said Max Fettauer steadily.

She drew a long breath.

"That helps a lot," she said.

They looked at each other; the tall mahogany clock struck twice.

"For heaven's sake! Get out now—and thank you for everything. I'm dead with sleep and I must be called at eight. Good [illegible]!"

They shook hands heartily.

"Good night!" he said. "I'm glad you're rested."

Her firm warm fingers held his frankly.

"And I'm sorry about—about the other thing," she said, hardly blushing, with kind, friendly eyes. "You see, I can't do it. I shouldn't make a success of it, and you're too valuable a person for me to spoil! I should have got into that game earlier if I'd been going to play it; and I don't think it's fair to drop into it later just because—just because I'm tired. . . . You see what I mean? You do see, Max?"

"I see perfectly," said he. "And anyway you're not tired—yet."

"No, I'm not tired—yet," she repeated contentedly. "I'm just beginning, really."

"Yes," said he, "you're just beginning. I wish you luck, my dear!"

She put out her other hand impulsively and they stood, swinging.

"What a brick you are!" she cried.

Their eyes met, grappled a moment, and they leaned unconsciously nearer. All the blue rushed back to her eyes and her hands grew warm in his. They leaned closer

"You don't really mean it," he said evenly; "do you, now?"

He had never seen her flush so deeply. She drew her hands back.

"I—I suppose not," she said, and bit her lip. "Good night! Can you let yourself out? Everybody's in bed."

He went down the stairs and she stood for a moment watching his straight, military back. Then she turned and went up, waiting on the landing to stretch her arms above her head in a great irresistible yawn.

"Lord, I'm tired!" she breathed, and sank suddenly on the curve of the landing, staring ahead of her.

Fettauer pulled on his coat, settled his hat, hunted vaguely for his stick, which was not in its usual corner, and swore softly to himself in German. He fumbled among the umbrellas, lifted the heavy motor coats about, kicked the card table in a wave of nervous irritation, then grasped the slender malacca suddenly, turned the knob of the heavy door, opened it and crossed the threshold. Even as the latch clicked he heard her cry:

"Oh, Doctor Fettauer! Doctor ——"

He dropped stick and gloves and ran up the stairs, terrified at the anguish in her voice.

"Coming! Coming!" he called, and took the steps two at a bound. She was stepping down to meet him, leaning heavily on the rail; all the light had gone from her face. As he stopped just below her, panting slightly, she put her hand on his shoulder, and when his covered it he found it cold.

"I thought I might as well tell you now and get it over," she said dully. "I've changed my mind."

"Your mind? Changed?"

She looked down at him from her higher stair.

"Yes," she said. "It's no use—I can't do it! He's my father, and—oh, did you see his face when he—when he ——"

"Yes, yes; I know," he soothed her. "You're tired. He was tired. It was hard all round. In the morning ——"

"In the morning I'll tell him," she interrupted. "It's no use. I'm simply not good for it, Max—I wouldn't dare! I'm all he has in the world. If he wants me to attend to the old alcohol lamp I will. I don't think it's fair—but I will!"

"My dear girl!"

He stared at her, amazed, touched, thrilled to the center of his heart.

"It's got to be done, what I told him," she went on in that dry, toneless voice; "but somebody else must do it—not me!

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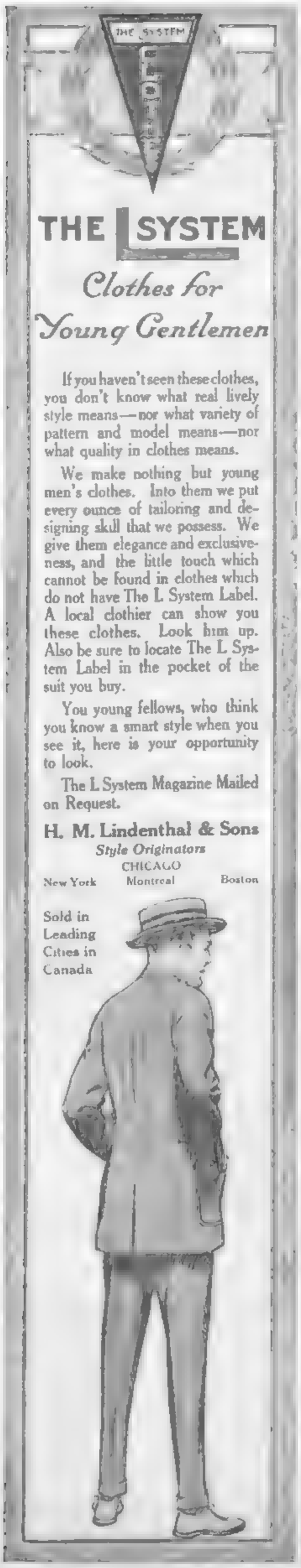

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Style Originators

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New York Montreal Boston

Sold in Leading Cities in Canada

If only he had a wife, or something; but he's only got me!"

"Only you," he echoed, staring at her.

"When I was twelve and had scarlet fever he thought I was dying once—I'll never forget it!—the pain in his eyes—it was like a big, hurt dog! Oh, Max, why must it all come on the women?"

"I don't know. It always has," he answered thickly.

"And yet, I have the right!" she burst out. "You can't say I haven't! Did he buy me, soul and body, when he became my father? It isn't that he isn't kindness itself—he adores me!"

"I know! I know!"

"And yet—he breaks me! Is it fair? Say it isn't, Max! Say it's "

"It is life," he said; "it is just life. That's all."

"Then love is a terrible thing," she said quietly, and put her hands on his shoulders.

"It has always been, my dear," said he.

"You think I'm a coward! You think I'm going back on the others that I planned to help!" she cried, and her lips quivered. "I never thought it would be this way! I played the game—I played it fair; but when it comes to a showdown—oh, Max, I haven't the nerve! I'll do what he wants and fit in my work as I can—and of course I can do a lot. But—all the flavor will be gone, Max; all the point is lost. All my pride in it is broken—to save his! Because I'm all he has."

"You are all any human being could ever need—or want," he muttered.

"You don't blame me? You don't despise me?" she asked sadly.

He laughed unsteadily and lifted her hands away from his shoulders.

"My dear! My dear!" he began, then grasped hard on the polished rail. "If women were not blind," he said, shaking his head at her, "what would happen, I wonder? Or is your stupidity your wisdom? If anything so wonderful as that nature of yours, my dearest little girl, were trained to its capacity—God! the world would be your plaything!"

"Good night, Max," she said, "and goodby! I'm glad it's all over." She threw back her head defiantly. "But listen to me!" she cried, vibrating. "It won't be so always, I tell you! It shan't be! Girls won't be held so always! Our daughters shan't suffer so—for we've learned! This is the last generation, I tell you, Max Fettauer! Our daughters shall live their own lives ——"

He drew a deep breath and caught her down to him, holding her hard on his knee. He turned his lips to hers and kissed her through his answer.

"Yes, sweetheart—*our* daughters shall!" he whispered.

One Better

THE Cramps built a cruiser for the Russian Government some years ago, and there were a number of Russian naval officers at the yard during the course of its construction.

After the boat had been accepted the Russians gave a dinner in Washington to celebrate the event, and invited the builders and the men who had furnished the armor plate, and so on.

When it came time for toasts the Russians proposed the health of the Czar, drank it, and crashed their glasses on the floor. This amazed the Americans, who asked why the Russians were breaking the glassware in that fashion.

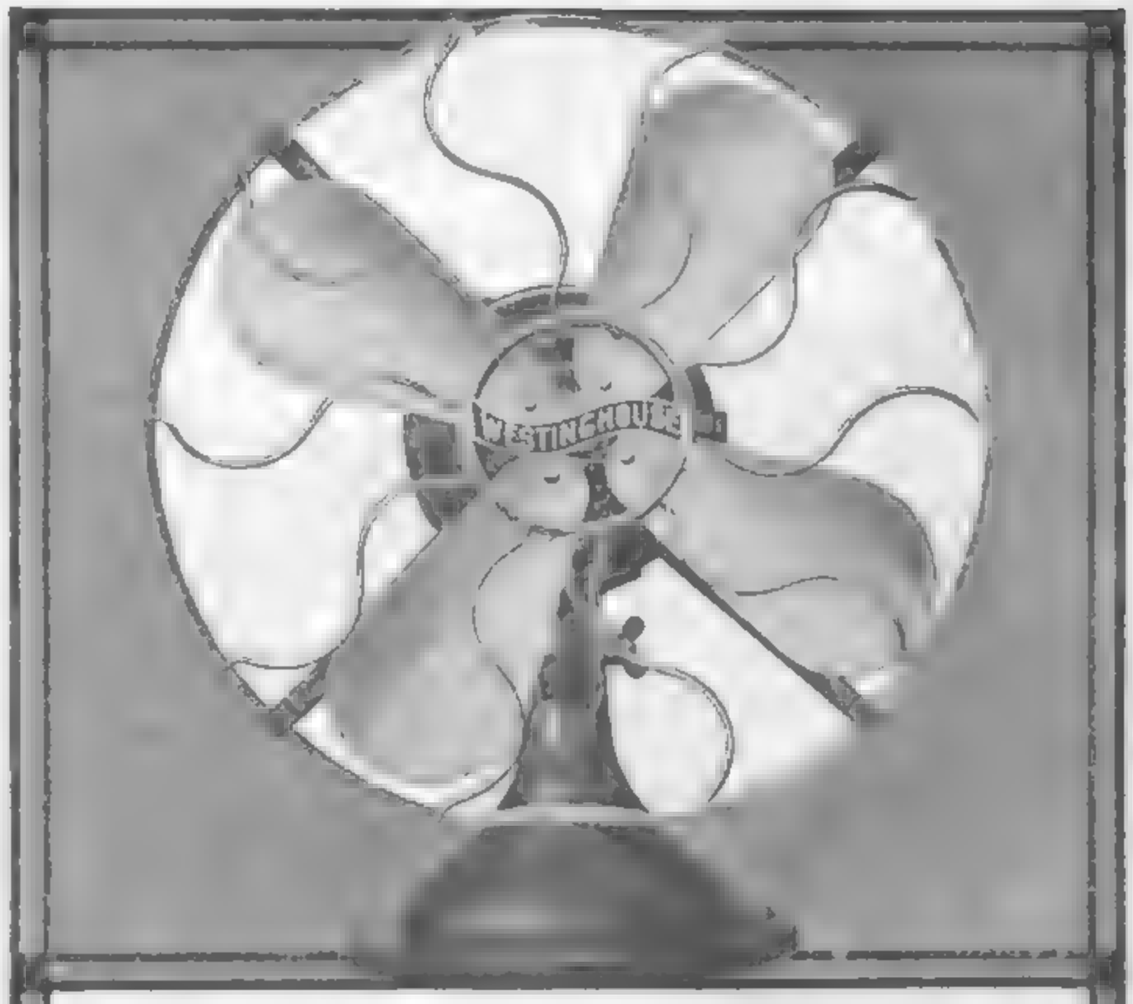
"Because," it was explained, "that is the custom in our country. Whenever we drink to the Czar we break the glasses so they may never be profaned by any less worthy toast."

Two days later the steel men gave a return dinner. The time for toasts came and the head steel man gave one to the President of the United States!

After the toast had been drunk the head steel man grabbed the tablecloth, yanked it from the table and sent everything on it to the floor. The noise could be heard two blocks away.

"Why do you do that?" asked the astonished Russians.

"Because," said the head steel man, "when we drink the health of the President of the United States we not only break the glasses, but everything else on the table!"



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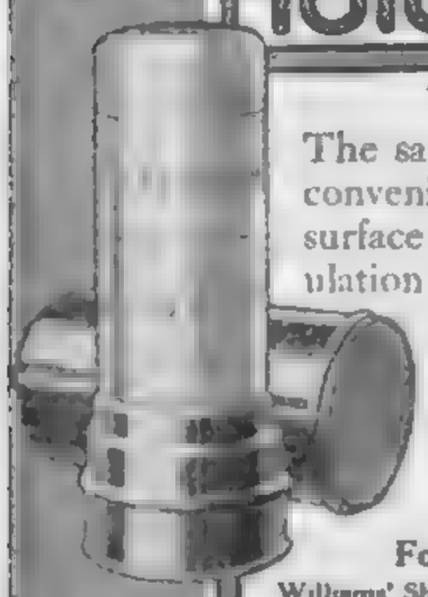

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After shaving use Williams' Talc Powder.

THE WHISTLING MAN

(Continued from Page 23)

anything like this and, a sudden thought striking him, he opened his trunk and made sure his papers were safe. Outside the lights of the arriving motors had begun to gleam like fireflies among the trees as Craig, slipping on his evening coat, went slowly, thoughtfully down the stairs.

A half-dozen guests had arrived already. Pausing at the door, Craig took the little envelope Butes handed him on a salver. Its inscription was in Hilda Gawtry's hand, but there was another name on the card inside, the name of his companion-to-be at the dinner.

It was Mary Adair!

Smiling cheerfully, with no hint in his face of what so recently had worried him, Craig entered the lighted library.

"Well, Mr. Craig!" said a rich, musical voice attuned somewhat to a note of well-bred astonishment; "isn't this what you might call curious?" And, looking round, Craig was himself astonished to find he was addressed by a tall, slender and beautiful woman in filmy old rose, her white neck gleaming with a heavy collar of emeralds.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, unaffectedly amazed. "Mrs. Belden!"

"Yes, my dear boy," she dryly returned; "only it strikes me I am the one to exclaim. A few hours ago you were almost on your knees to me, begging me for Mr. Gawtry's address; and here now I find you a visitor, the guest of honor, entertained beneath his roof. What does it mean, Mr. Craig?"

"Why," explained Craig, a little lamely though, "Mr. Gawtry, you know, was my father's best friend."

Briefly Mrs. Belden smiled.

"Oh, was he?" she murmured, amused and the least bit mocking. "Well, Mr. Craig, when you see fit to tell me the remainder of your highly entertaining dime-novel mystery I shall be charmed to hear it!" Then with another smile she moved away from him to pay her respects to her hostess. Craig, nibbling his fingers uneasily, eyed her as she departed. Obviously Mrs. Belden, too, had information he would have liked to obtain. Every one, in fact, seemed to have it. Indeed, of all concerned he was the one and only one that seemed plunged in utter ignorance of what was going on round him. It began to irk him now. The thought that he was a mere lay figure in the mess, a dummy, and utterly as helpless as the traditional bump on a sawlog, filled him with smoldering rancor. However, neutral and negative as he was, he could only wait. There was nothing else he could do. He must stand on his guard, alert, until he knew exactly who and what he must fear. Then it would be time for him to strike.

Gawtry, hailing him heartily, awoke him from his reflections.

"Here you are, Leonard!" cried the host buoyantly. "Now let me present you to my friends!" Grasping Craig by the arm, he led him across the room.

Rapidly Craig found himself introduced to anywhere from a dozen to fifteen persons. Apparently the dinner was a large one; and apparently, too, almost all its guests were middle-aged or over. In brief, they represented all the constituent elements of New York's most solid social class—that set whose background is the money vaults of the financial district. Craig in his round of the room heard—though he may not have known it—more than one name eminent in Wall Street. Aside from that, however, what most impressed him was the feeling that three or four of the men closely looked him over. Then, at the end of the ordeal, left standing by himself as Gawtry hurried off, Craig looked up; and there stood Mary Adair. Willie Hemingway had just left her and crossed to the other side of the room. In his surprise and delight though, at seeing Mary Adair, Craig gave no heed to the fat youth. He was not even astonished to see him there. All his eyes were for her!

She was all in white, in a summer gown of cloudlike, nebulous lightness; and under the glow of the shaded, softened lights her young rounded throat and shoulders gleamed like ivory, tinted with the hue of health, of youthful strength and vigor. She wore a pear-shaped pearl that hung from a chain of gold upon her breast: and Craig, startled as he looked down at her, marveled at the witchery of her appearance, all so simple and so unconscious.

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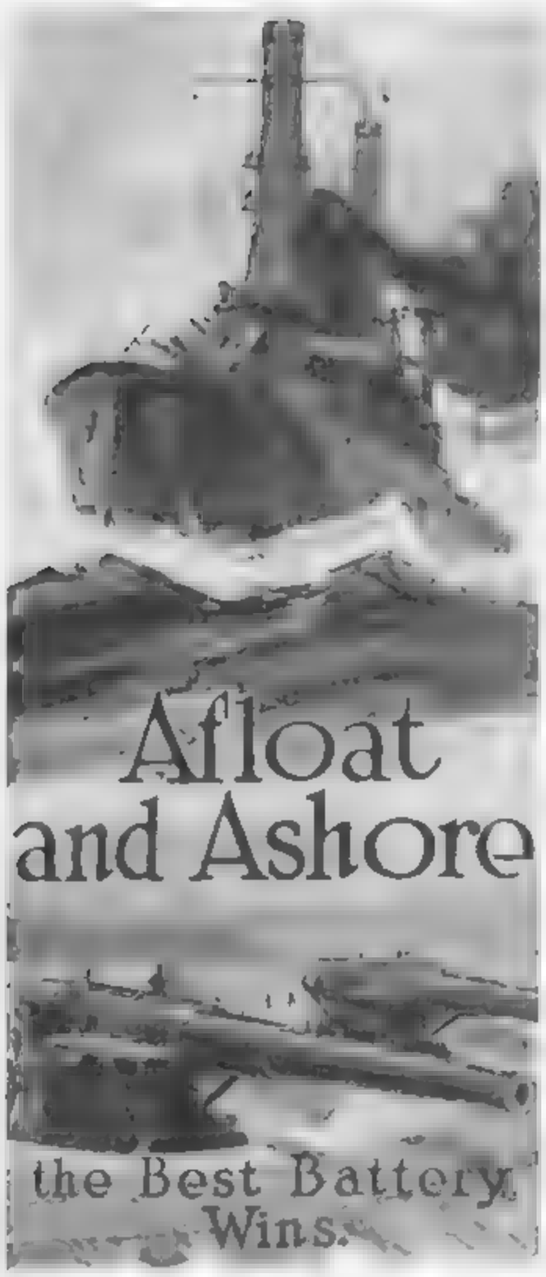
IN THE HEALING PINES



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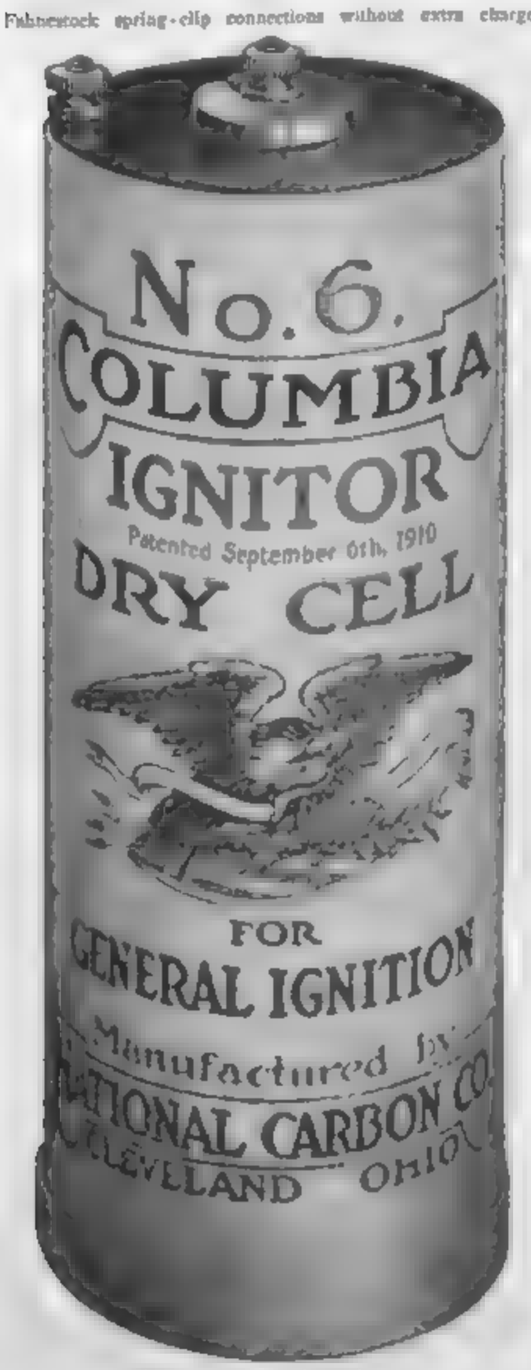


Costs no more; lasts longer.

"Well, young man?" she murmured, a smile in her eyes. "Haven't you anything to say?"

Craig had, and all the time he'd been trying hard to say it.

"You—you are——" he began; and then he broke off awkwardly.

Mary Adair smiled at him.

"Say it, why don't you?" she prompted.

"You won't mind?" Craig inquired cautiously; and at his query, the way he uttered it, a shade of color stole faintly into her face.

"Mind? I don't know! Should I?" she murmured; and Craig, lowering his voice, leaned toward her.

"You are very wonderful tonight," he whispered quietly; and as she heard him the faint pink upon her face and shoulders grew. "Wonderful!" he repeated.

Then she looked up at him.

"And you, Mr. Craig," she retorted, but so softly as to take away the sting of it—"you, Mr. Craig, you are boyish. Just a little impulsive, I'm afraid." He was about to speak, striving to express himself, when abruptly she stilled him. "No, don't, Mr. Craig, not now!" she appealed faintly. "Let's be sensible!" The smile now had died out of her gray eyes; and a little look of trouble, like a cloud, fell upon her face. "You don't know, do you," she asked curiously, "all that's happening today?"

Craig glanced at her, startled at her voice. "Happening? What do you mean?" he demanded; and abruptly she cautioned silence.

"Careful! Some one might hear!" she warned.

He dropped his voice when again he spoke. "Tell me," he asked; "you're not afraid of any one here, are you?"

"I don't know, I can't say," she answered hesitantly. "The fact is, neither father nor I know whom to fear, much less whom to trust!"

"You trust me, don't you?" he asked swiftly, and she nodded, smiling.

"Yes, I trust you," she answered quietly. Craig felt greatly cheered by that. "Mr. Craig, you haven't seen the newspaper, have you?" she asked quietly. "This afternoon, just before the stock market closed, my father's enemies began a fierce, concerted attack on him. I don't mean an attack in the stock market—he's used to that. I mean an attack on him personally, on his character, his name! Do you know that you, too, have been attacked?"

"I?" cried Craig; and swiftly she laid a hand upon his arm.

"Do not raise your voice," she cautioned. "Careful! While you were on the ocean, Mr. Craig, a newspaper published that you were coming here. It also gave a reason why you were coming."

"To bleed some one?"

Her eyes ran round the room momentarily, then returned to his. "Turn round quietly," she bade him, "and pick up the paper nearest you on the table. Some one may be watching, so turn the pages idly. On the third page you'll find about yourself, the lefthand column."

He did as she directed. Making a pretense to laugh and chat with her, he picked it up and carelessly fluttered the pages. Then guardedly he read.

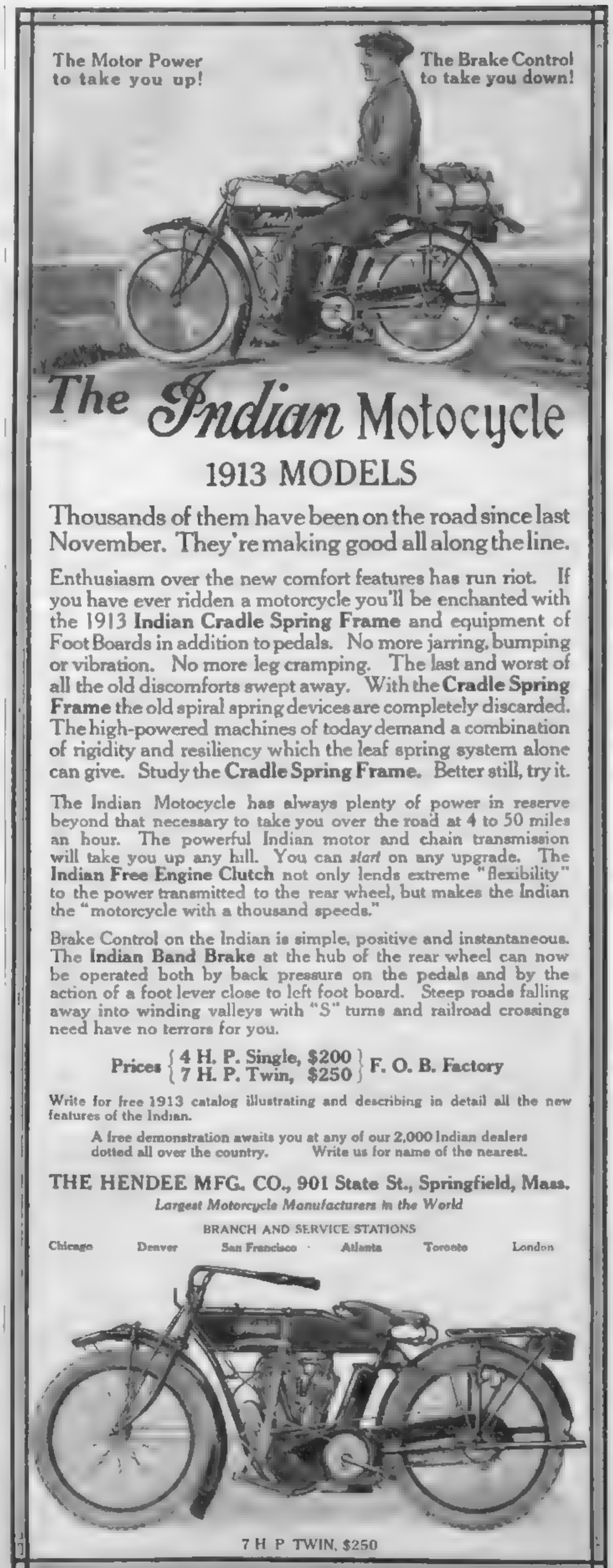
The libel was displayed in the style deftly employed by all such scurrilous, blackmailing sheets. There were two paragrapha. The first, mentioning no names, alluded vaguely to the Island Trust scandal of twenty years before, the death of its president, and the subsequent disappearance of one of its principal officers. Craig's father, though he was not named, was definitely indicated. In this same way, still giving no names, it added that Craig's father, having been one of a gang that had looted the trust company, had put in his son's possession papers to be used against his former friends and accomplices. The son, it afterward said, was then on his way to America to sell these papers to the highest bidders. Then in the next paragraph, giving it as if there were no connection between the two, Craig was mentioned, this time by name, as having sailed for New York on the Amsterdam.

Even to the most casual reader the inference would have been plain. He was announced openly as a blackmailing adventurer; and at the sight of it he whitened to the lips.

Mary Adair smiled quietly.

"Look at the next paragraph, Mr. Craig!"

It was a vicious attack on Adair, not only on him personally, as his daughter had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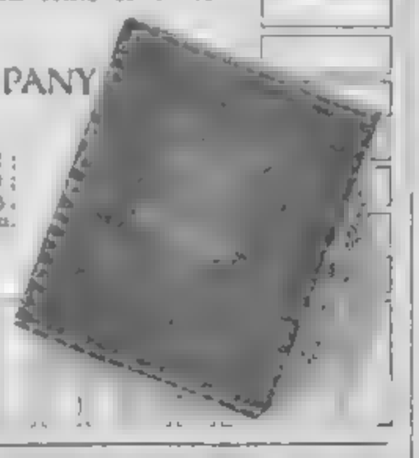


said, but on all his properties too. Craig marveled at its animus; and Mary Adair laughed lightly.

"Whoever wrote that wrote it for money, Mr. Craig. That is their only object—blackmail!" Then, after a swift look round her, she added hurriedly: "Listen, Mr. Craig! You have been told, haven't you, all about your father? You have been told what happened to him and why he left New York? And you know too, I think, don't you, all about my Uncle Tevis Adair and how he died? Be frank, Mr. Craig—tell me how much of this you have been told."

"I? Why, I've been told it all!" he exclaimed, then cried under his breath in astonishment. "Yes, but how in the world did you know I had?"

She smiled quietly at him.

"It's why I sent you to Mr. Gawtry! My father and I wanted him to tell you. Moreover he tells us that he has." Here she drew in her breath, sighing deeply. "That is not the point though," she murmured listlessly. "Mr. Craig, for years my father has been the victim of these attacks. In every way imaginable, whoever it was that inspired them has done his best to harm, if possible to ruin him! It has cost us not thousands, but hundreds of thousands, I might say millions. They have attacked his character; they have tried to raid his properties. Year in and year out he has fought them, and he is still fighting them yet. It would not matter so greatly if only he knew whom he was fighting, but he doesn't, Mr. Craig. For all we know, we may be fighting any one of these people here, of these men here in this room! We don't know; we can't tell! Mr. Craig, on your word!" she said suddenly, abruptly, "tell me the truth now—do you know who it is?"

"I? Why, how should I?" he asked, staggered. "I pledge you my word I don't!"

She gave a little sigh.

"Yes," she smiled wearedly, "I knew that without asking you. Only I wondered whether you couldn't help me guess." Then with her mouth twisted wistfully, she murmured: "If anything should befall father, Mr. Craig, there's no telling what might happen! I don't mean to myself only; I mean to countless others, those with their little property in his hands. It's big money, Mr. Craig—big money even for Wall Street!"

"Miss Adair," asked Craig sharply, "there was that man you spoke about last night—Gaines! Could he be the one?"

"Gaines?" She shook her head. "No; he is only bought by others, a tool!"

"Then Pelton!" added Craig, demanding: "Could he be the man?"

She shook her head again.

"No; he's like Gaines, merely bought; nothing but a *manipulator*, a hired stock juggler."

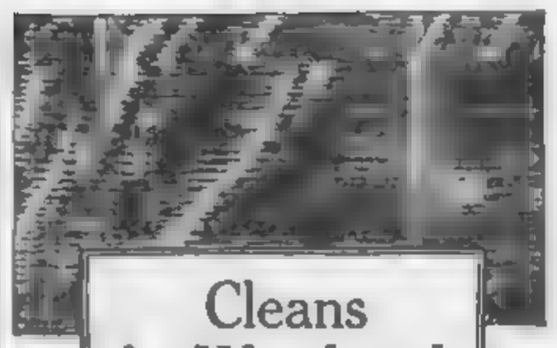
Craig looked about him craftily. Across the room his host, Gawtry, was laughing and chatting to some one that sat hidden behind him. Craig moved a little till he could see who the other was. It was Adair. He, too, was smiling; and, leaning over, Gawtry gave him a friendly slap upon the shoulder. Craig could hear Gawtry's laugh, and it was loud and hearty. "Miss Adair," said Craig quietly, "what about Gawtry? Have you ever thought of him?"

"Gawtry?" The name leaped from her lips. "Gawtry?" When Craig nodded she stared, her lips parted. "Why, don't you understand?" she cried. "He is father's dearest friend!"

Craig lowered his voice a little.

"Miss Adair, did your father ruin his brother? Did he rook him out of every dollar he owned? Then, ruined, did he send him to his death?" As she sought to answer, her face horrified, he spoke again. "I've pledged my word today, Miss Adair, not to repeat what I was told. I'm going to break it now. Listen, Miss Adair." Then, bit by bit, he swiftly outlined the events of all that eventful day. Nothing was omitted. She was white to the lips when he finished.

"Mr. Craig, quick!" she whispered, her voice imperative. "That statement the one your father drew—have you it with you? Is it safe?" When he told her it was in his trunk upstairs she gasped. "Then get it!" she ordered. "Do not waste an instant! Quick!" Startled by her tone, Craig cast one swift glance about him, then darted from the room. In the hall two new guests had just arrived and were leisurely removing their wraps. Craig brushed past them,



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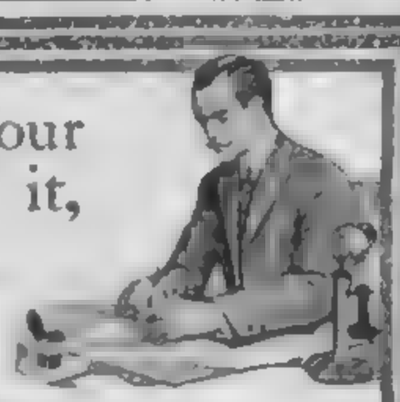

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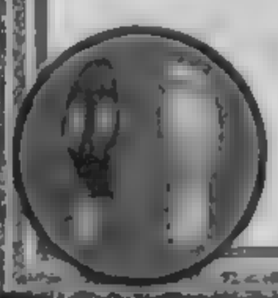

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and springing up the stairs, two at a jump, he flung open the door of his room.

He was just in time to see the door of the suite opposite softly close. Beside it his trunk was open, all its contents gone—papers, purse, scarfpins, sleevelinks, everything, and with a cry of rage he sprang into the suite adjoining. He was just in time to see its halldoor close as he entered; and in the dark, banging and butting against the furniture, he scrambled across the room and, reaching the door, flung it open.

The hall was empty. At that instant, though, Craig heard a sound, a signal rise shrilly from the grounds outside. There was no mistaking it. Piping clearly, it sounded for a moment, trilling steeply, then it died away.

Freest!

Craig flung himself down the stairs. There in the hallway stood Gawtry, a look of the most abject terror on his face. He was pasty white, wide-eyed and shaking. Behind him, peering curiously through the doorway, was Willie Hemingway. A second time the signal sounded, rising shrill and piercing; and as the first notes of it struck on Gawtry's ear he shrank back, his jaw falling. Then he wrung his hands.

"Oh, my God!" he whispered. "Oh, my God!"

But Craig wasted little time on Gawtry. Darting into the library living room he was making for the window that opened on the gardens, when he paused, frozen with amazement. Every guest in the room stood gazing in appalled silence at a little tableau in the corner.

Adair lay back in his chair, his face purple and distorted, one corner of his mouth stitched upward in the ugly travesty of a leer. His eyes were rolled up to the whites and there was a fleck of foam upon his lips. He was not dead, however. Craig, in the moment's pause, could hear him breathing stertorously.

Mary Adair stood over him, wiping his lips with her handkerchief.

At Craig's coming she turned and looked up at him, her eyes searching his face. Her expression was like steel. Then she spoke.

"You cheat! You coward!" she said clearly; and Craig gaped at her in open-mouthed dismay.

"I—— What?" he stammered.

She did not answer. With an air of the most withering disdain for Craig, she turned away and bent above her father. Then Craig felt some one touch him on the arm.

It was Hilda Gawtry.

"Mr. Craig," she said quietly, "I think you'd better go. Come."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

That Wicked Weed

LARRY JEROME and John Chamberlin, the famous *bonrivant* of Washington, were great cronies. One day Jerome asked John to go with him up to Rhode Island, where there was a county fair. Jerome had heard there were some fine cattle up there and he wanted to buy a few head.

They went to Newport and drove seven miles to the fair. It was very hot. The chief attraction of the fair that year was a man one hundred years old, who had been going to that fair for ninety years. Everybody was anxious to see him.

The heat affected Chamberlin, and he sat down on a bench, took off his coat, lighted a big cigar and rested while Jerome went off to see his cattle. As Jerome left he was accosted by an old farmer and his wife, who asked if he knew where they could find the hundred-year-old citizen.

"Certainly," replied Jerome. "There he is—right over there on that bench!" And he pointed to John Chamberlin.

The farmer and his wife went over and looked at John for a minute or two. Finally the farmer asked:

"Be you a hundred years old?"

Chamberlin took out his cigar, blew a puff of smoke and replied gravely:

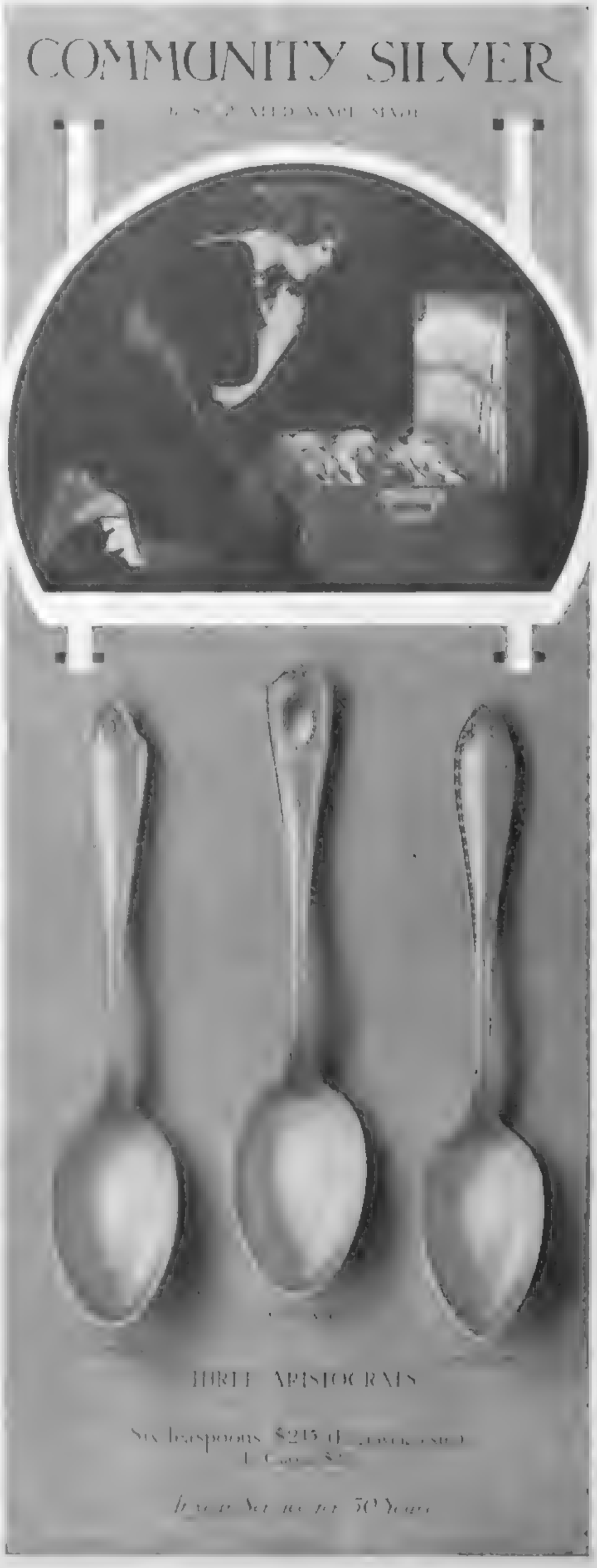
"I am."

The farmer's wife adjusted her glasses, walked up close to the man who had made terrapin famous and looked him over from head to foot.

"Well," she said, "I kin tell you, mister, that you look it. How long have you smoked tobacco?" she asked.

"Ninety years," Chamberlin replied.

"Well, mister," she exploded, "I kin tell you one thing: You'd 'a' lived a good deal longer if you hadn't smoked the nasty stuff!"



The Car You Won't Regret

By R. E. Olds, Designer

I have built some 65,000 cars for men who are glad they bought them.

Each at the time marked the best I knew. But every year has taught me something better.

Now in Reo the Fifth—after 26 years—I am offering a car which the longer you own the more highly you'll come to regard it.

Not an Ordinary Car

We build this car by standards of our own. They are uncommon standards, and men call them extreme.

They are extreme, if you seek satisfaction for a few months only, or cling to macadam roads.

They are not extreme if, year after year, on all sorts of roads, you want a car to hold up and keep new.

Things We Do

We give to all driving parts a margin of safety, not less than 50 per cent. All our tests are designed to apply to a 45-horsepower car.

To make utterly certain, we have steel made to formula. And we analyze it twice.

We prove our gears in a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity. We test our springs for 100,000 vibrations.

We prove each engine by five radical tests, requiring 48 hours altogether. Each engine, after testing, is taken apart and inspected.

We limit our output to 50 cars daily, even when orders call for 200 daily. Thus we have time to grind parts over and over, to fit them by hand, to get utter exactness. To apply every test and inspection.

Things We Use

We use in this car 15 roller bearings, 11 of which are Timkens. Common ball bearings cost one-fifth as much.

We use 190 drop forgings, at twice the cost of steel castings. This avoids the risk of flaws.

We use oversize tires at an extra cost of $60 per car.

We double heat our carburetor—use a $75 magneto.

We use big brakes, big springs, a smokeless oiling system, a costly centrifugal pump.

Our upholstery is genuine leather, filled with the best curled hair. Never was a car more carefully finished.

All this to save you many times as much, by reducing cost of upkeep.

Features Essential in an Up-to-Date Car

The latest models of the leading cars have these important features:

Left-side drive.
Center control.
Electric lights.
Set-in dash lights.
Oversize tires.

These are all coming features, already adopted by cars which dominate. The lack of them, in a very short time, will mark a car out-of-date. In buying a 1913 model one should see that these features are in it.

One-Rod Control

In Reo the Fifth, the center control consists of one rod, entirely out of the way. All the gear shifting is done by moving this rod only three inches in each of four directions. It's as simple as moving the spark lever.

There are no side levers, no center levers. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. So the driver enters from either side. He is never compelled to dismount in the street.

No other 1913 model has anything like this control.

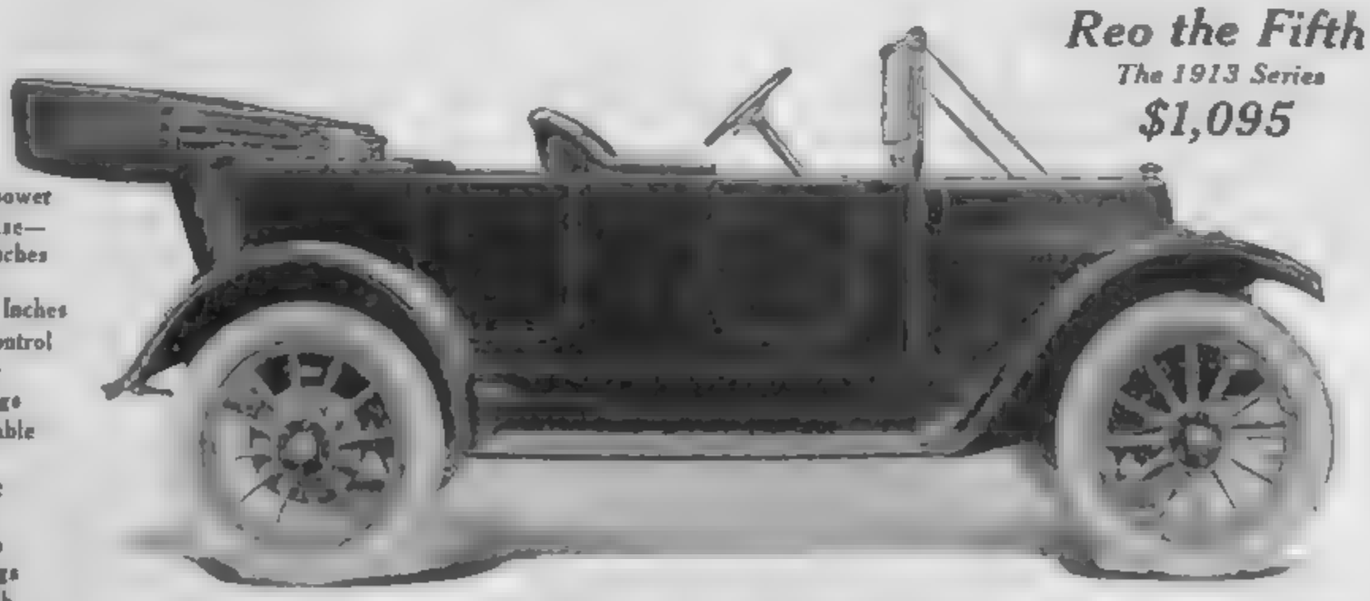
The Reo Price

You wonder, perhaps, how a car built like this can be sold at the Reo price. The main reason is this: We build only one model. Every machine, every tool is adapted to this one car. We save in this way about 20 per cent.

Then we build all our own parts. And the Reo factory, among engineers, is noted for efficiency.

Our extremes cost us $200 per car, but we save it in factory economies. The result is a car built like costly cars, yet selling for $1,095.

A thousand dealers sell Reo the Fifth. One can find them everywhere. If you don't know the nearest, write us. Catalog on request.



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The 1913 Series
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30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
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Center Control
15 Roller Bearings
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Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, Prest-O-Lite gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for $100 extra (list price $170). Gray & Davis Electric Lighting and Starting System at an extra price, if wanted.

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THE RISE OF THE BOOKKEEPER

(Concluded from Page 15)

cut the tops off all the pages in that book except the first and last, which made two titles suffice for the whole volume. When the chief accountant discovered this he nearly discharged him; but he still remembers it as a thrilling moment of original invention. He told the other young fellow about it. The latter had a somewhat similar job. He entered in a book records of all material purchased by the company, setting down quantities and prices. Prices were written in red ink. He began eliminating too, making it a rule to enter prices on a given kind of material only when there was a price change. That saved a great deal of red ink. When the chief accountant looked into this book one day and found no prices entered for several pages there was an explosion. Even after he understood the scheme he felt suspicious.

A little later those two young fellows were transferred to other departments. Today they run that company. The old accountant is gone—and probably it is just as well for his own peace of mind; for the accounting routines have been so simplified that there is hardly a real bookkeeping fixture in the place.

Machinery and shortcuts have by no means been confined to the big concerns with a large volume of records. The small concern profits as much by them as the great corporation—perhaps more; for where once the small man spent two or three hours after closing-time working on his books, now his cashier gives him the necessary totals as soon as the last transaction is recorded; his carbon system makes a ledger record at the same time he gives the customer a memo; and his adding machine digests and checks masses of figures that formerly kept him working over his books until midnight.

Where Steel Wheels Win

Detail has always hit the small business man harder than the big one. He has less time to attend to it and is less able to employ skilled accountants. Goods that are handled in fairly large quantities by the manufacturer or wholesaler are split into thousands of tiny items when they pass to the retailer's hands, and sold to hundreds of different customers.

The big concern may merely cut accounting costs by installing a modern device or be able to get more complete information about the business. The small man gets more than lower bookkeeping costs and better information, however, for his working hours are also cut down—and he gets freedom.

Along with this great development in accounting has gone a curious protest against mechanical accounting devices. People insist that they take personality and initiative out of business.

The old bookkeeper kept his records spotless, as a rule, was skillful as a penman, and cultivated a hair-trigger memory for petty details.

Along came the adding-machine salesman demonstrating his device. The bookkeeper first questioned its accuracy. When it was made clear to his mind that steel wheels can be more unfailing than human brains he would next want to run a race with the adding machine, demonstrating that he could add as fast. So it became part of adding-machine saleswork to let him race—and to beat him.

When this second fact was borne in upon him the old bookkeeper finally took his stand that the adding machine is soulless and that anybody who runs it will become a mere cog or lever. Instead of the old-fashioned accounting craft a girl is hired to punch keys; and instead of the scrupulously kept books there is a file of loose cards, kept by another girl. That, to the old bookkeeper's mind, is taking all the individuality out of accounting.

The new devices, however, have really given individuality and initiative their first chance in all the history of accounting. Work for a machine has been turned over to the machine, and the mind of the accountant has been set free in another direction.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of four articles by James H. Collins. The second, to appear in an early issue, will show the creative tendencies in present-day accounting.

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ARROW Colored SHIRTS *Exclusively*

This is how they look when worn. Being reversible they double the life of the shirt and halve laundry bills.

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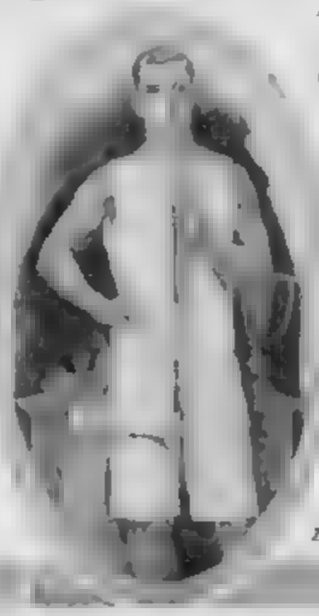
Makers of ARROW COLLARS

"Gee! I'm Glad I Have On B.V.D."

THAT'S what the cool, comfortable, *coated* man is thinking, while the cross, comfortless, *coatless* ones are eyeing him enviously. Don't *you* be caught without B. V. D. when warm days "put you on the griddle." B. V. D. weather is *here*—B. V. D. is sold *everywhere*.



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B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

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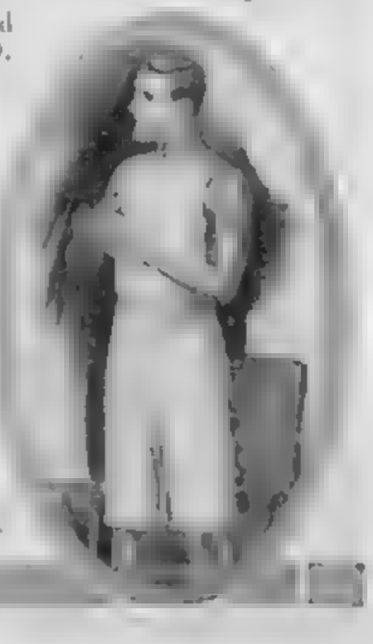

There Is a Great Difference in Tobaccos

WILLIAM COLLIER

William Collier, famous American actor, born in New York Dec. [illegible]

"My pipe is always Tuxedo-filled. I tried other tobaccos before I discovered Tuxedo. Now there IS no other"

William Collier

WALLACE IRWIN

Wallace Irwin, writer and lyricist, [illegible] of a Japanese School-[illegible]

"Tuxedo is always welcome. A pleasant smoke, a mental bracer—the ideal tobacco."

Wallace Irwin

W. HAYDEN COLLINS

W. Hayden Collins, prominent in real estate, and member of Chamber of Commerce of Washington, D. C., says:

I've compared Tuxedo with other tobaccos, much to the advantage of Tuxedo. It leads by a wide margin in purity and mildness."

W. Hayden Collins

Tuxedo is the Mildest, Sweetest, Most Pleasant Smoke in the World, Because—

First—The makers of Tuxedo have always been willing to spend the money necessary to buy the mildest, choicest, most thoroughly aged, selected Burley tobacco.

Second—The makers of Tuxedo know exactly how to treat this Burley tobacco so that every bit of pleasantness and goodness remains in the tobacco and every bit of unpleasantness and harshness is taken out.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Pipe Tobacco

Tuxedo was born in 1904. Its first imitator appeared two years later. Since then a host of imitations have been born, and are clamoring for your patronage.

No imitation is ever as good as the original. No amount of advertising, no amount of bluster and bluff, can ever make an imitation tobacco as good as Tuxedo.

Until someone discovers the secrets of the Tuxedo process, Tuxedo will remain without a rival. Those secrets are so carefully guarded that it is practically impossible for them to be discovered.

The greatest men in America—business men, professional men, lawyers, doctors, ministers, actors, sportsmen, athletes, engineers and men in every walk of life, smoke Tuxedo and recommend it as the most enjoyable, most pleasant and most healthful smoke.

If you are not a pipe smoker, you are denying yourself the greatest smoking pleasure known to man. One week of Tuxedo will give you more genuine, wholesome enjoyment than cigars—and at considerably less expense! *Try Tuxedo this week!*

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Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

Convenient pouch, *inner-lined* with moisture-proof paper 5c

Illustrations are about one-half size of real packages.

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Send us 2c in stamps for postage and we will mail you prepaid a souvenir tin of TUXEDO tobacco to any point in the United States.
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HARRISON FISHER

Harrison Fisher, one [illegible] most illustrious [illegible] the able exponent of the [illegible] type, says:

"I don't know a better relaxer, a better soother, a better source of inspiration, than a pipeful of Tuxedo. I have yet to find the equal of Tuxedo as a real smoke. It has surely served me well."

Harrison Fisher

WILLIAM B. WATTS

William B. Watts for [illegible] years Chief of the Division [illegible] Editor and [illegible] Washington [illegible]

"I find Tuxedo to be a brand that particularly suits my taste, and I will continue to use it in the future, as I have done in the past."

GEORGE H. ROBERTSON

George H. Robertson, famous auto driver and Vanderbilt Cup winner says:

"My chief solace after a long race is a pipeful of Tuxedo. It's the REAL smoke."

George H. Robertson

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Hot or cold drinks when needed while traveling, fishing, hunting, motoring, picnicking, etc.

Keeps baby's milk at right temperature or liquids hot or cold as desired without heat or bother of preparation.

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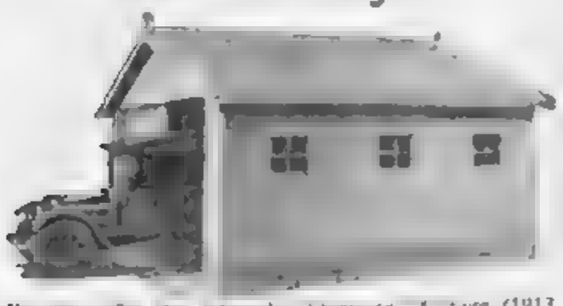

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Another of Those Cub Reporter Stories

(Continued from Page 13)

into it: "Do you think that I went too far? Do you think I ought to return to him and apologize to him for the somewhat hasty and abrupt manner of speech I made just now?"

I told him no—I didn't know what might happen if he went back in there then—and I persuaded him that Devore didn't expect any apology; and with that he seemed better satisfied and walked off. As I stood there watching him, his stiff old back growing smaller as he went away from me, I didn't know which I blamed the most, Devore for his malignant, cold disdain of the major, or the major for his blatant stupidity. And right then and there, all of a sudden, there came to me an understanding of a thing that had been puzzling me all these weeks. Often I had wondered how the major had endured Devore's contempt. I had decided in my own mind that he must be blind to it, else he would have shown resentment. But now I knew the answer. The major wasn't blind, he was afraid; as the saying goes, he was afraid of his job. He needed it; he needed the little scrap of money it brought him every Saturday night. That was it, I knew now.

Knowing it made me sorrier than ever for the old man. Dimly I began to realize, I think, what his own mental attitude toward his position must be. Here he was, a mere cub reporter—and a remarkably bad one, a proven failure—skirmishing round for small, inconsequential items, running errands really, at an age when most of the men he knew were getting ready to retire from business. Yet he didn't dare quit. He didn't dare even to rebel against the slights of the man over him, because he needed that twelve dollars a week. It was all, no doubt, that stood between him and actual want. His pride was bleeding to death internally. On top of all that he was being forced into a readjustment of his whole scheme of things, at a time of life when its ordered routine was almost as much a part of him as his hands and feet. As I figured it, he had long before adjusted his life to his income, cunningly fitting in certain small luxuries and all the small comforts; and now this income was cut to a third or a quarter perhaps of its former dimensions. It seemed a pretty hard thing for the major. It was fierce.

Perhaps my vision was clouded by sympathy, but I thought Major Stone aged visibly that summer. Maybe you have noticed how it is with men who have gone along, hale and staunch, until they reach a certain age. When they do start to break they break fast. He lost some of his flesh and most of his rosiness. The skin on his face loosened a little and became a tallowy yellowish-red, somewhat like a winter-killed apple.

His wardrobe suffered. One day one of his short little shoes was split across the top just back of the toe cap, and the next morning it was patched. Pretty soon the other shoe followed suit—first a crack in the leather, then a clumsy patch over the crack. He wore his black slouch hat until it was as green in spots as a gage plum; and late in August he supplanted it with one of those cheap, varnished brown-straw hats that cost about thirty-five cents apiece and look it.

His linen must have been one of his small extravagances. Those majestically collared garments with the tremendous plaited bosoms and the hand-worked eyelets, where the three big flat gold studs went in, never came ready made from any shop. They must have been built to his measure and his order. Now he wore them until there were gaped places between the plaits where the fine, fragile linen had ripped lengthwise, and the collars were frayed down and broken across and caved in limply. Finally he gave them up too, and one morning came to work wearing a flimsy, sleazy, negligee shirt. I reckon you know the kind of shirt I mean—always it fits badly, and the sleeves are always short and the bosom skimpy, and the color design is like bad wallpaper. After his old full-bosomed grandeur this shirt, with a ten-cent collar buttoned on to it and overriding the neckband, and gaping away in the front so that the major's throat showed, seemed to typify more than everything else the days upon which he had fallen. About this time I thought some of the booming note

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SHOE POLISHES
3 KINDS - FOR ALL SHOES - EASY TO USE

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The Perfect Tire Has Come

Now that the Motz Cushion Tire has proven itself ***easy-riding*** and absolutely ***trouble-proof***—after 4 years' service on every type of electric car—we believe it is entitled to first claim to perfection.

Such is the record of the Motz Cushion Tire—a tire that entirely does away with punctures and blowouts, yet has the comfortable riding qualities of the pneumatic, save under excessive speed.

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Among leading ***makers*** of electric cars, the verdict is unanimous. For ***all*** these leading makers have adopted the Motz Cushion Tire even though it costs them more. They want their cars to be trouble-proof, and at the same time they want the delicate mechanical parts well protected from bumps, jolts and shocks.

How Pneumatic Resiliency Is Obtained

By an ingenious mechanical principle, the Motz Cushion Tire is made ***lively*** and ***resilient*** like pneumatic tires. The double, notched treads (A in picture) prevent skidding and distribute the weight to the sides. The sides are undercut (see B), which allows free action of slantwise bridges (see C). These bridges are elastic. They give and yield like the air in a pneumatic tire. Note D in the picture, showing shock-absorbing qualities when tire runs over a stone.

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Owners of Motz Cushion Tires are saving money, for the days of tire-repair bills are gone forever.

And emergency tires are no longer carried or needed.

And again—instead of getting 2,000 to 3,000 miles of service, they get 10,000 or more. For every set of Motz Cushion Tires, on pleasure electrics, is specifically GUARANTEED 10,000 miles—2 years.

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These tires can be easily applied to any standard clincher, universal quick-detachable or demountable rim.

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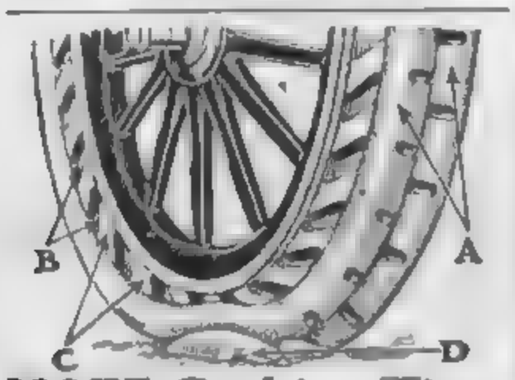

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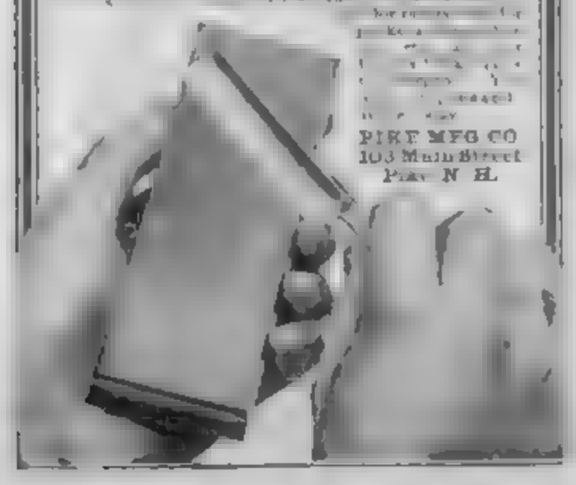

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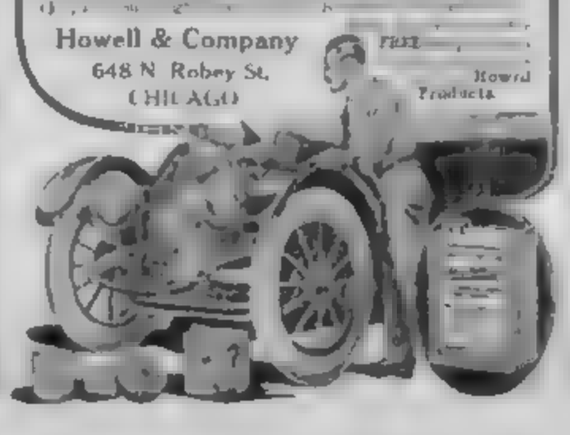

went out of his voice. It was still hollow, but it no longer rang.

A good many men similarly placed would have taken to drink, but Major Putnam Stone plainly was never born to be a drunkard and hard times couldn't make one of him. With a sort of gentle, stupid persistence he hung fast to his poor job, blundering through someway, struggling constantly to learn the first easy tricks of the trade—the a, b, c's of it—and never succeeding. He still lugged the classical poets and the war into every story he tried to write, and day after day Devore maintained his policy of eloquent brutal silence, refusing dumbly to accept the major's clumsy placating attempts to get upon a better footing with him. After that once he had never attempted to scold the old man, but he would watch the major pottering round the city room, and he would chew on his under lip and viciously lance his scalp with his pencil point.

Well, aside from the major, Devore had his troubles that summer. That was the summer of the biggest, bitterest campaign that the state had seen, so old-timers said, since Breckinridge ran against Douglas and both of them against Lincoln. If you have ever lived in the South, probably you know something of political fights that will divide a state into two armed camps, getting hotter and hotter until old slumbering animosities come crawling out into the open, like poison snakes from under a rock, and new lively ones hatch from the shell every hour or so in a multiplying adder brood.

This was like that, only worse. Stripped of a lot of embroidery in the shape of side issues and local complications, it resolved itself in a last-ditch, last-stand, back-to-the-wall fight of the old régime of the party against the new. On one side were the oldsters, bearers of famous names some of them, who had learned politics as a trade and followed it as a profession. Almost to a man they were professional office-holders, professional hand-shakers, professional silver-tongues. And against them were pitted a greedy, hungry group of younger men, less showy perhaps in their persons, less picturesque in their manner of speech, but filled each one with a great yearning for office and power; and they brought to the aid of their vaulting ambitions a new and a faultlessly running machine. From the outset the Evening Press had championed the cause of the old crowd—the state-house ring as the enemy called it, when they didn't call it something worse. We championed it not as a Northern or an Eastern paper might, in a sedate half-hearted way, but fiercely and wholly and blindly—so blindly that we could see nothing in our own faction but what was good and high and pure, nothing in the other but what was smutted with evil intent. In daily double-leaded editorial columns the chief preached a Holy War, and in the local pages we fought the foe tooth and nail, biting and gouging and clawing, and they gouged and clawed back at us like catamounts. That was where the hard work fell upon Devore. He had to keep half his scanty staff working on politics while the other half tried to cover the run of the news.

If I live to be a thousand years old I am not going to forget the state convention that began at two o'clock that muggy September afternoon at Lyric Hall up on Washington Street in the old part of the town. Once upon a time twenty or thirty years before Lyric Hall had been the biggest theater in town. The stage was still there and the boxes, and at the back there were miles—they seemed miles anyway—of ancient, crumbling, daubsy scenery stacked up and smelling of age and decay. Booth and Barrett had played there, and Fanny Davenport and Billy Florence. Now having fallen from its high estate, it served altered purposes—conventions were held, and cheap masquerade balls, and the like performances.

The press tables that had been provided were not, strictly speaking, press tables at all. They were ordinary unpainted kitchen tables, ranged two on one side and two on the other side at the front of the stage close up to the old gas-tipped foothghts; and when we came in by the back way that afternoon and found our appointed places I was struck by certain sinister facts. Usually women flocked to a state convention. By rights there should have been ladies in the boxes and in the balcony. Now there wasn't a woman in sight anywhere, only men, row after row of them. And there wasn't any cheering, or mighty little of it. When I tell you the band played Dixie all the way through with only a stray whoop now and then, you will understand better the temper of that crowd.

The situation, you see, was like this: One side had carried the mountain end of the state; the other had carried the lowlands. One side had swept the city; that meant a solid block of more than a hundred delegates. The other side had won the small towns and the inland counties. So it stood lowlander against highlander, city man against country man, and the bitter waters of those ancient feuds have their well-springs back a thousand years in history, they tell me. One side led slenderly on instructed vote. The other side had enough contesting delegations on hand to upset the result if these contestants or any considerable proportion of them should be recognized in the preliminary organization.

One side held a majority of the delegates who sat upon the floor; the other side had packed the balcony and the aisles and the corners with its armed partisans. One side was in the saddle and determined; the other afoot and grimly desperate. And it was our side, as I shall call it, meaning by that the state-house ring, that for the moment had the whiphand; and it was the other side, led in person by State Senator Stickney, god of the new machine, that stood ready to wade hip-deep through trouble to unhorse us.

Just below me, stretching across the hall from side to side in favored front places, sat the city delegates—Stickney men all of them. And as my eye swept the curved double row of faces it seemed to me I saw there every man in town with a reputation as a gun-fighter or a knife-fighter or a fist-fighter; and every one of them wore, pinning his delegate's badge to his breast, a Stickney button that was round and bright red, like a clot of blood on his shirt front.

They made a contrast, these half-moon lines of blocky men, to the lank, slouch-hatted, low-collared country delegates—farmers, schoolteachers, country doctors and country lawyers—who filled the seats behind them and on beyond them. To the one group politics was a business in which there was money to be made and excitement to be had; to the other group it was a passion, veritably a sacredly high and serious thing, which they took as they did their religion, with a solemn, intolerant, Calvinistic sincerity. There was one thing, though, they all shared in common. Whether a man's coat was of black alpaca or striped flannel, the right-hand pocket sagged under the weight of unseen ironmongery, or if the coat pocket didn't sag there was a bulging clump back under the skirts on the right hip. For all the heat, hardly a man there was in his shirtsleeves; and it would have been funny to watch how carefully this man or that eased himself down into his seat, favoring his flanks against the pressure of his hardware—that is to say, it would have been funny if it all hadn't been so deadly earnest.

You could fairly smell trouble cooking in that hall. In any corner almost there were the potential makings of half a dozen prominent funerals. There was scarce a man, I judged, but nursed a private grudge against some other man; and then besides these there was the big issue itself, which had split the state apart lengthwise as a butcher's cleaver splits a joint. Looking out over that convention, you could read danger spelled out everywhere, in everything, as plain as print.

I was where I could read it with particular and uncomfortable distinctness, too, for I had the second place at the table that had been assigned to the Evening Press crew. There were four of us in all—Devore, who had elected to be in direct charge of the detail; Ike Webb, our star man, who was to handle the main story; I who was to write the running account—and, fourthly and lastly, Major Putnam Stone. The major hadn't been included in the assignment originally, but little Mike Gilfoil had turned up sick that morning, and the chief decided the major should come along with us in Gilfoil's place. The chief had a deluded notion that the major could circulate on a roving commission and pick up spicy scraps of gossip. But here, for this once anyway, was a convention wherein there were no spicy bits of gossip to be picked up—curse words, yes, and cold-chilled fighting words, but not gossip—everything focused and was summed up in the one main point: Should the majority rule the machine, or should the machine

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rule the majority? So the major sat there at the far inside corner of the table doing nothing at all—Devore saw to that—and was rather in the way. For the time I forgot all about him.

The clash wasn't long in coming. It came on the first rollcall of counties. It came with scarcely any warning at all. Old Judge Marcellus Barbee, the state chairman, called the convention to order, he standing at a little table in the center of the stage. Although counted as our man, the Judge was of such uncertain fiber as to render it doubtful whose man he really was. He was a kindly, wind-blown old gentleman, who very much against his will had been drawn unawares, as it were, into the middle of this fight, and he was bewildered by it all—and not only bewildered but unhappy and frightened. His gavel seemed to quaver its raps out timorously.

A pastor of one of the churches, a reverend man with a bleak, worried face, prayed the Lord that peace and good-will and wise counsel might rule these deliberations, and then fled away as though fearing the mocking echoes of his own "Amen." Summoning his skulking voice out of his lower throat, Judge Barbee bade the secretary of the state committee call the counties. The secretary got as far as Blanton, the third county alphabetically down the list. And Blanton was one of the contested counties. So up rose two rival chairmen of delegations, each waving aloft his credentials, each demanding the right to cast the vote of free and sovereign Blanton, each shaking a clenched fist at the other. Up got the rival delegations from Blanton. Up got everybody. Judge Barbee, with a gesture, recognized the rights of the anti-Stickney delegation. Jeers and yells broke out, spattering forth like a skirmish fire, then almost instantly were merged into a vast, ominous roar. Chairs began to overturn. Not twenty feet from me the clattering of the chairman's gavel, as he vainly beat for order, sounded like the clicking of a telegraph instrument in a cyclone.

All in a flash I saw these things, and in that same flash I saw, taking shape and impulse, a ground swell of men, all wearing red buttons, rolling toward the stage, with the picked bad men of the city wards for its crest; and out of the tail of my eye I saw too, stealing out from the rear of the stage, a small, compact wedge of men wearing those same red buttons; and the prow of the wedge was Fighting Dave Dancy, the official bad man of a bad county, a man who packed a gun on each hip and carried a dirk knife down the back of his neck; a man who would shoot you at the drop of a hat and provide the hat himself—or at least so it was said of him.

And I realized that the enemy, coming by concerted agreement from front and rear at once, had nipped those of us who were upon the stage as between two closing walls, and I was exceedingly unhappy to be there. I ducked my head low, waiting for the shooting to begin. Afterward we figured it out that nobody fired the first shot because everybody knew the first shot would mean a massacre, where likely enough a man would kill more friends than foes.

What happened now in the space of the next few seconds I saw with particular clarity of vision, because it happened right alongside me and in part right over me. I recall in especial Mink Satterlee. Mink Satterlee was one of the worst men in town, and he ran the worst saloon and prevailed mightily in ward politics. He had been sitting just below our table in the front row of seats. He was a big-bodied man, fat-necked, but this day he showed himself quick on his feet as any toe-dancer. Leading his own forces by a length, he vaulted the orchestra rail and lit lightly where a scared oboe player had been squatted a moment before; Mink breasted the gutterlike edging of the footlights and leaped upward, teetering a moment in space. One of his hands grabbed out for a purchase and closed on the leg of our table, and jerked it almost from under us. At that Devore either lost his head or else indignation made him reckless. Still half sitting, he kicked out at the wriggling bulk at his feet, and the toe of his shoe took Mink Satterlee in his chest. It was a puny enough kick; it didn't even shake Mink Satterlee loose from where he clung. He gave a bellow and heaved himself up on the stage and, before any of us could move, grabbed Devore by the throat with his left hand and jammed him back, face upward, on the table until I thought Devore's spine would crack. His right hand shot into his coat pocket, then, quick

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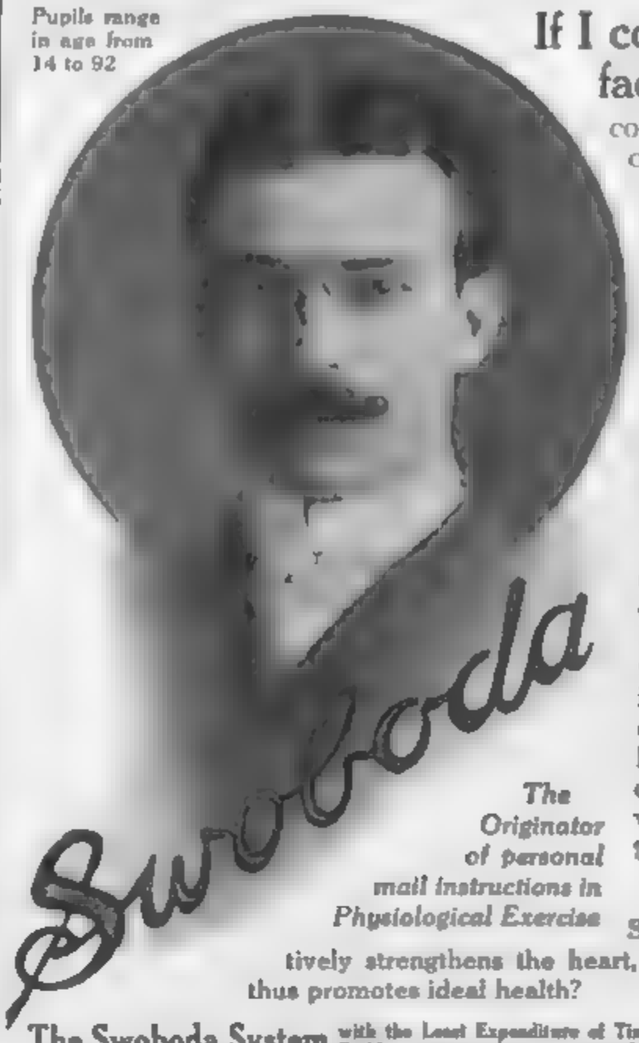

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"I cannot recommend your system ... without flattery believe that its propagation ... would be of great benefit to the health of the country."
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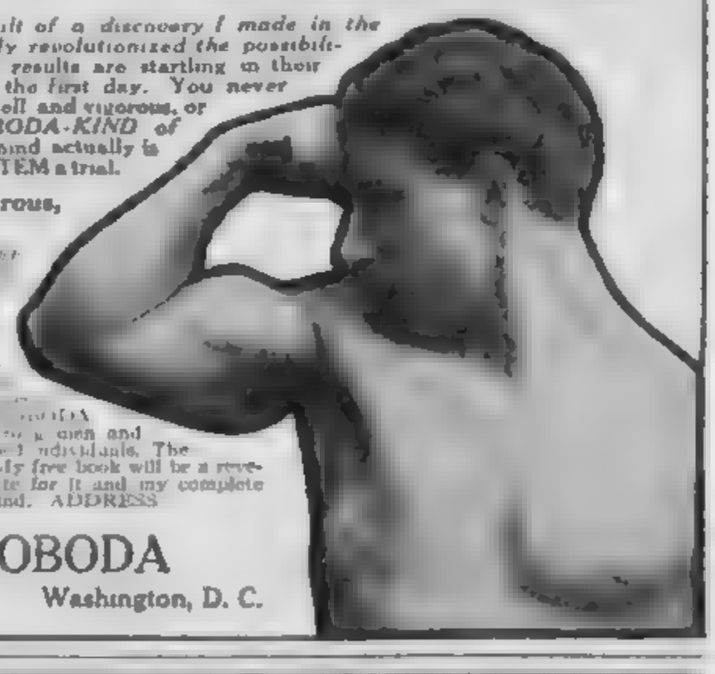

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as a snake, came out again, showing the fat fist armed with a set of murderously heavy brass knucks, and he bent his arm in a crooked sickle-like stroke, aiming for Devore's left temple. I've always been satisfied—and so has Devore—that if the blow had landed true his skull would have caved in like a puff-ball. Only it never landed.

Above me a shadow of something hung for the hundredth part of a second, something white flashed over me and by me, moving downward whizzingly; something cracked on something; and Mink Satterlee breathed a gentle little grunt right in Devore's face and then relaxed and slid down on the floor, lying half under the table and half in the tin trough where the stubby gasjets of the footlights stood up, with his legs protruding stiffly out over its edge toward his friends. Subconsciously I noted that his socks were not mates, one of them being blue and one black; also that his scalp had a crescent-shaped split place in it just between and above his half-closed eyes. All this though couldn't have taken one-fifth of the time it has required for me to tell it. It couldn't have taken more than a brace of seconds, but even so it was time enough for other things to happen; and I looked back again toward the center of the stage just as Fighting Dave Dancy seized startled old Judge Barbee by the middle from behind and flung him aside so roughly that the old man spun round twice, clutching at nothing, and then sat down very hard, yards away from where he started spinning.

Dancy stooped for the gavel, which had fallen from the judge's hand, being minded, I think, to run the convention awhile in the interest of his own crowd. But his greedy fingers never closed over its black-walnut handle, because, facing him, he saw just then what made him freeze solid where he was.

Out from behind the Evening Press table and through a scattering huddle of newspaper reporters, stepping on the balls of his feet as lightly as a puss-cat, emerged Major Putnam Stone. His sleeves were turned back off his wrists and his vest flared open. His head was thrust forward so that the tuft of goatee on his chin stuck straight out ahead of him like a little burgee in a fair breeze. His face was all a clear, bright, glowing pink; and in his right hand he held one of the longest cavalry revolvers that ever was made, I reckon. It had a square-butted ivory handle, and as I saw that ivory handle I knew what the white thing was that had flashed by me only a moment before to fell Mink Satterlee so expeditiously.

Writing this, I've been trying to think of the one word that would best describe how Major Putnam Stone looked to me as he advanced on Dave Dancy. I think now that the proper word is "competent," for indeed the old major did look most competent—the tremendous efficiency he radiated filled him out and made him seem sundry sizes larger than he really was. A great emergency acts upon different men as chemical processes act upon different metals. Some it melts like lead, so that their resolution softens and runs away from them; and some it hardens to tempered steel. Take the old major now. Always before this he had seemed to me to be all pot metal and putty, and here, poised, alert, ready—a wire-drawn, hard-hammered Damascus blade of a man—all changed and transformed and glorified, he was coming down on Dave Dancy, finger on trigger, thumb on hammer, eye on target, dominating the whole scene.

Ten feet from him he halted and there was nobody between them. Somehow everybody else halted too, some even giving back a little. Over the edge of the stage a ring of staring faces, like a high-water mark, showed where the onward rushing swell of the Stickney city delegates had checked itself. Seemingly to all at once came the realization that the destinies of the fight had by the chances of the fight been entrusted to these two men—to Dancy and the major—and that between them the issue would be settled one way or the other.

Still at a half-crouch, Dancy's right hand began to steal back under the skirt of his long black coat. At that the major flung up the muzzle of his weapon so that it pointed skyward, and he braced his left arm at his side in the attitude you have seen in the pictures of dueling scenes of olden times.

"I am waiting, sir, for you to draw," said the major quite briskly. "I will shoot it out with you to see whether right or might shall control this convention." And his heels clicked together like castanets.

Dancy's right hand kept stealing farther and farther back. And then you could mark by the change of his skin and of the look out of his eyes how his courage was clabbering to whey inside him, making his face a milky, curdled white, the color of a poorly stirred emulsion, and then he quit—his hand came out again from under his coattails and it was an empty hand and wide open. It was from that moment on that throughout our state Fighting Dave Dancy ceased to be Fighting Dave and became instead Yaller Dave.

"Then, sir," said the major, "as you do not seem to care to shoot it out with me, man to man, you and your friends will kindly withdraw from this stage and allow the business of this convention to proceed in an orderly manner."

And as Dave Dancy started to go somebody laughed. In another second we were all laughing and the danger was over. When an American crowd begins laughing the danger is always over.

Newspaper men down in that town still talk about the story that Ike Webb wrote for the last edition of the Evening Press that afternoon. It was a great story, as Ike Webb told it—how, still sitting on the floor, old Judge Barbee got his wits back and by word of mouth commissioned the major a special sergeant-at-arms; how the major privily sent men to close and lock and hold the doors so that the Stickney people couldn't get out to bolt, even if they had now been of a mind to do so; how the convention, catching the spirit of the moment, elected the major its temporary chairman, and how even after that, for quite a spell, until some of his friends bethought to remove him, Mink Satterlee slept peacefully under our press table with his mismated legs bridged across the tin trough of the footlights.

Like the cracking good reporter that he was, Ike Webb saved his best point for the last paragraph of his story, which was that the major's ivory-handled cavalry pistol wasn't loaded. The major had thought it was, and Dave Dancy had assumed that it was; but as a matter of fact it hadn't had a cartridge in it for years and years.

In rapid succession a number of unusual events occurred in the Evening Press shop the next morning. To begin with, the chief came down early. He had a few words in private with Devore and went upstairs. When the major came at eight as usual, Devore was waiting for him at the door of the city room; and as they went upstairs together, side by side, I saw Devore's arm steal timidly out and rest a moment on the major's shoulder.

The major was the first to descend. Walking unusually erect, even for him, he bustled into the telephone booth. Jessie, our operator, told us afterward that he called up a haberdasher, and in a voice that boomed like a bell ordered fourteen of those plaited-bosom shirts of his, the same to be made up and delivered as soon as possible. Then he stalked out. And in a minute or two more Devore came down looking happy and unhappy and embarrassed and exalted, all of them at once. On his way to his desk he halted midway of the floor.

"Gentlemen," he said huskily—"fellows, I mean—I've got an announcement to make, or rather two announcements. One is this: Right here before you fellows who heard most of them I want to take back all the mean things I ever said about him—about Major Stone—and I want to say I'm sorry for all the mean things I've done to him. I've tried to beg his pardon, but he wouldn't listen—he wouldn't let me beg his pardon—he—he said everything was all right. That's one announcement. Here's the other: The major is going to have a new job with this paper. He's going to leave the city staff. Hereafter he's going to be upstairs in the room next to the chief. He's going out now to pick out his own desk. He's going to write specials for the Sunday specials about the war. And he's going to do it on a decent salary too."

I judge by my own feelings that we all wanted to cheer, but didn't because we thought it might sound theatrical and foolish. Anyhow, I know that was how I felt. So there was a little awkward pause.

"What's his new title going to be?" asked somebody then.

"The title is appropriate—I suggested it myself," said Devore. "Major Stone is going to be war editor."

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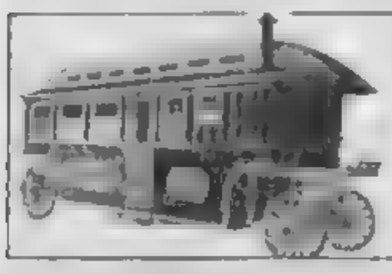

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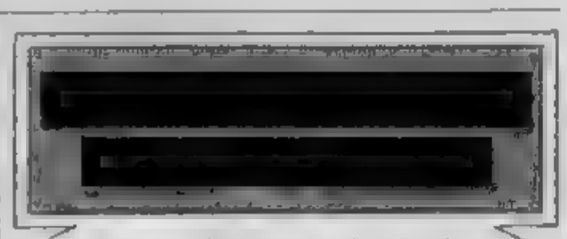

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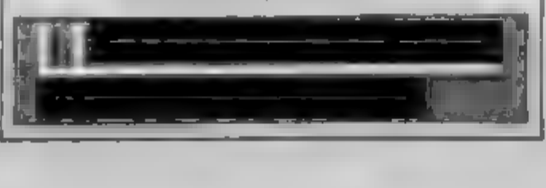

THE INCOME TAX

(Continued from Page 7.

prevent the recurrence of such injustice as I felt had been done in the Pollock decision.

It was so late in the term I thought it not probable that it could be passed at that session and submitted to the legislatures of the states. But the reform was needed, the work had to be done, and the sooner agitation was begun the sooner reform would come. The movement gained new momentum day by day. Favorable response came from every part of the country. Other events also helped along the movement. Rigid economy had been the Democratic policy. President Cleveland had enforced it rigorously. The appropriations during his last Administration were, for the four years, $1,860,630,575. But there came an era of extraordinary expenditure and unprecedented appropriations. The Billion-Dollar Congress was ushered in, with its wanton waste and extravagance. We spent more dollars through Congress in one year in Harrison's Administration than there are seconds in thirty years! The laborer and farmer began to say: "If all this money is to be raised by taxes on consumption, and none on incomes, what is my fate to be?"

We went out exploiting other countries—sent armies to China, to Cuba and to the Philippine Islands. High-priced civilian officers and establishments followed in their wake. It was all costly, and nothing came from tax on incomes. At last the people rebelled and resolved on reform of their tax system; and they struck for an income tax again.

Congress was called to revise the tariff by President Taft in 1909. Whether it was revised upward or downward has been a disputed point; but, whether one way or the other, the people were not satisfied. There had been talk in favor of a tax on corporations. The leaders among those who favored revision upward, or a standpat tariff, came to believe there was strength enough in Congress to pass an income tax and shrank from it.

There had also been many changes on the Supreme Bench. It was better, as protectionists saw it, to allow the submission of an income tax amendment to the Constitution than to grapple with the income tax law again. This would at least give time and a "breathing spell." Besides, the amendment feeling was so strong they despaired of defeating it in Senate or House. The following resolution and amendment was introduced in the Senate by Senator Brown, of Nebraska, in 1909:

"Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled—two-thirds of each house concurring therein—That the following article is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several states, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the Constitution:

"Article XVI. The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived, without apportionment, among the several states, and without regard to any census or enumeration."

It passed the Senate July 5, 1909. It was adopted in the House of Representatives July 12, 1909. After enrollment it was deposited with the secretary of state July 21, 1909—a fast record!

The First State to Come Across

Doubtless many who quietly submitted to the passage of the amendment resolutions through the Senate and House did so because they believed the same forces that had fought the tax before could take care of it in the broader field where the fight was so unequal. By securing only one more than one-fourth of the states to oppose it they would defeat it. They did not know what a revolution had been set in motion among the people. They could not believe the same great force which was demanding that the tariff be revised downward also demanded that all taxes should be imposed, whether income or tariff, which more certainly and surely would secure equality of tax burden.

It was assented to—or rather tolerated—by the standpatters only as a breakwater against an income tax law in the tariff revision made at the extra session called by President Taft in 1909 for that purpose. Another thing tolerated rather than favored was the new tax imposed on the income of corporations, and for the same reason. The support of the corporation tax by certain stalwart standpatters cannot be accounted for in any other way.

At first some states that were supposed to be for the amendment either failed to ratify or rejected it. There being forty-eight states in the Union, thirty-six were required to ratify it. The earnest and progressive advocates of the amendment justly feared and trembled when they saw the systematic and powerful opposition organizing against them; but they wisely met reaction with action, determined that it should not fail for lack of aggression.

Alabama was the first to act favorably, on August 17, 1909—less than thirty days after submission. The great state of Illinois also acted early and favorably.

New York presented one of the most stubborn of all the battles waged on the important question. At first it was rejected. Opposition to ratification was led by Governor Hughes, chief executive of the state, now a justice of the Supreme Court. He insisted that the amendment would authorize the imposition of an income tax by the Government on the income obtained from bonds of the several states. He went so far as to include this argument in a message to the legislature.

Approbation from Elihu Root

Honorable Elihu Root came forward in an able and exhaustive argument in favor of the amendment, in which he combated the position of Governor Hughes. He showed that these taxes had been sustained by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States for one hundred years prior to their being nullified by that same body in the Pollock decision in 1895. He cited as proofs of this the Hylton case, decided in 1796, and also the Springer case of 1880, both unapportioned taxes—one on pleasure carriages, the other involving the sale of Honorable William M. Springer's home, which he allowed to sell for income taxes to make the case and test the law. He argued, as others had done before, that the Government had relied on this tax to raise vast revenues and help carry on the war of 1861–65. He contended that it was unwise to take from the Government the power to marshal its financial forces to save it in direst extremity. As to the effect of the amendment and the power it conferred, he said:

"I do not consider that the amendment in any degree whatever will enlarge the taxing power of the National Government, or will have any effect except to relieve the exercise of that taxing power from the requirement that the tax shall be apportioned among the several states. The effect of the amendment will be, in my view, the same as if it said: 'The United States may lay a tax on incomes without apportioning the tax, and this shall be applicable whatever the source of the income subjected to the tax'; leaving the question, What incomes are subjected to national taxation? to be determined by the same principles and rules which are now applicable to the determination of that question."

New York reversed her former action and in 1911 joined the movement for ratification. Then the work became easier. State after state voted to ratify, and but few refused outright to vote for it. As the feeling against the injustice of the tariff schedules increased, the income tax amendment grew in popular favor. The great revolution in the Northwest against the one was no less a revolution for the other. It became a platform declaration and shibboleth of the Democratic party.

West Virginia was the thirty-fifth state to adopt it. Then there were a number of states standing ready to be the thirty-sixth and final one, to complete a work begun a sixth of a century ago and adopt the first amendment to the Constitution in more than forty years. The Fifteenth Amendment was adopted in 1870, giving the franchise to the former slaves. Delaware beat Wyoming for thirty-sixth place only by a few hours. The same day New Mexico acted and New Jersey was ready to do so. It was ratified, with many states to spare.

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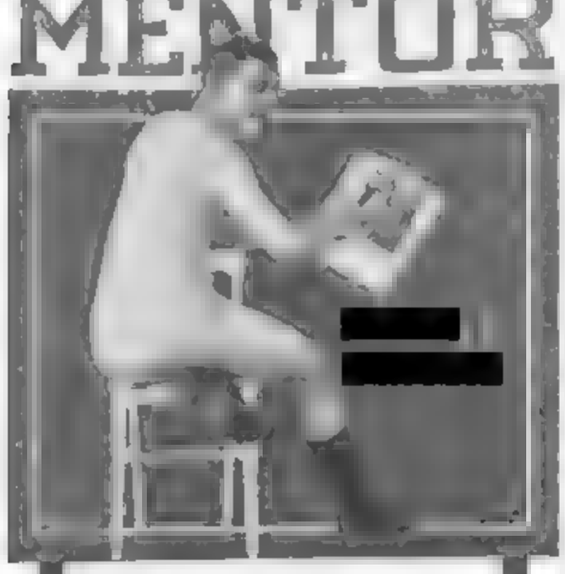

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Republic that was paralyzed by the Pollock decision. It equalizes the burden of the people—relieving the weak, yet doing no injustice to the strong and opulent. Most of the great nations of the world have an income tax—some of them of very long standing. It is hard to tell how many of them would progress without it. We have done so only by reason of the boundless resources of our rich forests, new territory, coal, iron, and other minerals, many of which we are wasting without due regard to the future. But as our cities became crowded, our soil worn out, our resources diminished, so that no longer the poor could have homesteads for the simple asking and settling, taxation of wealth instead of poverty was an absolute necessity. The people saw it, felt it, demanded the reform—and have forced it.

The signs of the times indicate two sources—both just and feasible—from which the American people will and should insist on getting permanently a large part of the vast revenues to run this Government. They are—first, whisky, wines, beer and tobacco, because, being subjects of voluntary consumption, they are more properly taxable than the necessaries of life; second, incomes, because thereby each taxed citizen pays in proportion to his ability.

This is not the case where revenues are derived solely from consumption, for it takes as many yards of cloth to clothe comfortably and as many pounds of sugar, coffee, salt, rice, meat and vegetables to feed bountifully a poor man as a rich one. Hence, when taxation is on consumption, as with tariff taxes, the burden is borne unequally—the poor paying more and the rich less than their fair share. Therefore these two sources and tariff duties will be our reliance in future. Heretofore we have taxed want instead of wealth.

England's Source of Income

The growth of income tax sentiment throughout the world has been rapid the last third of a century. The graduated income is much more popular with the masses than a flat or uniform rate on all incomes, whether large or small.

The systems of income tax differ so widely in different countries that it is difficult in the small space available here to give anything but a brief summary. The United States has been a follower—not a leader—in income taxation. We have seen it tried in other countries sufficiently to profit by their experience.

The United Kingdom was one of the first of the great nations to adopt a general income tax. It was first invoked there as a temporary war measure in 1798 and repealed in 1815. It was reenacted and has been a permanent part of their revenue system since 1842. Not only is the law in force in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, but an income tax exists in most of England's colonies.

The exemption is one hundred and sixty pounds. England derives more than one-fourth of her revenue from this source. Much of the tax is collected at the source, thereby avoiding in a measure individual returns. The persons in England with incomes of less than one hundred and sixty pounds, and their families, in 1904 numbered 37,875,000, and their income was $4,400,000,000; the number with incomes of seven hundred pounds and upward, and their families, was 1,375,000, and their annual income was $2,900,000,000; the number of persons with incomes between one hundred and sixty and seven hundred pounds, and their families, was 3,750,000, and their annual income was $1,225,000,000; the number of income taxpayers in London was 58,600. This tax in Scotland yields about one-tenth of that in England, and Ireland yields about one-third as much as Scotland. In 1909 this tax yielded $165,103,380 in England.

Japan's present system of graduated income tax was adopted in 1899, and amended by fixing extraordinary additional rates in 1905–6 for war purposes. The ordinary rates are from one per cent on three hundred yen—one hundred and fifty dollars—to five and five-tenths per cent on one hundred thousand yen or $50,000; all below three hundred yen is exempt. It yielded in 1910 $14,864,920, which was 9.27 per cent of what was raised by taxation. The extraordinary war tax, now made permanent, is from nine to forty per cent of the ordinary rate, and therefore also graduated. But on some kinds of income the tax goes as high as twelve and a half per cent. Japan has no inheritance tax.

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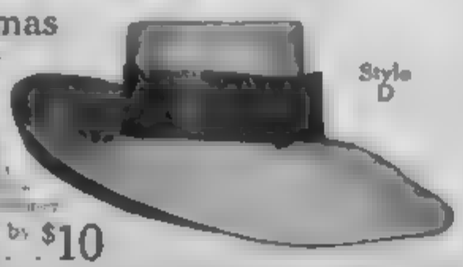

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By a reform system of taxation, adopted in 1909, Hungary has a graduated income tax on all incomes ranging from five-tenths of one per cent to five per cent. With an income of two thousand kronen ($406) the rate reaches one per cent, and on one hundred and fifty thousand kronen ($30,450) it is five per cent. Even higher rates are paid on certain compensation for services. A higher rate is paid on land rent of absentees than on similar incomes of residents.

India has an income tax system dating back to 1886. The tax is graduated. The rate is about two to two and a half per cent and yields $7,057,213, paid by 255,762 persons; the cost of collection is but one and seven-tenths per cent.

Switzerland, as a whole, has no general income tax law, but in all the cantons collection is made on both earned and unearned incomes at a specified rate for the canton and also for the commune. The laws are too numerous to quote and too variant to generalize. The tax is graduated. Some idea of the system is obtainable from the city of Berne, which collects from two to five per cent for the city and from two and a half to six and one-quarter per cent for the canton.

Where Uncle Sam Is Liberal

Denmark's income tax law of 1903 is graduated, ranging from one and three-tenths to two and five-tenths per cent, and is paid by all people living in Denmark. An exemption of two hundred and fourteen dollars is allowed for people living in the cities, one hundred and sixty dollars for people in the country districts; and a further reduction is made of twenty-six dollars for every child in Copenhagen and eighteen dollars for children in the country. No distinction is made between earned and unearned incomes. There is also an inheritance tax, which is levied not upon the source of the income but upon incomes from all sources; it costs one and five-tenths per cent to collect, yields $2,150,000, and is paid by thirteen per cent of the entire population.

The states of the German Confederation contain about twenty income taxes. In most instances the method of assessment relied on is the return made by the taxpayer, disclosing his income. Collection at the source has not been adopted extensively by these countries.

There has been a progressive income tax in force in Austria since 1898; prior to that time, as far back as 1849, there was an income tax, but the rate, reaching in some cases ten per cent, produced discontent and evasions. The taxation commences at about six-tenths of one per cent on the first grade above the exemption; it reaches one per cent at the twelfth stage, two per cent at the twenty-seventh, three per cent at the forty-third, and about three and a half per cent at the fifty-sixth. An income of four thousand pounds pays about four per cent, and above that approaches closely to five per cent. In 1905 the tax yielded about $11,000,000 and in 1907 $13,069,398. The general idea is to have it weigh less heavily on small than on large incomes. It is really a second tax on property already taxed.

Prussia has a graduated income tax system, the underlying principle of which is taxation according to capacity. Incomes under five hundred pounds pay from sixty-six one-hundredths per cent to three and fifteen one-hundredths per cent, and on the higher grades the tax rises to four per cent. It begins with an income of forty-five pounds. In 1903 the number of income taxpayers was 38,977,821; and of corporate bodies paying the tax, 2598. The taxable incomes amounted to $2,272,884,505 and yielded $46,589,575. The law of 1893 taxed more heavily funded than earned incomes. This source yields about one-third of the tax revenue. It yielded in 1908 the round sum $88,000,000.

The Swedish income tax is graduated and recognizes the principle of exemption of a small income. The tax in Norway is graded on a scale of from two to five per cent, and in 1904 yielded $1,506,100. The income taxpayers numbered 99,316, or four and four-tenths per cent of the population; the system works satisfactorily there. The Norwegian income tax on companies is levied at the source, but on salaries is not deducted before payment. It yielded in 1909, $7,955,494.

Income tax collected by all countries in 1908 is placed by Kennan at $413,000,000. The amount collected by England was $165,000,000; by Prussia, $88,000,000; Italy, $50,000,000; Spain, $18,000,000; Saxony, $12,275,000; Austria, $12,000,000; and by Holland, India and Norway, each about $7,000,000—in all, from these countries, $366,275,000, or about ninety per cent of the whole. And in thirty-seven countries examined fifty per cent of the total revenues was raised by income tax.

A tabulation of fifty-six countries shows an average exemption of $406.30; but, grouping England and fourteen of her colonies, and Hawaii, the average exemption is eleven hundred dollars; and the average exemption of the remaining group of forty-seven countries is but $153.13.

The most liberal exemption in the world is that of 1894 in this country, which is also proposed in the bill to be enacted by the present Congress—to wit, $4000. It is more than three times that of any other English-speaking people and more than seven times the average of all countries' exemptions from income taxes.

One objection made to income taxation is that it is inquisitorial. Properly constructed it is not nearly so inquisitorial as many of our other taxes, both state and national. Our taxes on whisky and tobacco are more inquisitorial than any income tax passed or proposed in this country. Both the manufacture and sale of these are under inquisition and guard at every step. The forms of assessment and collection of our income tax are not so inquisitorial or the return so open to inspection as those for collection of most of our state taxes. No tax can be properly levied or collected without inquiry as to the nature and amount of the property on which it is placed.

The proposed income tax bill, carefully prepared by Judge Hull and his associates of the Ways and Means Committee, imposes a normal tax of one per cent a year upon the net income of all persons over and above $4000, and upon all corporations, joint stock companies and insurance companies without exemption. For the purpose of graduating the tax imposed upon individuals, in addition to the four-thousand-dollar exemption allowed, an additional tax is imposed upon all individuals whose net income exceeds twenty thousand dollars.

Like the English law, which has worked very successfully, it requires collection at the source; and it is estimated that two-thirds will be thus collected—to that extent avoiding personal declaration and report. The returns are safeguarded against publicity. Of course the amount of revenue will depend upon the rates finally adopted by Congress. Congress will be guided, doubtless, in fixing these rates, by the reduction in revenue to result from the cuts that are made in the general tariff schedules and the reductions resulting from a very extensive free list, which is understood to be the policy of the committee and Congress.

If sugar and wool are not put on the free list it is understood that the rates of duty on them will be heavily cut, which would inevitably result in reduced revenues. Many agricultural implements, binder-twine, and the necessaries of life, it is understood, will go to the free list. I cannot find an opinion anywhere that the income tax will be framed to yield less than one hundred million dollars; and sentiment ranges in favor of from that figure to one hundred and twenty-five millions.

Wilson and the Public Weal

President Wilson is deeply interested in a thorough reform of our tax system. He has studied it carefully and has called an extra session of Congress to consider the whole question. He is keeping in close touch with the House and the Senate, and is urging remedial legislation. His past record demonstrates that he may be relied on to carry out party pledges and the platform on which he was elected. He has the courage of his convictions and is not afraid to act.

We may also judge, from both his declarations and his record, that he stands ready to initiate reform whenever and wherever the public weal demands it. It may be predicted with perfect confidence that, whatever other tax fails, the income tax will not fail. Wherever there is a revolution it will be against some other form of taxation instead of this.

It is founded on the rock—not the sand—and will stand against all storms.

Author's Note—I acknowledge my indebtedness to the works of Seligman on The Income Tax, of Kennan on Income Taxation, and to Judge Hull's data on the subject, all of which have been consulted in the preparation of this article.

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Over 2,000,000 Goodyear tires have now gone into use.

Not less than 300,000 motorists know them from experience. And that experience covers nearly 14 years.

One is by countless tests on a testing machine, such as we use in our factory.

The third is the test of time. The verdict rendered by users as a whole, after years of tests with millions of tires, on hundreds of thousands of cars.

Each of these ways proves the Goodyear best, as the facts below will show.

They have watched their tire upkeep, compared it with others'. And there is no surer guide to the worth of a tire than a verdict thus arrived at.

The result is this:

Goodyear tires, by long odds, outsell all the others.

The better men know them, the larger the sale. It has grown like an avalanche lately. Last year's sales exceeded our previous 12 years put together.

Motor car makers, who know tires best, have contracted for 890,680 Goodyears to be used on this year's new cars. That's enough to equip 222,670 cars.

Such is the verdict of users and makers after the test of time. And that, we submit, is the final criterion.

Guessing on Tires is Costly

One must judge tires by these verdicts, else buy tires blindly, by guess. And that means, sometimes, to pay twice the upkeep other men are paying.

No petty saving brought Goodyear tires from bottom place to the top. It has come through big savings, too big for you to miss.

Yet, you can't run the gamut—can't test all tires—to prove this for yourself. A hundred changing conditions affect individual tires. One must judge by the millions, by the verdict of years.

All the evidence worth while favors Goodyear tires in an overwhelming way. The wise man will act on that evidence.

Goodyear tires are sold by over 20,000 dealers. We have branches and agencies in all the large cities, and more service stations than any other tire.

It is easy to see the No-Rim-Cut tire and judge what this new type means. And it's worth your while. For this invention completely wipes out the troubles which cost you most.

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With or Without Non-Skid Treads

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Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
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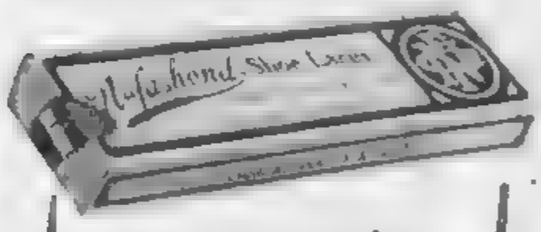

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BENSINGER'S LUCK

(Continued from Page 17)

own over two-thirds of the capital stock. We want our stock to be worth something, and as citizens we want the company to treat us right. What does that come to? Why, we ought to have a management of our company that will make necessary improvements and bring the service right up to date, and reduce prices to a reasonable level. Ain't that so?"

"Yes, sir—that's so," said Mr. Pendleton firmly, and a number of others nodded assent.

"Very well, then," said Steve. "We'll have Mr. Skellenger resign. He's got so much other business on his hands he can't attend to this properly. We'll have him resign and we'll put in a good man who'll run the company right. Here's Charley Mosier—he knows how to run the company. We'll put him in. Then we'll reduce the price of gas right off to about a dollar and a quarter a thousand feet, and knock off, say, five cents a year afterward till we get it down to a dollar. We'll reduce the price of electric light the same way. We'll buy some new street cars that a dog wouldn't be ashamed to ride in and run enough of 'em to accommodate the public. Everybody'll be our friends instead of hating us, and in three years the company's earnings will double. That'll make our stock worth something. How would that strike you?"

"Now one moment!" Mr. Skellenger interposed with an imperatively rising inflection, at the same time rapping sharply on the table. "This is a stockholders' meeting. If you have a motion to make, make it. If you haven't, sit down!"

"Well, I wouldn't wonder if the old gentleman was right," said Steve goodnaturedly, still addressing the stockholders rather than the chair. "I move that we appoint a committee of three, consisting of Nathaniel G. Barker—who, I'm sorry to say, is not with us today—and George W. Plum and Stephen Bensinger, to investigate that construction contract and consolidation deal under which this company issued three million dollars' worth of first-mortgage bonds. Mr. Plum will second the motion and I believe I have a right to make remarks about it. Ain't that right, Wade?"

"Certainly," the attorney replied.

"We oughta investigate those things," Steve continued, "because I feel pretty sure that somewhere from a million to a million and a half of those bonds are just plain graft. Now if there was any graft it was on us stockholders, and we oughta know about it. My idea would be to find out whether Mr. Skellenger holds any bonds the company didn't get value received for, and if he does to go into court and fight those bonds until the cows come home. I've already got a few clews, as you might say, and I believe we could put up a bully good fight.

"But before we vote on this motion," Steve continued, "there's another proposition you ought to know about: Mr. Wade has drawn up a reorganization agreement. It provides that Mr. Skellenger may keep half his bonds just as they are now and accept stock for the other half. Of course if some of his bonds are graft he oughtn't to get anything for them—but I believe in a peaceable settlement if we can get one; so we'll give him stock for half his bonds, and we'll put all the stock into a voting trust for ten years, with Nathaniel G. Barker, George W. Plum and myself as voting trustees. That will make it sure that Mr. Skellenger will have nothing at all to say about the management of the company for ten years. And canceling half the bonds will put the company on Easy Street financially, so we can make all the improvements that ought to be made and give a bang-up service all round. Mr. Wade has got the reorganization agreement with him, and if Mr. Skellenger will just sign it right now there will be no need of appointing an investigating committee."

Mr. Wade produced a typewritten document from his inner pocket and decorously approached the table with it.

"Mr. Skellenger," said that person—breaking the name in two as he sputtered for breath "will do nothing of the kind! If you want a lawsuit over my bonds go ahead! Meanwhile I'll have a receiver appointed and foreclose, and your stock will be worthless."

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No soiled fingers
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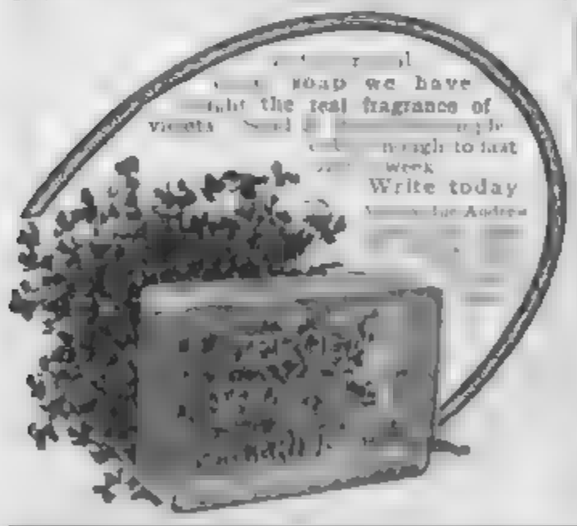

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"There is the place for you to sign," Mr. Wade explained politely, pointing to a dotted line on the last page. "I would suggest," he added, turning to the stockholders, "that the moment this committee is appointed one of its members go to the office of the company and take possession of certain books Mr. Mosier will point out."

"Dog!" hissed Mr. Skellenger, glaring at the secretary.

"I ain't, either," Mr. Mosier replied sullenly. "It's the company that hires me—not you! I'm working for the stockholders."

"Stockholders! Stockholders!" Mr. Skellenger retorted witheringly. "The whole issue of stock won't be worth a dollar bill by this time tomorrow. I hold the bonds—first-mortgage bonds—and I'll hold the company too! If it's litigation you want I'll give you plenty of it."

"In that case," said Steve, "let's have plenty. I temporarily withdraw my motion for a committee and make another one. I move that the ordinance which Mr. Wade will explain be accepted. Mr. Plum will second that motion."

Taking from Steve's hand the typewritten sheets the latter had received from Reverend Woodman, Mr. Wade cleared his throat and addressed the stockholders:

"It is probably known to most of you that this company's franchise from the city expired the first of this month, and that Mr. Skellenger has been under the impression he was negotiating with the city council for a renewal of the same. Meanwhile our friend, Mr. Bensinger, has been carrying on some negotiations of his own to that end, and at a quarter past eleven this morning the city council of Three Falls duly passed an ordinance, a copy of which I hold in my hand. It provides that the company's franchise shall be extended for twenty years and that the company shall immediately reduce the price of gas to seventy-five cents a thousand feet, the price of electric lights by sixty per cent, and give three-cent fares on the street railroad, with universal transfers. I may add that, when duly accepted by the stockholders, this ordinance will constitute a binding and irrevocable contract; and, though Mr. Skellenger may throw the company into the hands of a receiver, he cannot rescind that contract."

For a moment of tense silence Mr. Skellenger stared up rather helplessly at his attorney.

"It's daylight robbery! The company wouldn't earn operating expenses! The bonds would be worthless! The courts will never uphold it!" cried Mr. Pollock.

"I would call Brother Pollock's attention," Mr. Wade replied patiently, "to the recent Supreme Court decision in Popham versus City of Olympia. It is my candid opinion that if the stockholders of the Light and Traction Company now duly accept this ordinance, duly passed by the city council, you can't break it in a hundred years, no matter what happens to your bonds."

Mr. Skellenger still looked in rather pathetic helplessness at his legal adviser, and the latter looked unhappily at the floor.

"You oughtn't to have let a majority of the stock get out of your hands," said Mr. Pollock finally with annoyance.

"I wouldn't if I'd supposed I was surrounded by thieves!" said Mr. Skellenger bitterly.

"Wanted a monopoly—did you, Peter?" Steve inquired, and chuckled.

Mr. Skellenger took up his pen and signed the reorganization agreement.

When the perfunctory matter of adjourning the meeting had been accomplished Steve again addressed the stockholders:

"It's understood that, though we don't accept this ordinance, we'll give the city a square deal, with lower rates and better service all round. I've promised that and we'll live up to it. And don't sell your stock, gentlemen. It's going to be worth something in two or three years."

He was the last one at the door. When the others had passed out he returned briskly to the table and addressed the deposed president:

"I almost forgot this. Now that we're evened up a bit you can have it."

So saying, he dropped an envelope in front of speechless Mr. Skellenger. The envelope was addressed in typewriting to Mrs. S. Bensinger, City, and contained a printed form and a ten-dollar check.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of stories by Will Payne. The seventh will appear in an early issue.

Will Your Garter make quick "sock-connection?"

The Garter you wear should fasten easily and quickly if it is rightly constructed and well made.

A rubber button makes this point easy for wearers of Brighton Garters.

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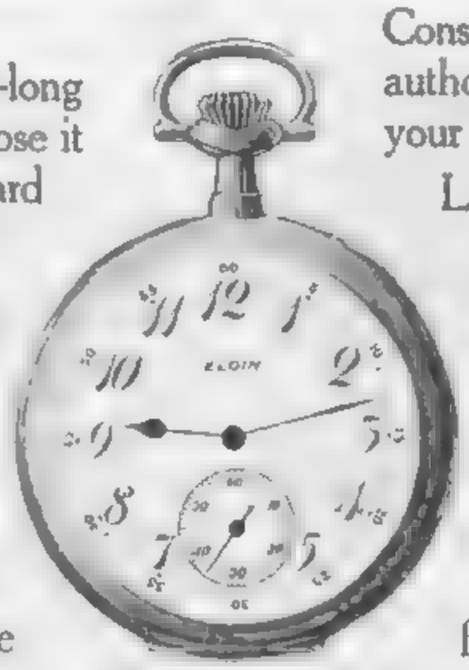

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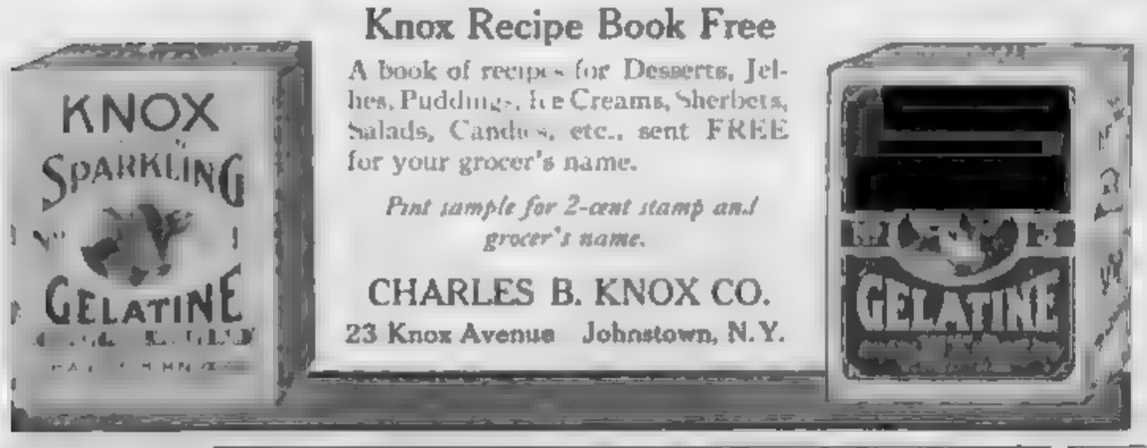

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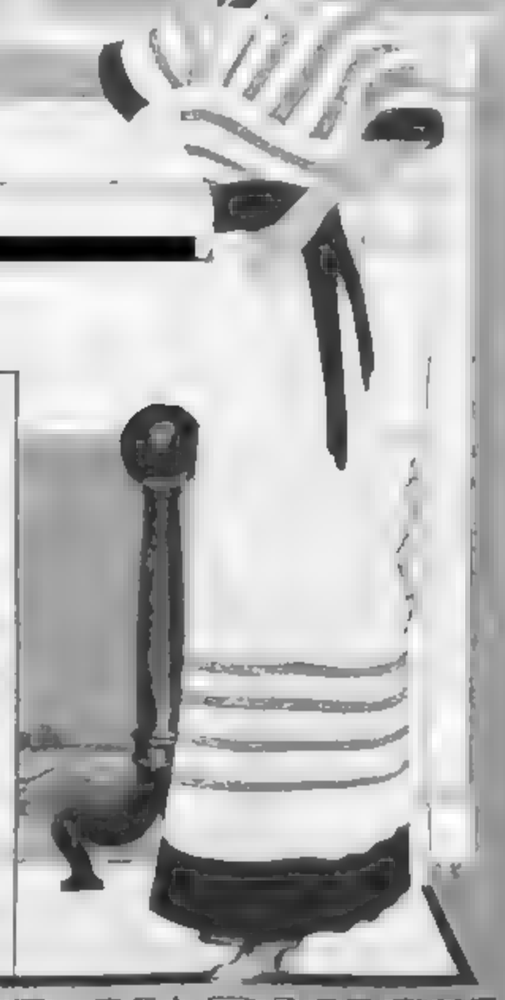

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IN THE SPOTLIGHT

The Iowa Retail Clothiers' Association is urging Congress to require by law that all fabrics used in wearing apparel be labeled. One of the things they want on the label is the name of the maker.

They argue, "Customers are entitled to know where and how goods are made." And the merchant, too, "to the end that he may be truthful in his advertising and in the conduct of his business."

Whether or not such a law is wise or practicable at this time, this at least bears testimony that retailers in increasing numbers are recognizing the advantages of goods that have a name and fame.

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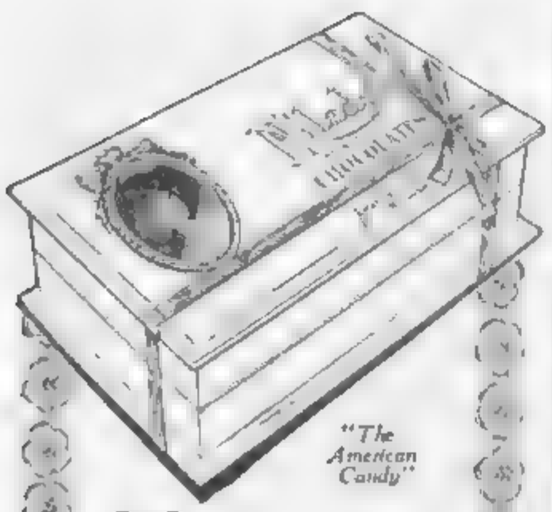
They are always in the spotlight. The customer knows that they *must* be good, else the manufacturer would not risk putting his name on them and blazoning it to the world.

And the retailer who handles them can always be "truthful in his advertising and in the conduct of his business"—because he has the manufacturer squarely behind him.



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BREAKING INTO NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 20)

want me any longer. I got even though. The upheaval that had put him on top was followed by one that put him on the bottom, and made him a plain reporter for the same sheet of which he had been editor—such was their pleasing custom in that shop—and months later he was sent down into our state to cover a big murder story, and I had the supreme joy of beating him on a couple of its important developments.

That was to come later though. Here it was less than a month since I had left home with a flourish of trumpets—"to accept an important and lucrative position with the metropolitan press" was the way the home paper put it—and now I was going back after having been bodily fired; my old job was gone and no new one in sight. I had been in town only a couple of days and was still coining excuses to account for my unexpected return, when I got a telegram offering me a place on the city staff of the same paper that had just let me out of its telegraph room. But my wounds were still bleeding; I did not even answer the message. In the frame of mind I was in then I would not have done another lick of work for that paper if they had given me the whole shop. Besides, I thought I was about to connect with the leading afternoon paper of the biggest town in my state.

I did connect with it and I stayed there three years—three reasonably happy, busy years. During this period I got married. When we stood up before the minister and I repeated after him the words, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," I could not help grinning inwardly. All my worldly goods, as nearly as I could recall at the moment, consisted of two suits of clothes, a set of Ridpath's History of the World, and a collection of postage stamps. My salary was eighteen dollars a week.

The end of my third year in the metropolis of the state found me acting as staff correspondent, and covering all the big political stories that broke loose in the state—they broke frequently in that state, where politics was and still is the main diversion of the male populace—and betweentimes I was doing a column of jingles and supposedly humorous paragraphs.

All Work and No Play

Now I got an offer to go back to the town where I was born and take the editorial management of a new paper that had just been started there. From a newspaper standpoint things had changed in the old town. The paper upon which I served my apprenticeship had changed hands so often that people almost forgot the newest owner's name. It had lost a good deal of its prestige and most of the characteristics that had made it so distinctive in the earlier days, and its circulation stood still while the town grew. The new paper had a successful publisher from upstate behind it, and it was making a hard fight for influence and business; it was getting them too. It had a modern plant—linotype machines, a perfecting press, a stereotyping outfit and a membership in the Associated Press. It had even a small art department. This was the shop from which I now accepted a call, as clergymen say.

I guess no man ever worked harder than I did during the next two years. Being the editor meant that I not only handled all the copy that went into the paper, but wrote a good share of it myself. I read most of the proof—all of it sometimes—wrote the heads, dug up Sunday features—and wrote most of them—read all the exchanges and made up the paper. We printed eight papers a week—a regular number every afternoon, an ambitious Sunday-morning issue, and a weekly edition. As our owner did not believe in holidays, we printed even on Christmas Day and the Fourth of July.

There were internal complications to add to my other cares. We had trouble with our press, with our composition, with our stereotyping. We had trouble finding and holding a staff for the editorial room—most of the time my staff consisted of one male reporter, one woman reporter, and a boy just out of high school. It seemed to me that day or night I never quit working. In the afternoon, as soon as we had got out the daily, I would start right in again, providing time copy for the night shift on the linotypes—we ran the machines pretty

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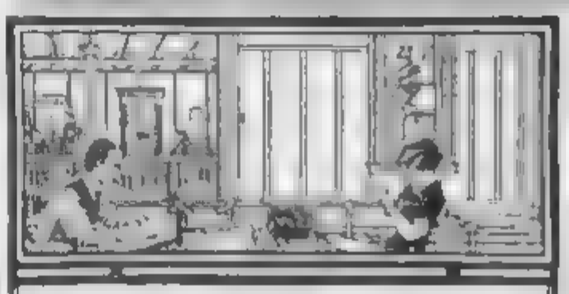

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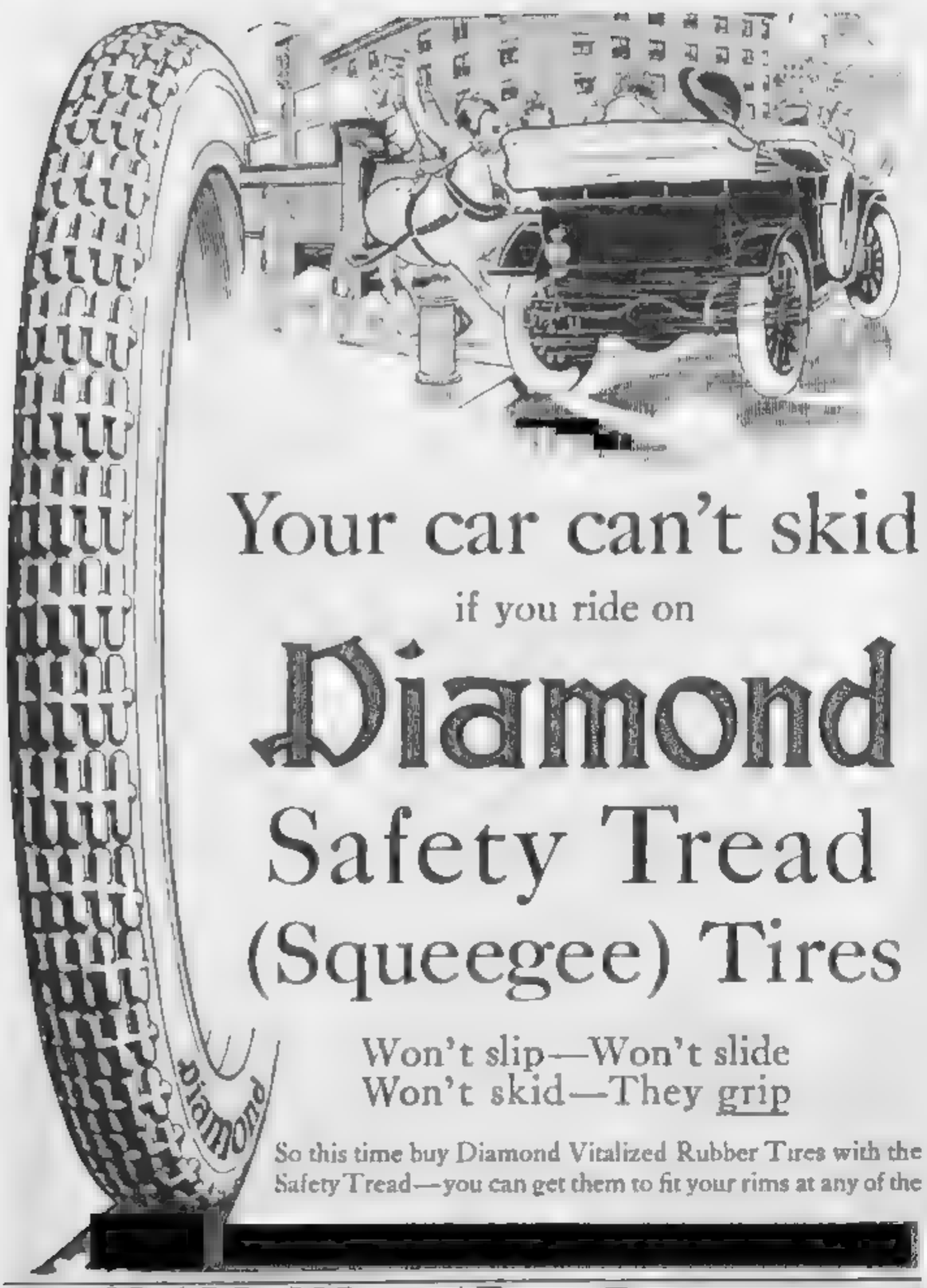

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We desire to give him a chance to earn as much spending money as you are willing that he should have and at the same time get a lot of the sort of premiums which every boy wants. It won't interfere with school work. If he'll write to us, we'll tell him all about it.

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"Why not learn Why?"

For particular men
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much all the time to get the worth of the money out of them. Our Sunday edition was a hungry, yawning thing that ate up reams of copy. I prided myself on filling it with strictly home-brewed specials instead of using reprint or syndicate articles and that was no easy job, either, let me tell you! I ate many of my meals on my desk, a fork in one hand and a pencil in the other, doing snatches of work between bites and taking bites between snatches of work. Many and many a time I have gone to work at seven-thirty o'clock Saturday morning and worked right on through with scarcely a break until three or four or even five o'clock Sunday morning; then put the Sunday issue to press and staggered home, a total wreck, to sleep like a log until noon. But by the middle of Sunday afternoon I would be digging through a mountain of exchanges, trying to find enough reprint to keep the night shift happy until Monday, when the week's grind would start all over again.

It was drudgery—manual and mental labor of the most exacting sort—but I was proud of my job and proud of the paper we turned out. I was fairly young to be in sole editorial management of a paper of such pretensions, and I was drawing a bigger salary—so my employer used to remind me at frequent intervals—than any so-called country editor in the state. I was getting thirty dollars a week. But the strain began to tell on me. There had been a time when I didn't have a nerve in my body. I might get dog-tired, but my nerves never misbehaved. Now I began to develop a chronic grouch. I was peevish and fussy and I worried over small things. I had dizzy spells in the office too. Once I almost fainted across my desk. All work and no play was making Jack a dull boy.

Out of the Chrysalis Stage

All this time I had been secretly nursing my longing to try the big city, and as these warning signs of a coming nervous breakdown multiplied I thought about that and dreamed about it more and more. I felt pretty sure of getting a job in Chicago any time I wanted it, but across a thousand intervening miles the lure of New York, which comes to every newspaper man at least once in his life, was stretching out to me and tightening its grip on me every day. In New York, so I had heard, newspaper men were paid salaries which, measured by the only standards I knew, seemed fabulous. Several men who had worked with me had gone to New York and had made good there. Stories of their success filtered back and filled me with envy. One, I heard, was earning regularly sixty-five dollars a week—it sounded like a fortune. Yet, when we were working together as reporters, I had topped him by three dollars a week. If he had got along so well why could I not get along too? Then there was the glamour of New York itself. I had read those fiction stories of the wild Bohemian life that newspaper men in New York led, and of their thrilling adventures.

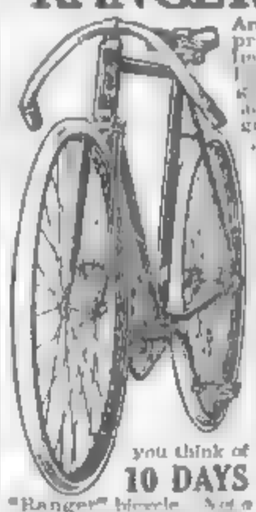
I mulled over it for months. I reckon I changed my mind as often as twice or three times a day. It took a lot of studying and some courage to reach a decision in favor of a change. You see I had a family dependent on me; I was drawing a big salary, for our town; I occupied a position of prominence in the community—all those things counted—and I had a job that would last as long as I lasted. The certainty in my own mind that I couldn't last much longer was what finally drove me to jump. Even then it was my wife who pushed me over the edge. She had ten times my nerve.

When, finally, I got my own consent to take the plunge I went the full limit. I burned my bridges behind me. I surrendered my job unconditionally; I shipped my wife and child—I had a little girl a year old—to my father-in-law's, and from my father-in-law I borrowed two hundred dollars. One blazing-hot August day I climbed aboard a train and started for New York. My brain was whirling hotly, but my feet were ice-cold; part of me was scared limp and the rest of me was full of glad visions.

I did not know that midsummer was the worst possible time of the year to be looking for a newspaper job in New York. I did not know that in summer most of the papers were laying off men instead of hiring them. I did not know much of anything about New York except that I was going there to break in.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of papers relating the experiences of a newspaper man. The third will appear in an early issue.

"RANGER" BICYCLES



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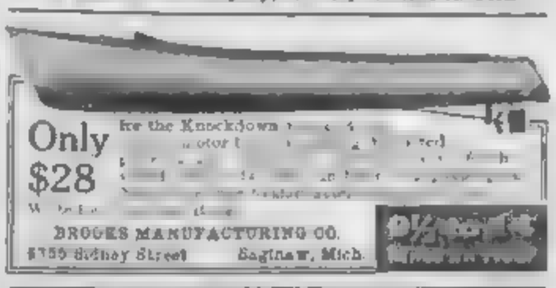

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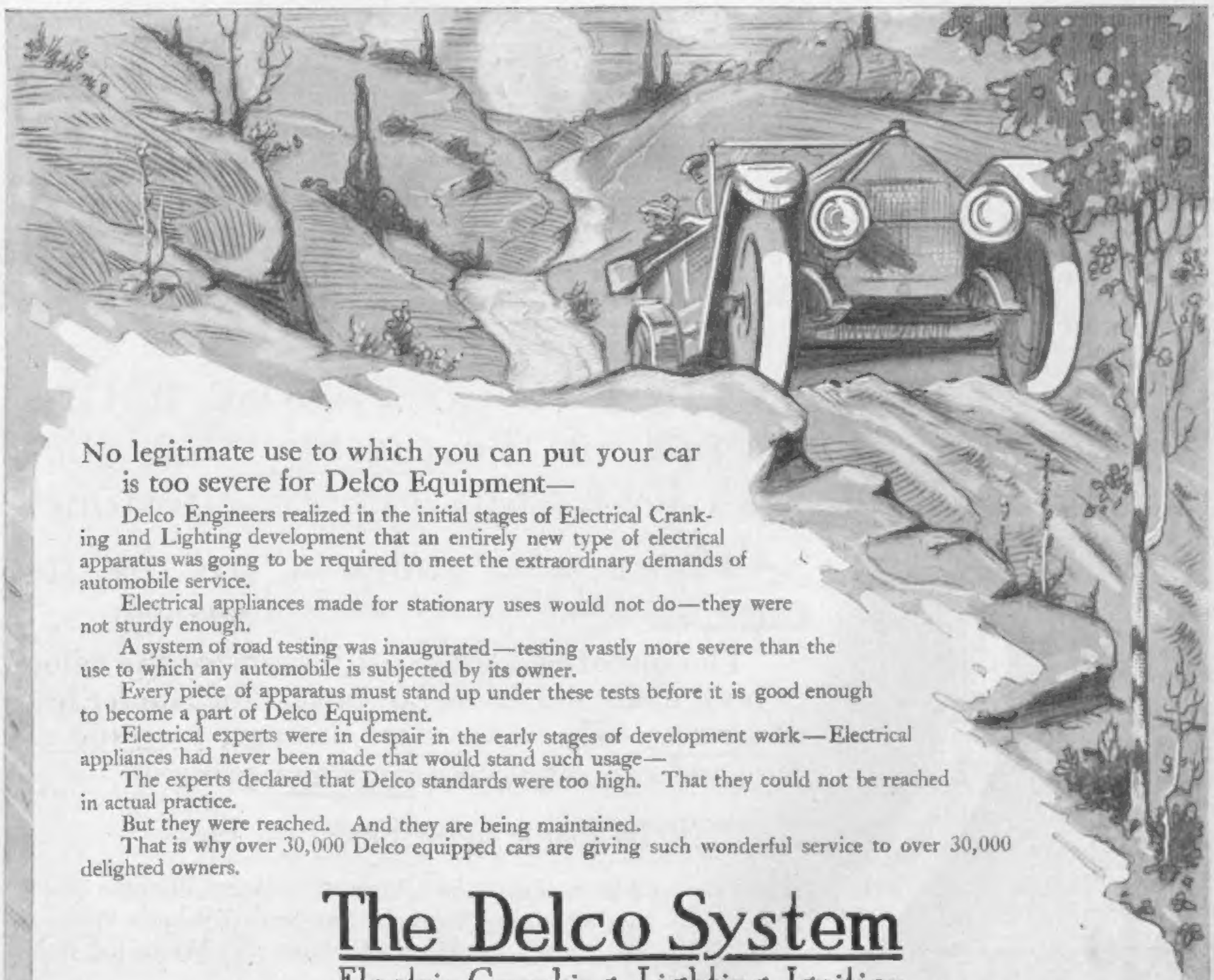

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But they were reached. And they are being maintained.

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The Delco System

Electric Cranking-Lighting-Ignition

Almost any one can build an electrical starter that will crank or spin an engine and that will do spectacular stunts in exhibitions or in garage demonstrations.

That is simply a matter of coupling up an electric motor and a battery to an engine.

The building of an electrical equipment that will stand up under hard road service, and that will maintain a constant and even charge in the battery under all ordinary operating conditions, is quite another problem.

And one of the biggest factors in that problem is the battery.

Apparatus that will stand up is the first big essential.

A fully charged battery under all conditions is the second.

The battery is the heart of the electric starter.

It is the source of power.

But suppose the battery becomes exhausted.

Suppose you are driving your car slowly and are using a good deal of current for lights and frequent cranking.

That means a heavy drain on the battery and very little current being generated to recharge it.

Or suppose you are driving fast and using practically no current except possibly for ignition.

That means an over supply to be taken care of.

How can things be equalized?

How is it possible to generate enough current to keep the battery fully charged when the car is being driven slowly and not over charge the battery under fast driving?

It looked impossible at first.

Expert engineers said it was impossible.

The obvious necessity was a generator with capacity enough to charge the battery at slow speed.

And that entailed a regulator that would effectively prevent over-charging at high speed.

Such a regulator had never been made.

Delco engineers produced it—and the problem was solved.

The Delco generator has a capacity two or three times as great as other similar apparatus—insuring an ample supply of current at all times—and yet it is not possible ever to over charge a Delco battery.

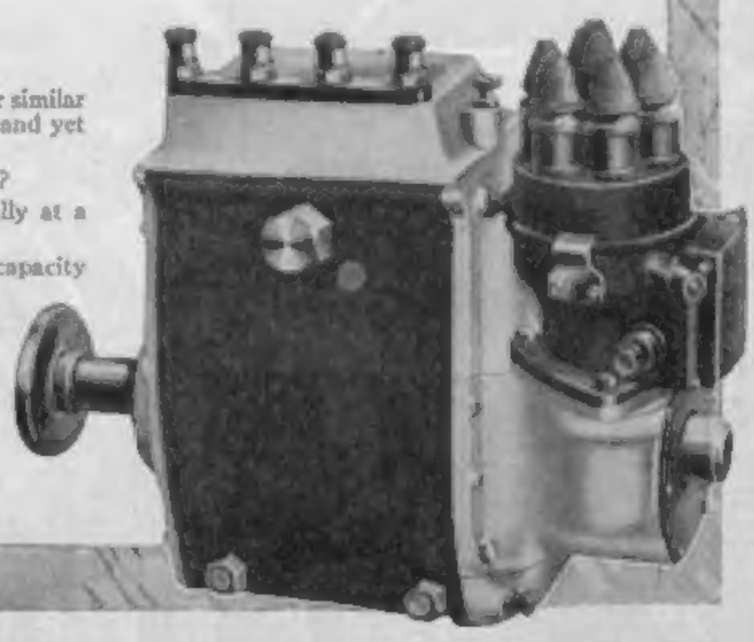
Does all this give you an idea of Delco quality—and Delco efficiency?

Does it help you to understand why Delco equipped cars are actually at a premium:—

And why it has been necessary to more than double Delco factory capacity since the first of the year?

We have a new book illustrating the recent flood at Dayton—and telling the story from the Delco angle. Shall we send you a copy?

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company
Dayton, Ohio



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COMPLETE EQUIPMENT

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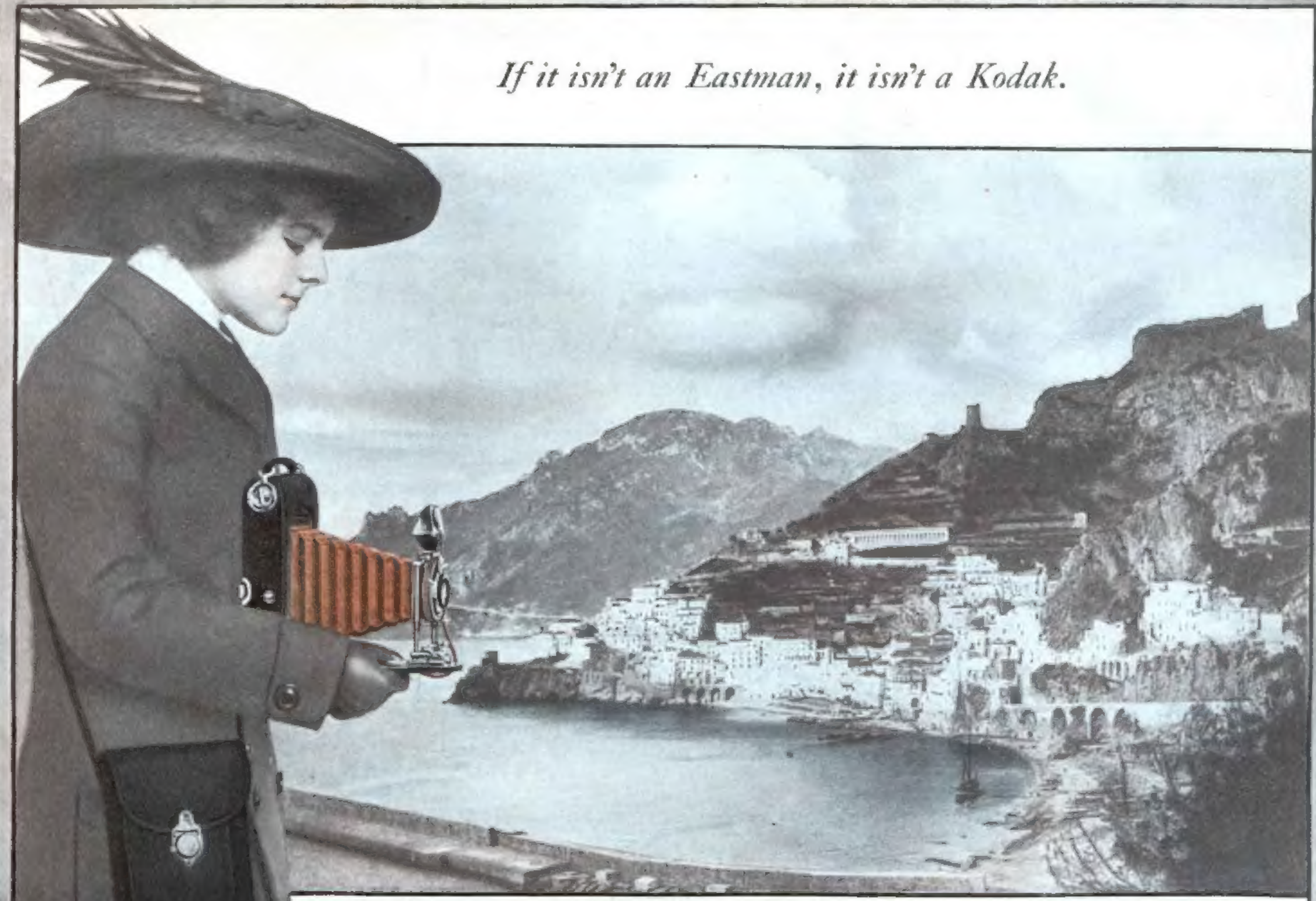

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